A DELL MAGAZINE 10¢

OCTOBER

THE SLIPPY SNAIL

Slippy the Snail was very unhappy. All his little friends tried to comfort him, but it was no use. "I can't help it," he mourned, as another tear slid down his cheek and dropped in the grass. "I just can't help it. All you other fellows have such nice houses to live in, and here I am stuck with this same old house on my back, year in and year out. I get so tired of it." And he pulled a rose petal out of his pocket and blew his nose on it.

"Well, gosh, Slippy, you can come with us while we go house-hunting if you want to. Maybe you can find a new home, too," Chip, the Chipmunk suggested, and Chesty Robin nodded in agreement.

"Well, say, that's nice of you fellows. I'll be glad to join you." So Slippy dried his eyes and soon the little trio was off through the woods, for it was spring house-hunting time, and they had much to do.

First they looked for a home for Chip. "It must be in a nice big tree, with plenty of nuts near by, so I won't have to go too far to gather them. And it must be a large clean room, with plenty of storage space."

So they looked and they looked. First one tree and then the other. "Gosh," said Slippy. "It seems all the best houses have been taken. Do you always have this much trouble finding a home?"

"Well, not always," said Chip. "Looks to me like the forest is getting overcrowded." Finally Chip decided he would have to move in with his cousin, Chester Squirrel.

"Of course, he hasn't too much room either. He had to move in with his Mother and Father. I'm certainly glad I have a lot of relatives."

Then they went to work looking for a place for Chesty Robin to build his house.

"Why, this is even worse," said Slippy. "You can't move into a ready-made house like Chip, can you?"

"Gosh, no. This is only the beginning. First I have to find a location, then I have to find the material with which to build. And with all those new bird families moving here from down south, material is getting very scarce. Come on, let's get to work. I haven't much time. My wife has been after me for days to find a new home so she can get started hatching those eggs."

(Continued on inside back cover)

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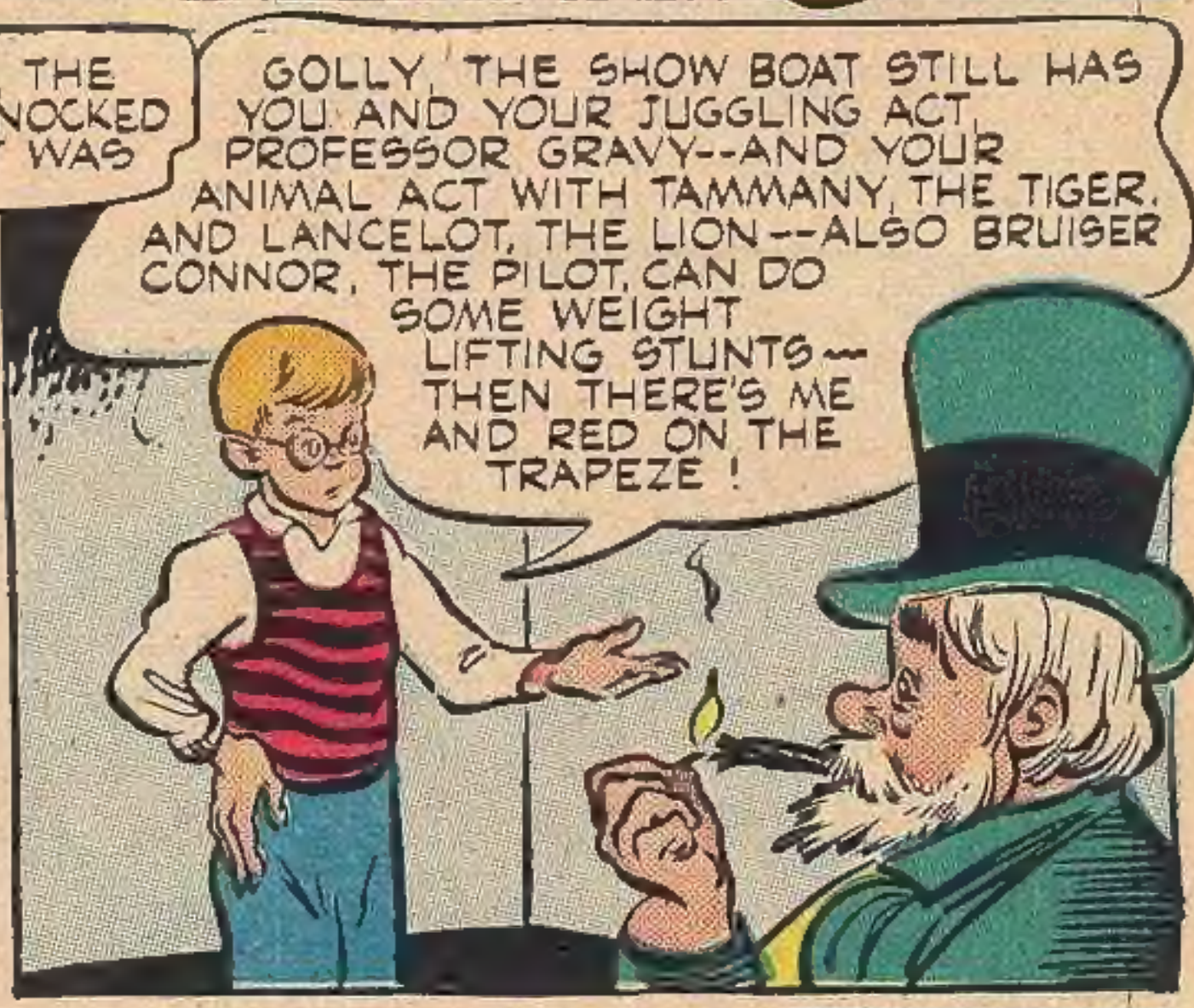
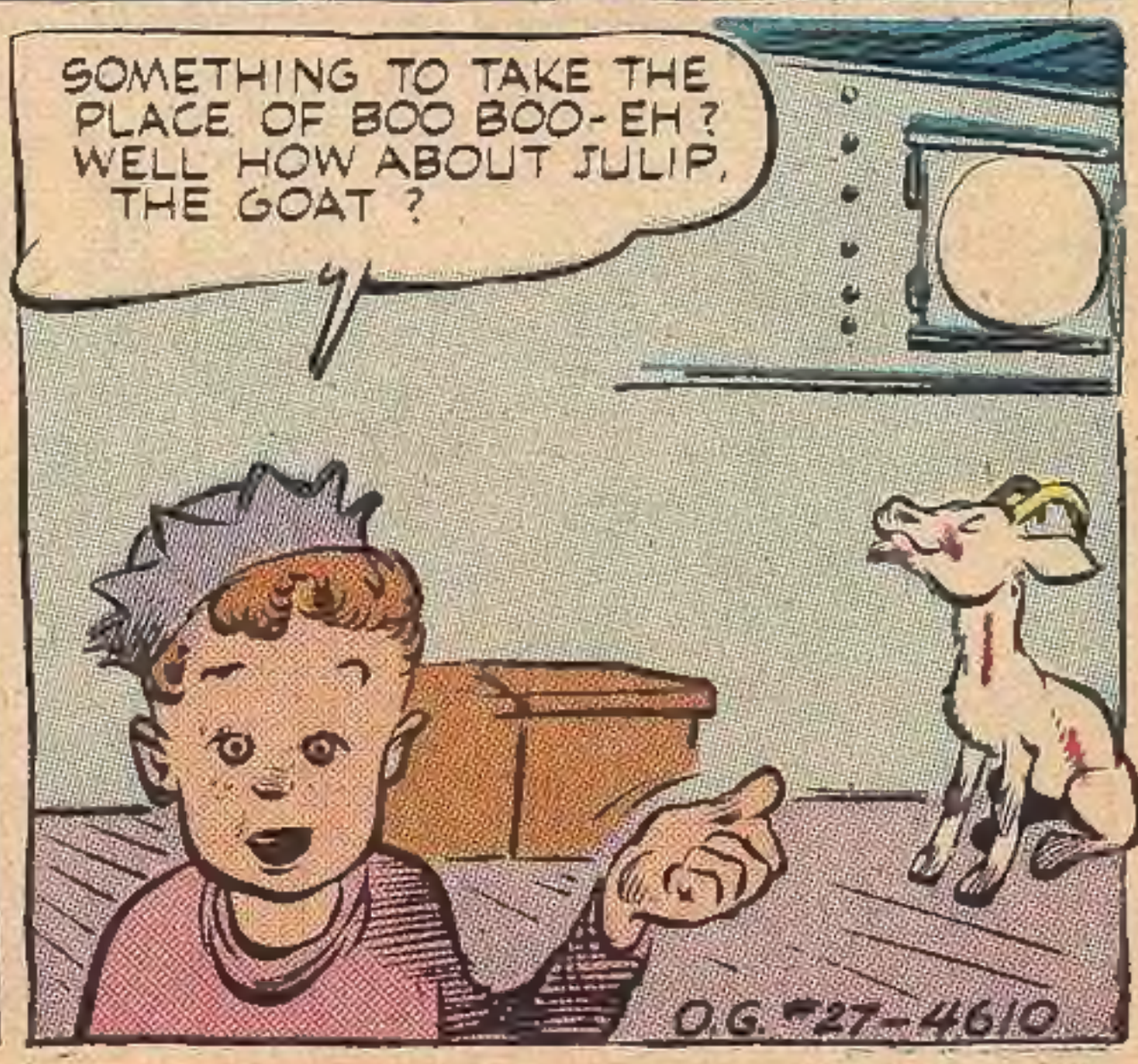
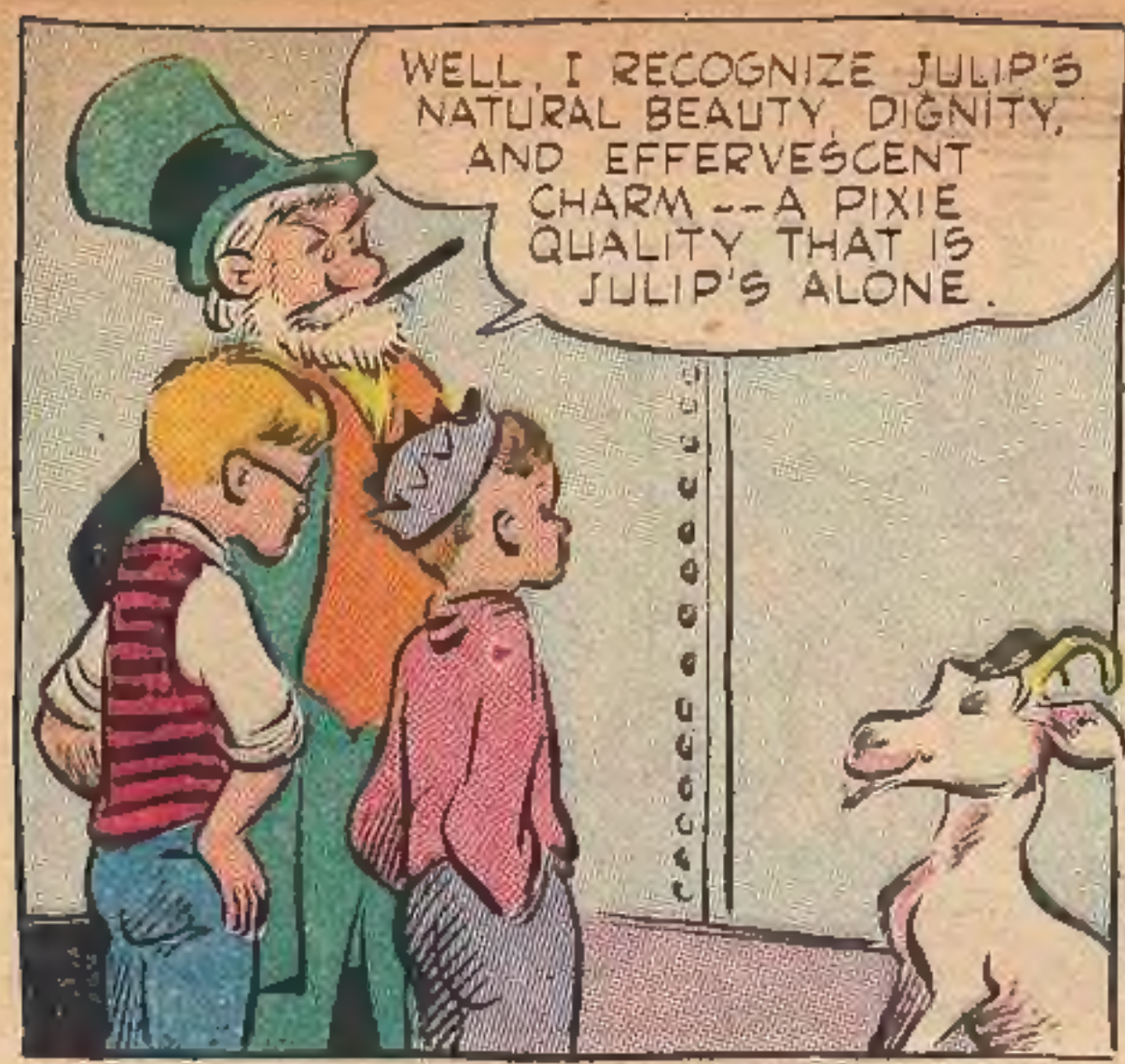
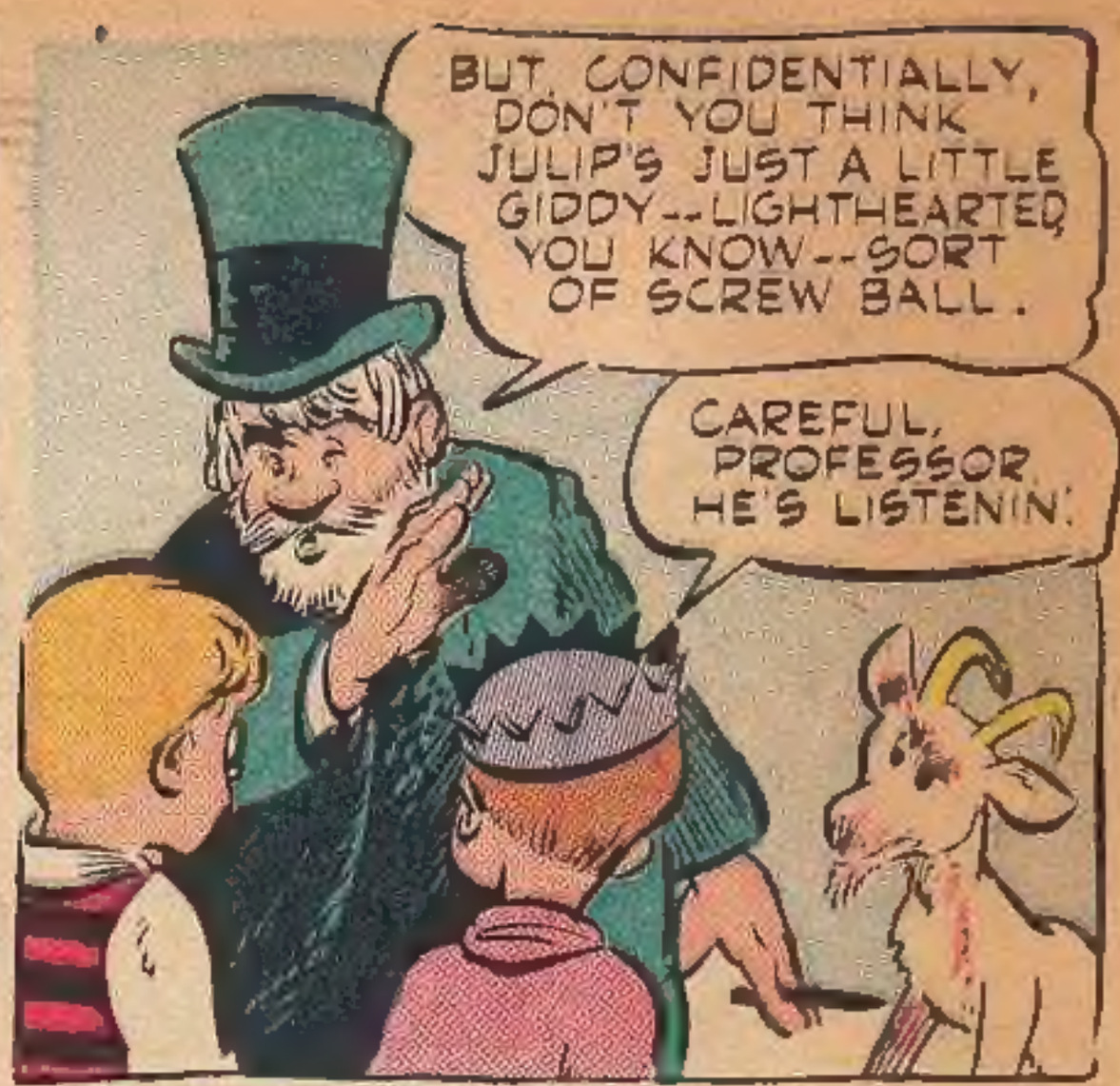
M.G.M. PRESENTS

OUR GANG





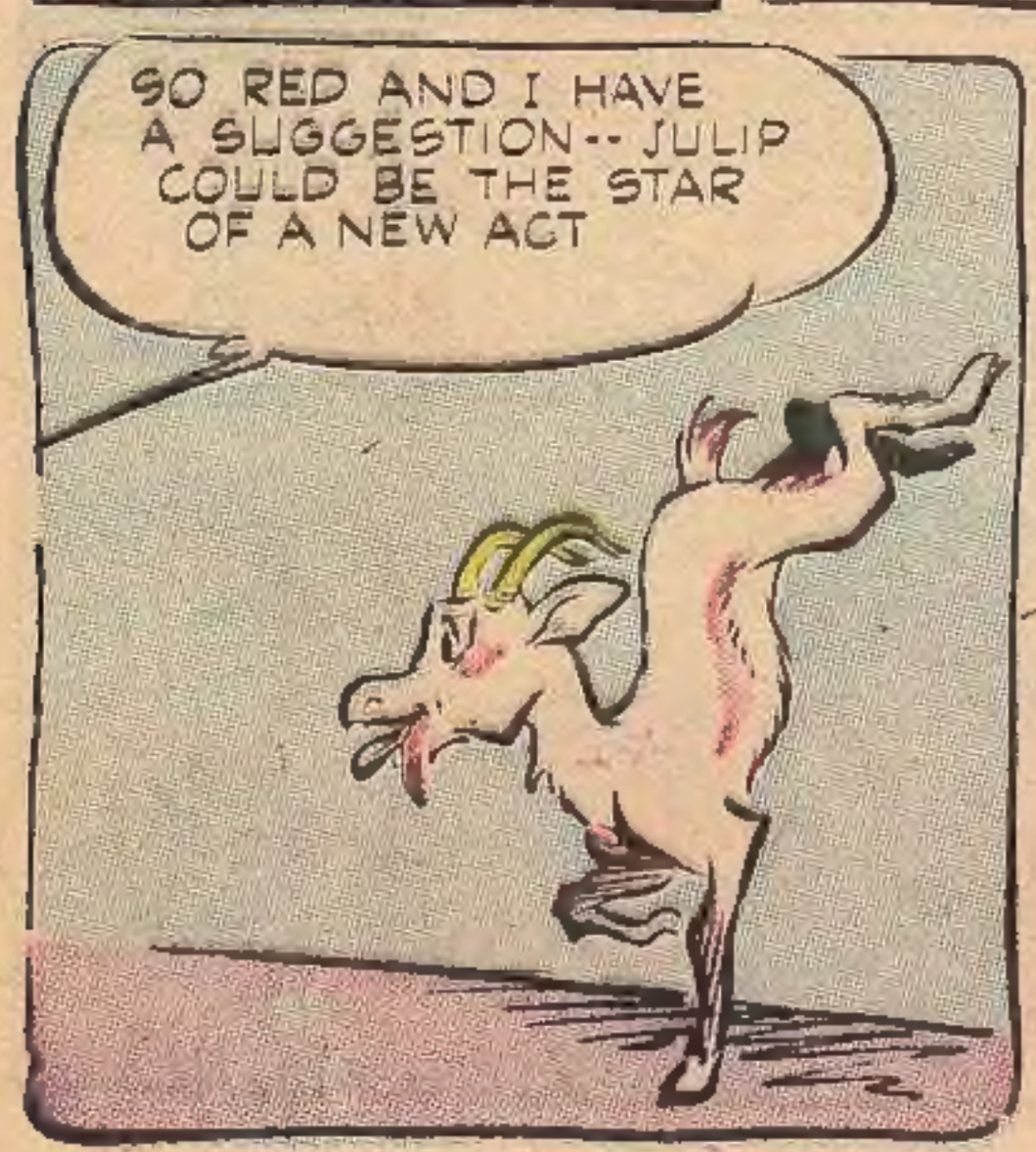

WELL, I RECOGNIZE JULIP'S NATURAL BEAUTY, DIGNITY, AND EFFERVESCENT CHARM--A PIXIE QUALITY THAT IS JULIP'S ALONE.

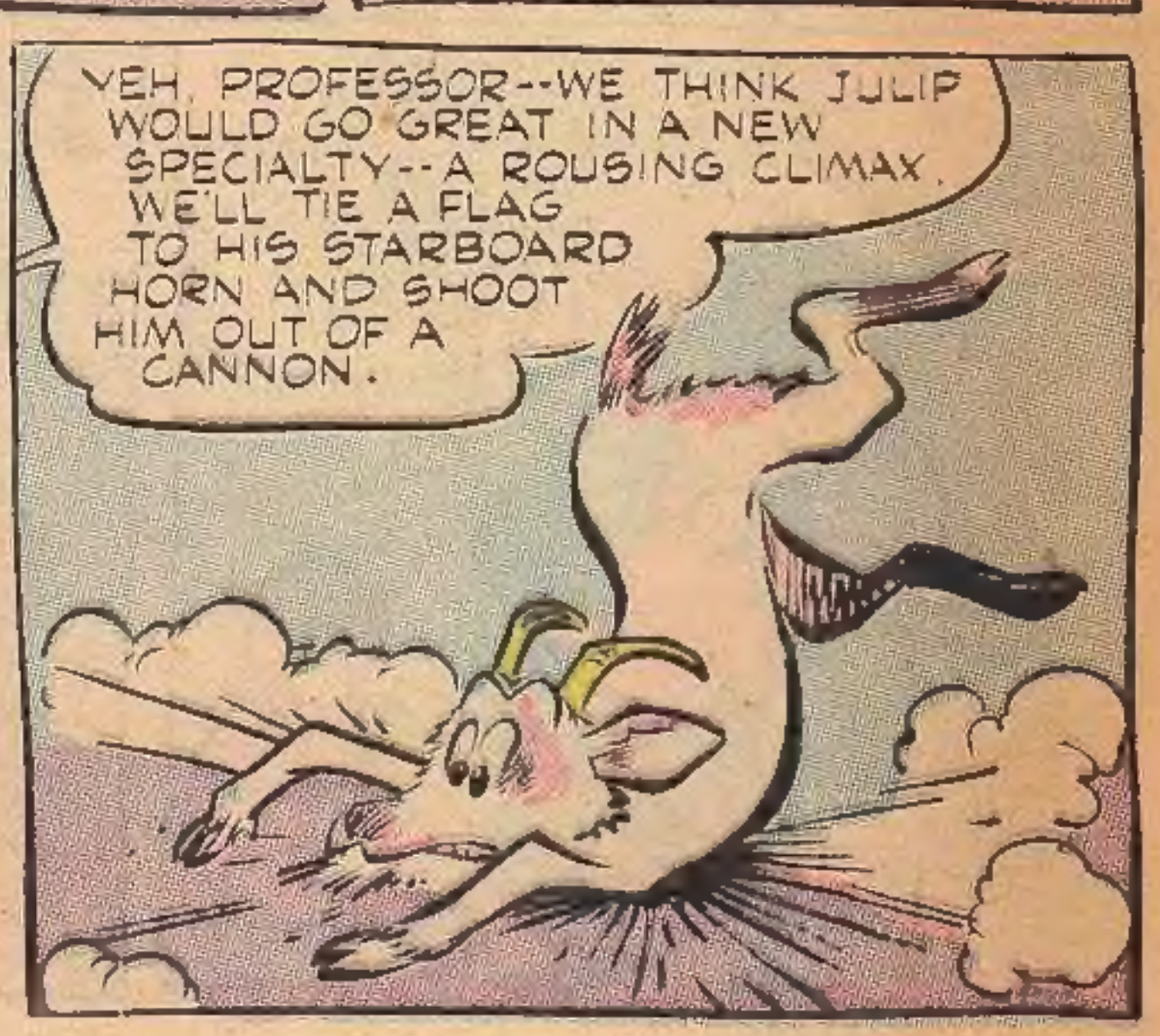

BUT, CONFIDENTIALLY, DON'T YOU THINK JULIP'S JUST A LITTLE GIDDY--LIGHTHEARTED, YOU KNOW--SORT OF SCREW BALL.
CAREFUL, PROFESSOR, HE'S LISTENIN'.

I DUNNO, PROFESSOR, JULIP'S ALWAYS QUICK TO LEARN.

AND THE TRICKS HE KNOWS HE DOES WELL.

IF HE FEELS LIKE IT, THERE'S NOTHING HE CAN'T DO.

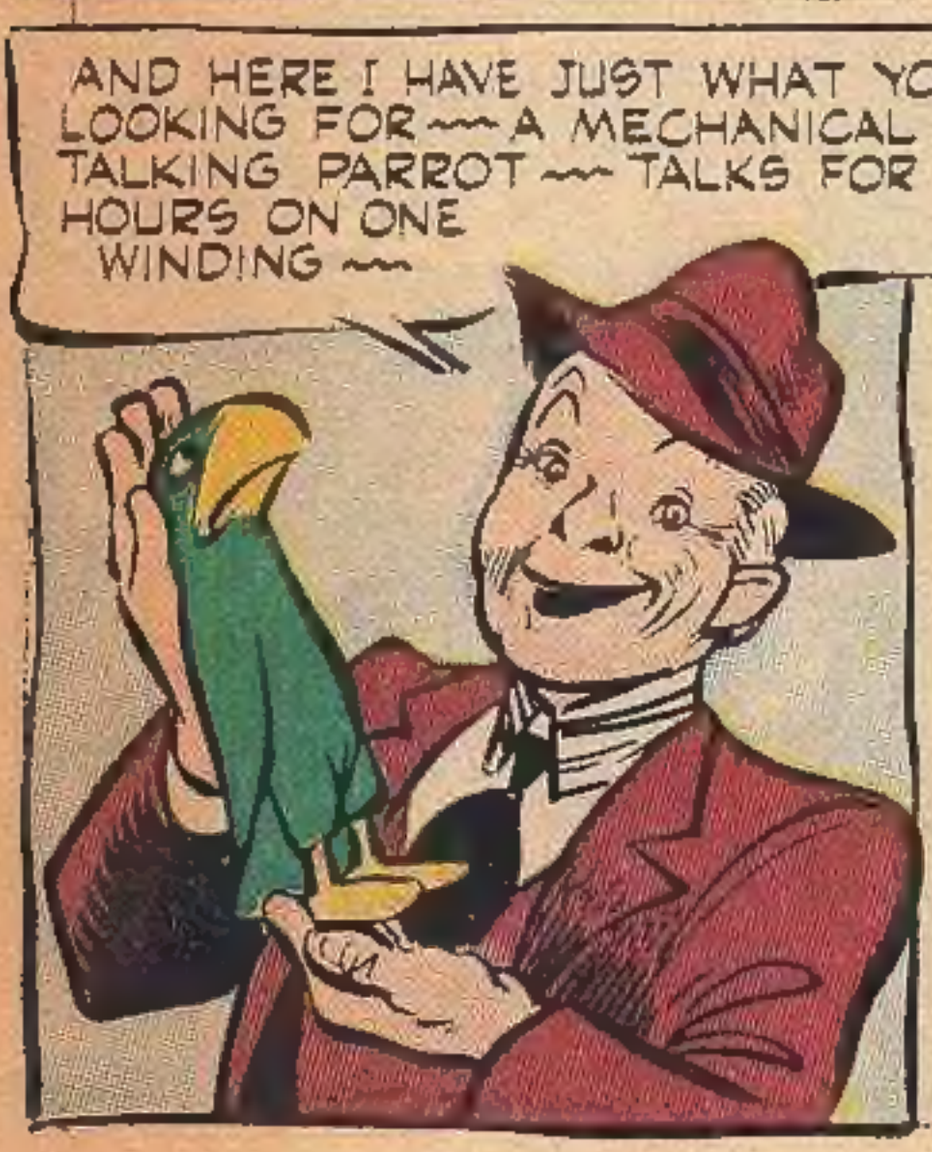

SO RED AND I HAVE A SUGGESTION-- JULIP COULD BE THE STAR OF A NEW ACT

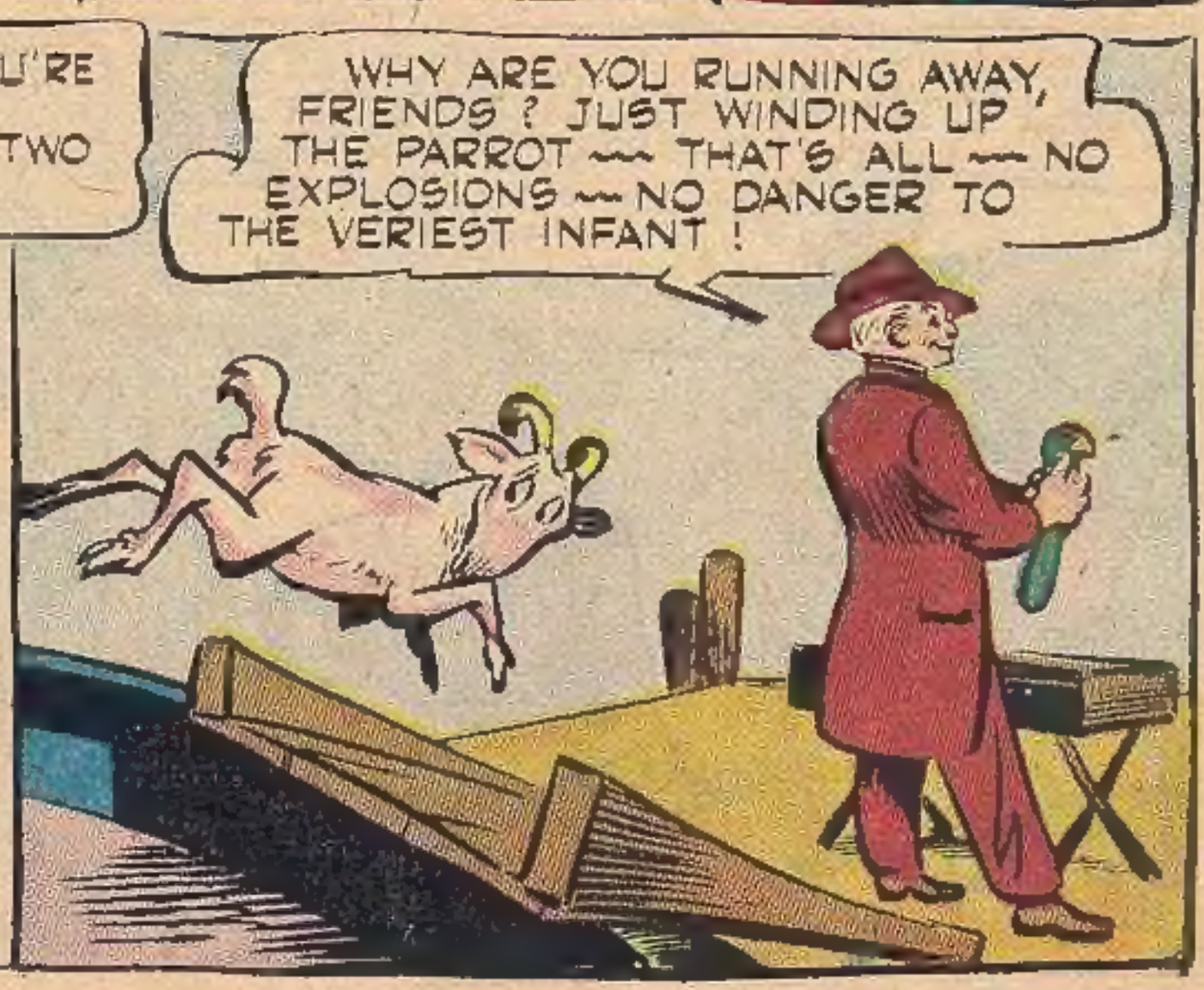

YEH, PROFESSOR--WE THINK JULIP WOULD GO GREAT IN A NEW SPECIALTY--A ROUSING CLIMAX. WE'LL TIE A FLAG TO HIS STARBOARD HORN AND SHOOT HIM OUT OF A CANNON.

THERE HE GOES ! YOU'VE FRIGHTENED HIM ~~ HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE SHOT OUT OF A CANNON

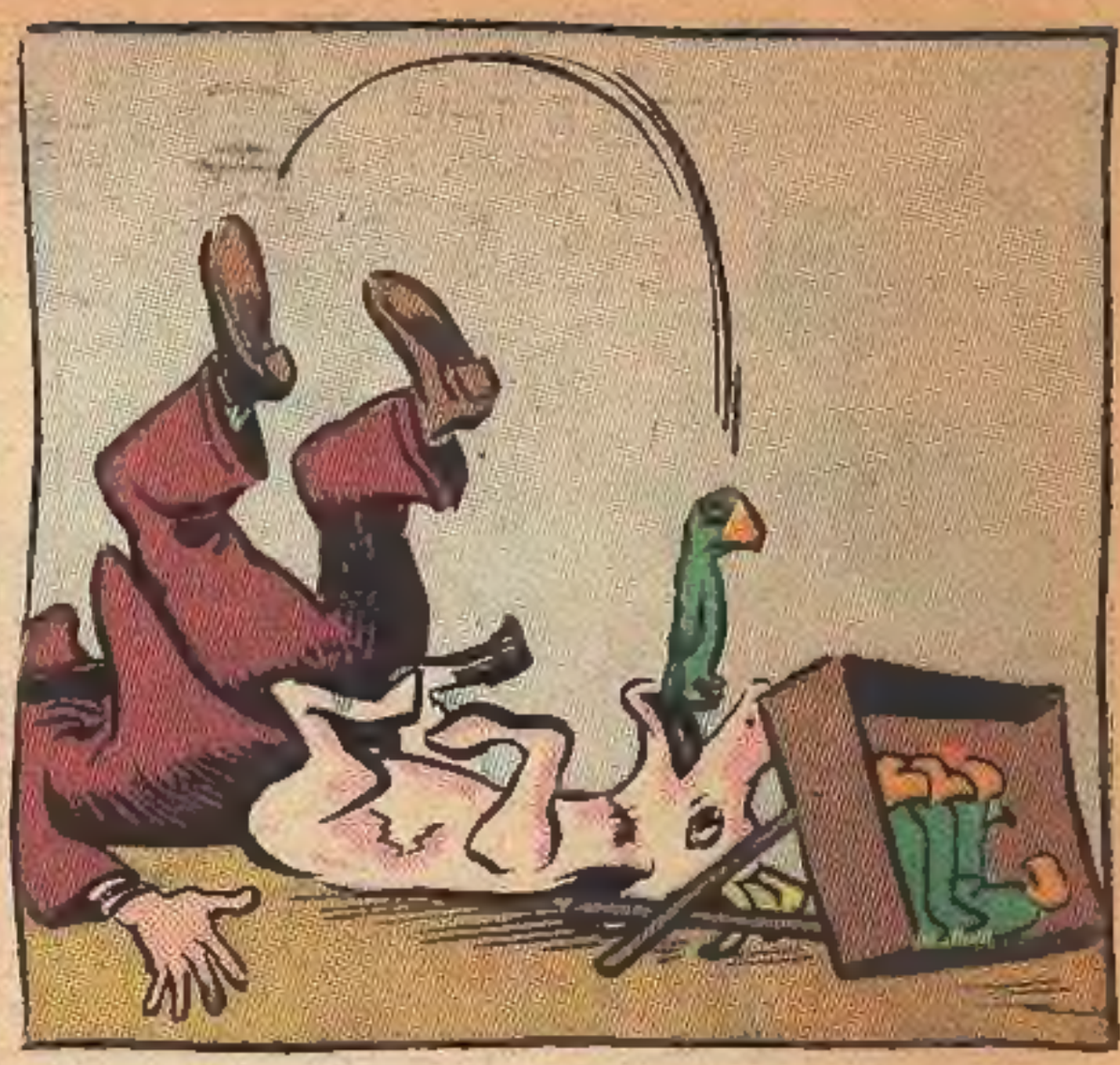
HOWEVER-IT'S A **WONDERFUL** IDEA ! AFTER HIM, MEN ~~ ~~TAKE HIM AT ANY COST.

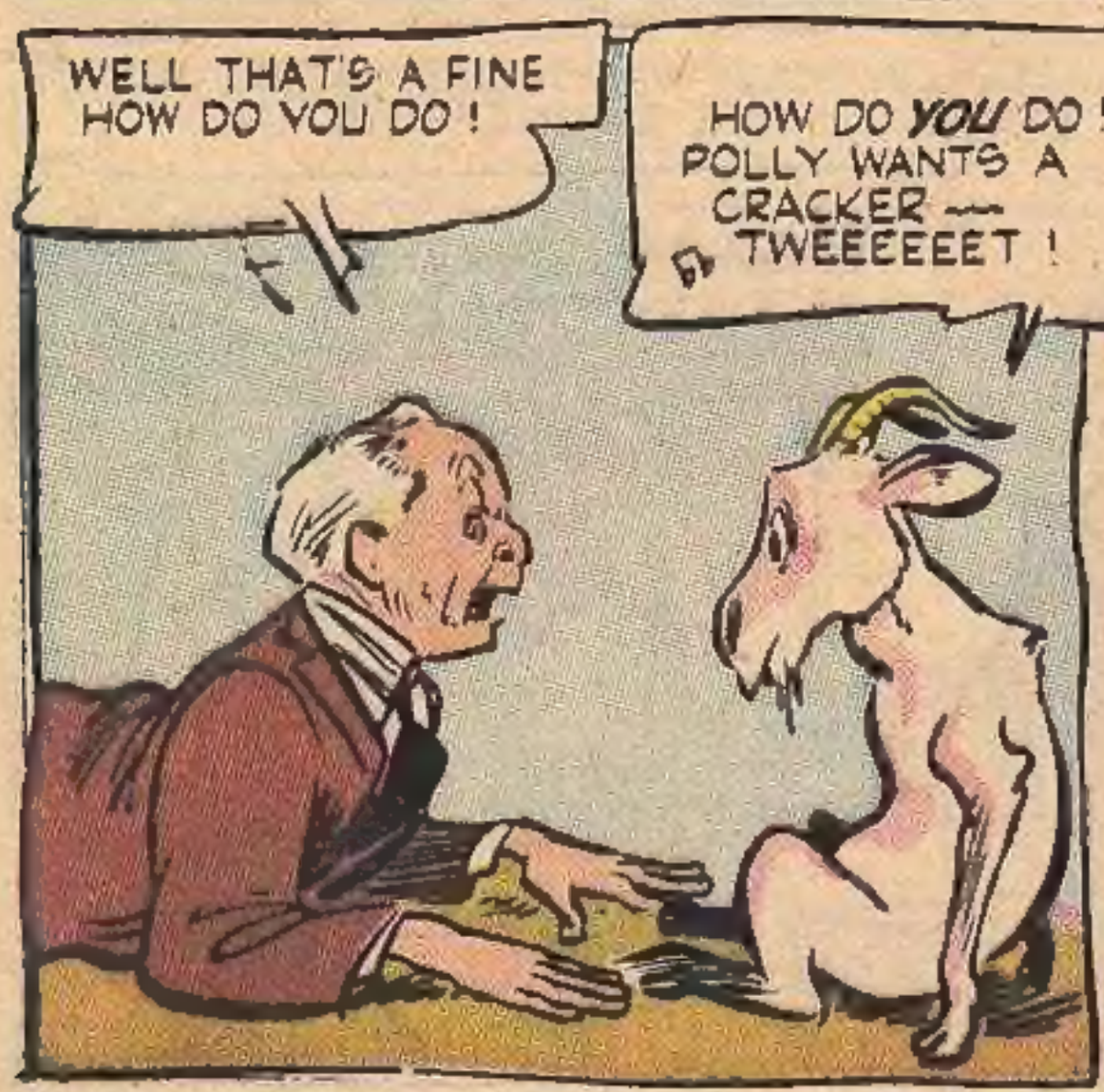
I CAN SEE BY THE INTELLIGENT EXPRESSIONS ON YOUR HANDSOME FACES, GENTS, THAT YOU ARE MEN WHO APPRECIATE A BARGAIN, HAVE AN INTEREST IN SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS AND ARE NOT AFRAID OF SPENDING A DOLLAR.

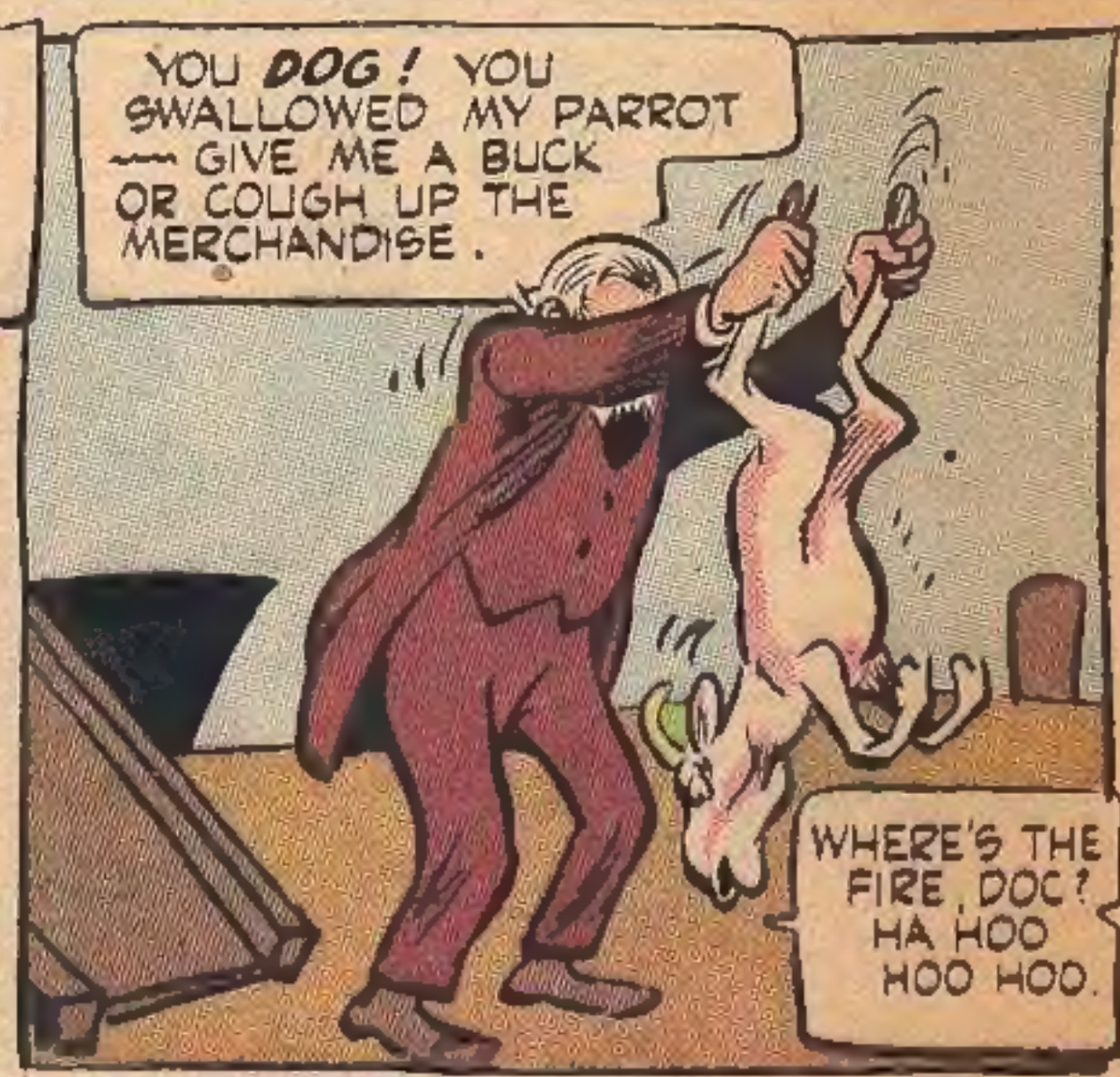

AND HERE I HAVE JUST WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ~~ A MECHANICAL TALKING PARROT ~~ TALKS FOR TWO HOURS ON ONE WINDING ~~


WHY ARE YOU RUNNING AWAY, FRIENDS ? JUST WINDING UP THE PARROT ~~ THAT'S ALL ~~ NO EXPLOSIONS ~~ NO DANGER TO THE VERIEST INFANT !

WHAM!
IT SAYS "POLLY WANT A CRACKER" MAKES OTHER TIMELY COMMENTS AND —OOP!



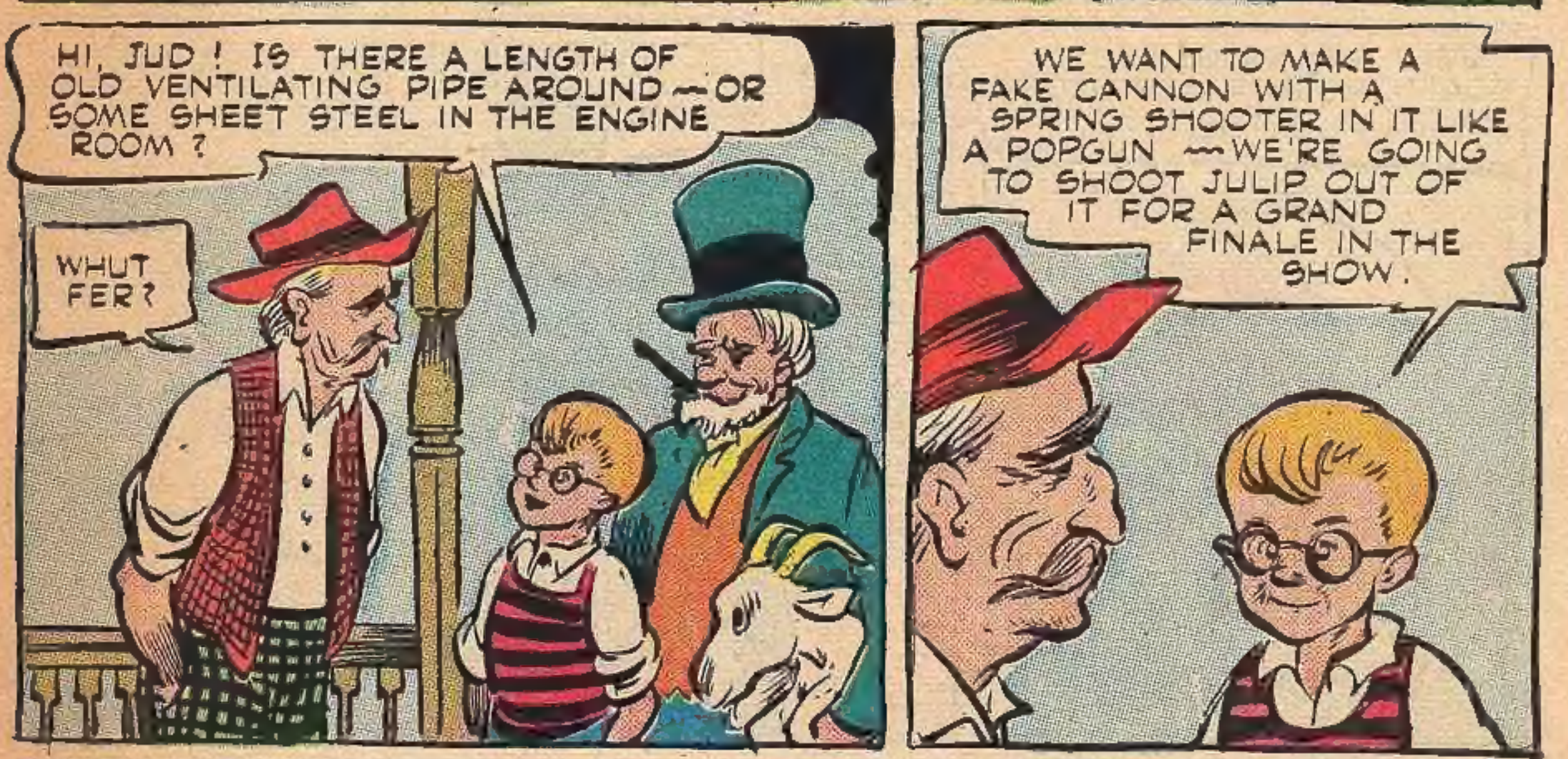

WELL THAT'S A FINE HOW DO YOU DO!
HOW DO YOU DO! POLLY WANTS A CRACKER — TWEEEEEET!

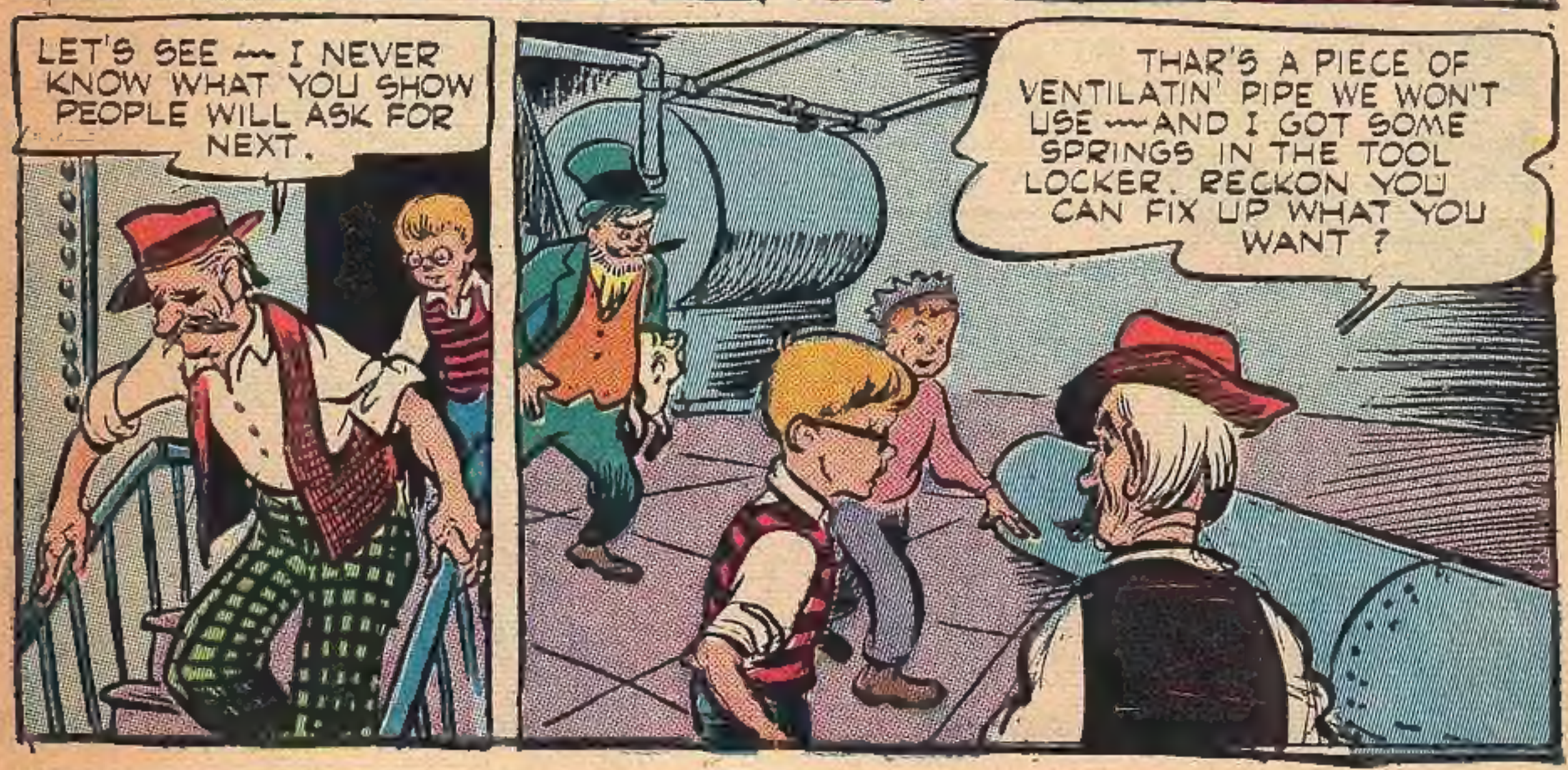

YOU DOG! YOU SWALLOWED MY PARROT — GIVE ME A BUCK OR COUGH UP THE MERCHANDISE.
WHERE'S THE FIRE, DOC? HA HOO HOO HOO.

HOLD ON, YOU VARLET! UNHAND THAT NOBLE CREATURE! HOW DARE YOU MALTREAT THE STAR OF OUR SHOW!?
WHAT ARE YOU, WHISKERS, HIS UNDERSTUDY?

THE STAR SPOILED A DOLLAR'S WORTH OF MY GOODS — HAND IT OVER OR I'LL SELL HIM FOR PORK CHOPS.
HAH!

HARRUMPH! IT'S WORTH A DOLLAR TO RESCUE THIS INNOCENT BEAST FROM THE CRUEL HANDS OF A BLOODY ASSASSIN.
SINCE YOU'RE SO CAREFUL OF HIS WELFARE, HE MUST HAVE QUITE AN ACT— —WHAT'S HE DO?
WE SHOOT HIM OUT OF A CANNON!
GREAT GUNS! YOU'RE REALLY HUMANE!


HI, JUD! IS THERE A LENGTH OF OLD VENTILATING PIPE AROUND—OR SOME SHEET STEEL IN THE ENGINE ROOM?
WHUT FER?
WE WANT TO MAKE A FAKE CANNON WITH A SPRING SHOOTER IN IT LIKE A POPGUN —WE'RE GOING TO SHOOT JULIP OUT OF IT FOR A GRAND FINALE IN THE SHOW.

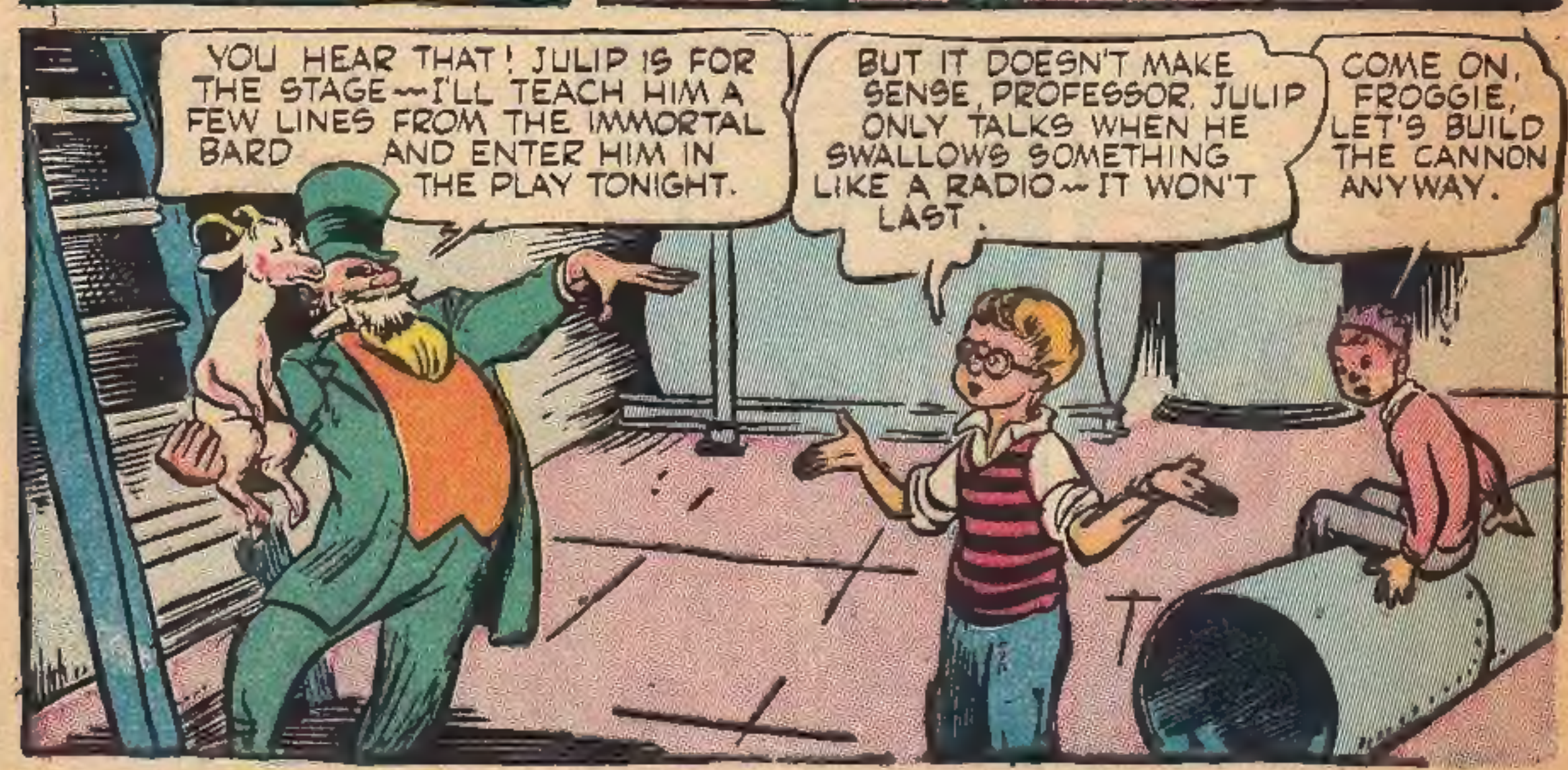

LET'S SEE — I NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU SHOW PEOPLE WILL ASK FOR NEXT.
THAR'S A PIECE OF VENTILATIN' PIPE WE WON'T USE —AND I GOT SOME SPRINGS IN THE TOOL LOCKER. RECKON YOU CAN FIX UP WHAT YOU WANT?

GO AHEAD, JULIP, TRY IT FOR SIZE ~~ WE'RE NOT GOING TO SHOOT YOU NOW !

WHAT'S THAT ?
IT'S HIGH TIME TO CLEAN MY CAGE ~~ HOOP, HAWK HAWK ~~ WAAAAK!

GREAT GALLOPING GHOSTS ! THIS GOAT CAN TALK ! BY GADFRY, BOYS, WERE MILLIONAIRES !

TO THINK WE ALMOST SHOT THIS PRECIOUS ANIMAL FROM A CANNON . WHAT BUFFOONERY ! WHAT DEPTHS FOR AN INTELLECTUAL TO REACH! ~~ JULIP, MY BOY, YOU'RE ON EASY STREET ~~ ANYTHING YOU WANT IS YOURS !
HOW ABOUT SOME SUNFLOWER SEEDS? HAAAK-WAK TWEEET TWEEEET


YOU HEAR THAT ! JULIP IS FOR THE STAGE ~~ I'LL TEACH HIM A FEW LINES FROM THE IMMORTAL BARD AND ENTER HIM IN THE PLAY TONIGHT.
BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, PROFESSOR. JULIP ONLY TALKS WHEN HE SWALLOWS SOMETHING LIKE A RADIO ~ IT WON'T LAST .
COME ON, FROGGIE, LET'S BUILD THE CANNON ANYWAY.

THIS THING'S LIGHT ENOUGH FOR US TO HANDLE, RED.

YEAH, AND HERE'S THE SPRINGS.

WE CAN PUT THE BOTTOM OF THIS OLD PEACH BASKET ON THE SPRINGS AND PUT IT IN ONE END OF THE CANNON.

NOW, I'LL PULL THE BASKET BOTTOM DOWN AGAINST THE SPRINGS WITH THIS ROPE ~~ PUSH A LITTLE, RED, IT'S TOUGH TO PULL!

I'LL HAVE TO CRAWL INSIDE.

PUSH HARD, SHE'S COMIN' ALL THE WAY.

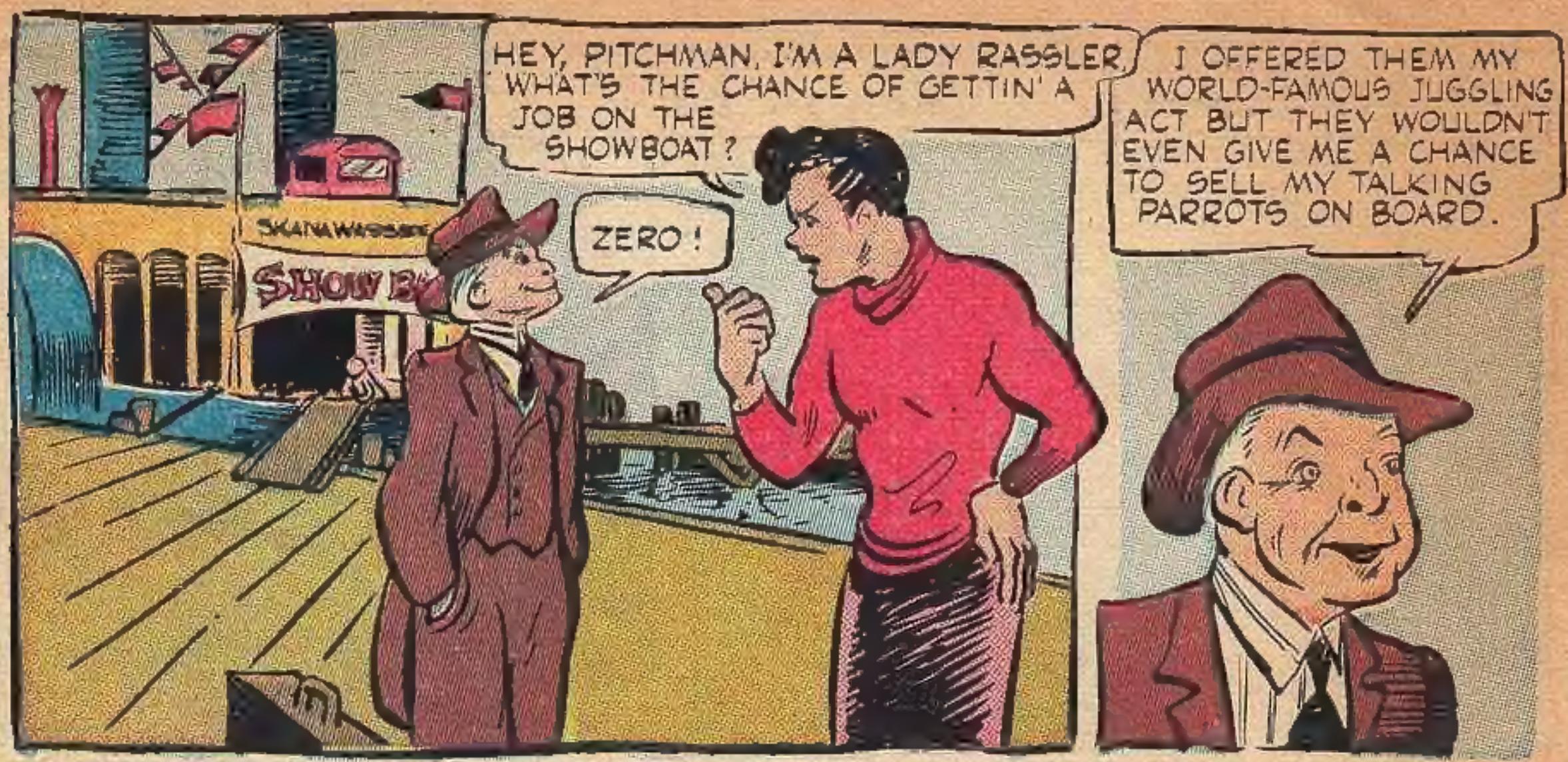
I'M PUSHIN'-!

YEOWP! THE ROPE BROKE!

HALP ~~ I DIDN'T RAISE MYSELF TO BE CANNON FODDER.

HOT DOG, WE CAN WORK IT! AND WITHOUT JULIP ~~ YOU CAN BE THE GOAT, RED!

THAT'S GREAT.


HEY, PITCHMAN, I'M A LADY RASSLER, WHAT'S THE CHANCE OF GETTIN' A JOB ON THE SHOWBOAT?
ZERO!
I OFFERED THEM MY WORLD-FAMOUS JUGGLING ACT BUT THEY WOULDN'T EVEN GIVE ME A CHANCE TO SELL MY TALKING PARROTS ON BOARD.

YOU MEAN THEY DON'T NEED A JUGGLER — BUT I'M A WEIGHT LIFTER AND A RASSLER — I CAN TAKE —

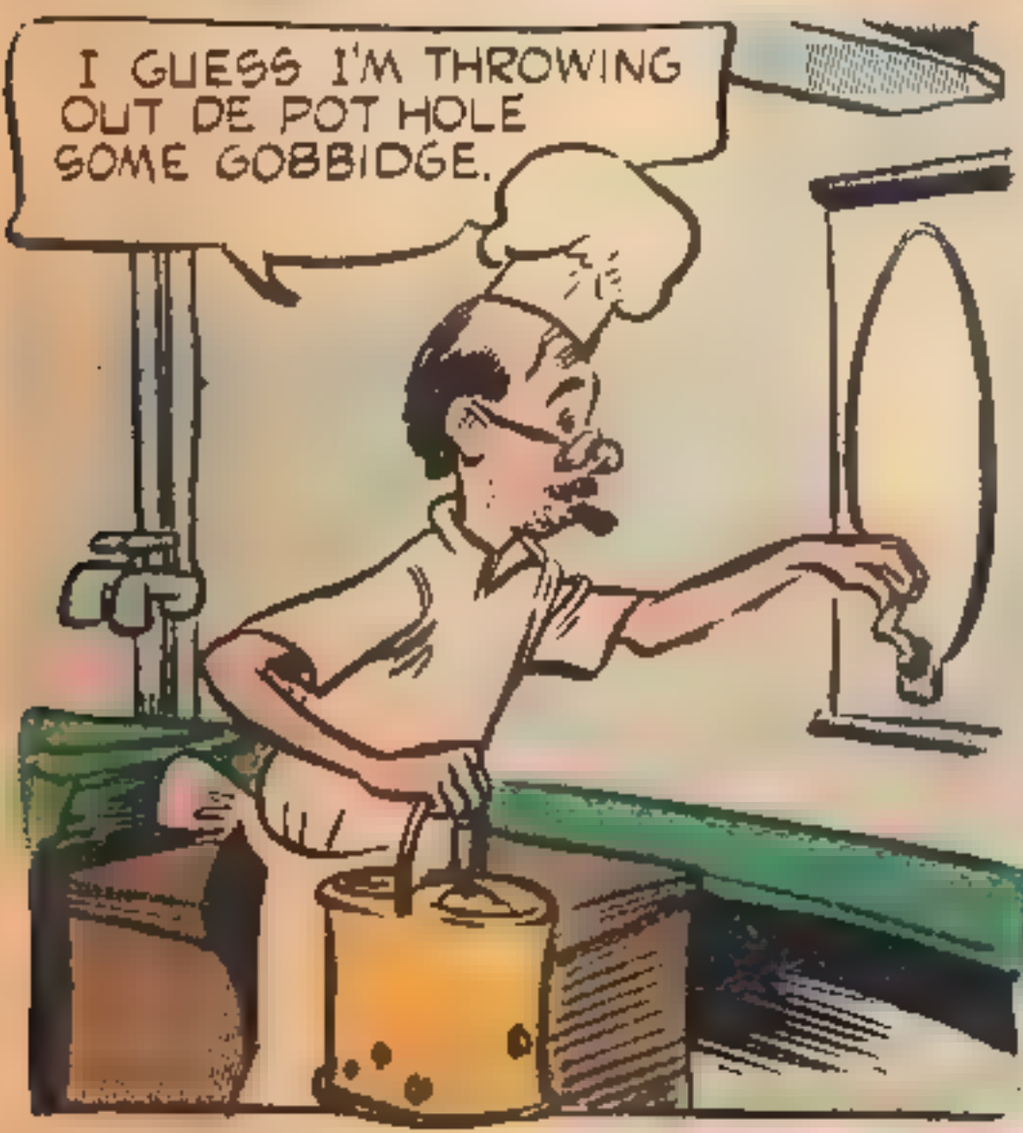
YOU CAN SAVE YOUR BREATH — THEY JUST GAVE THE LAST OPEN JOB TO A GOAT! BUT I FIGURE IF WE CAN GET ABOARD WE MIGHT GET A CHANCE TO WORK INTO THE SHOW. LET'S LOOK FOR A ROWBOAT.
A ROWBOAT?

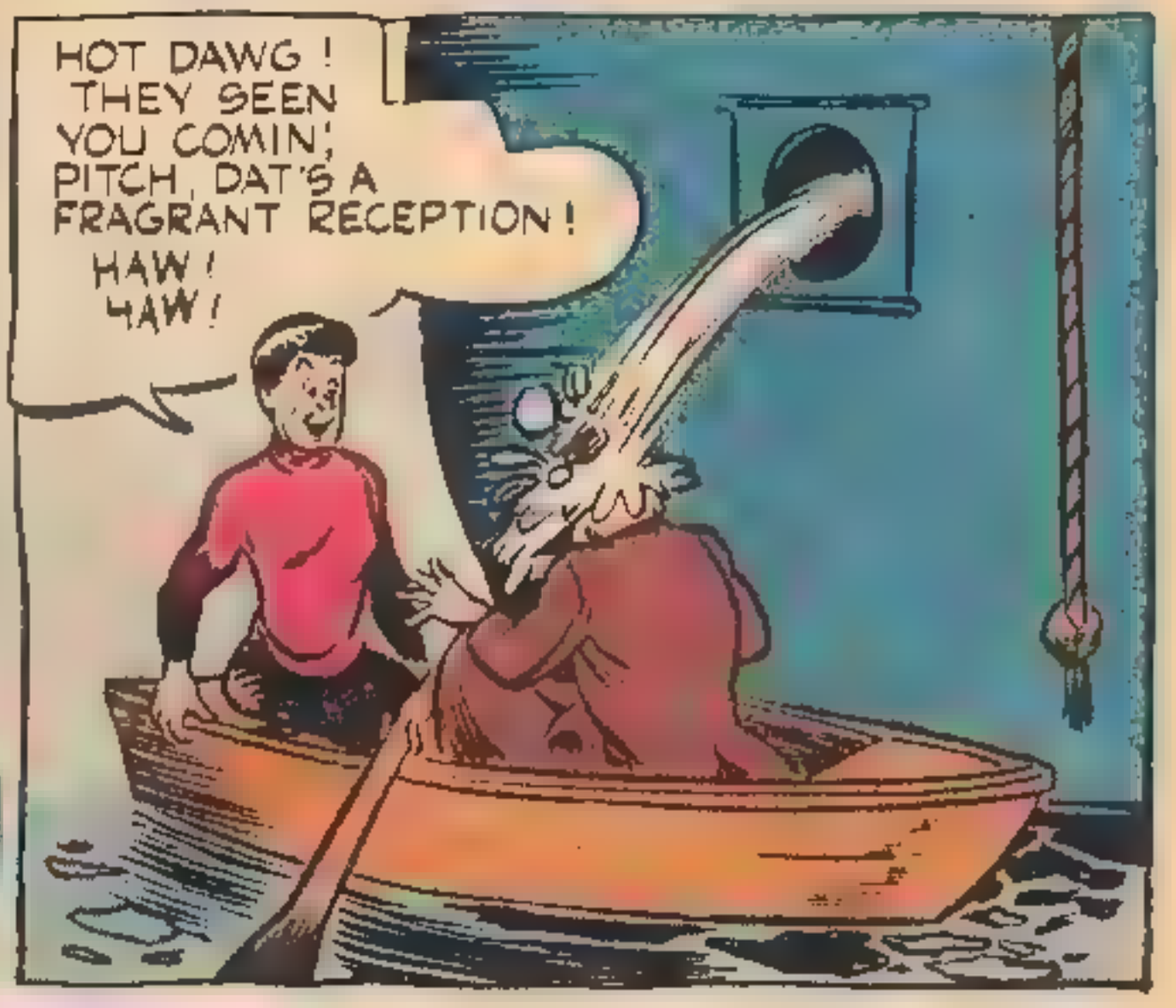
WE CAN ROW AROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BOAT AND SNEAK ABOARD.
GOOD IDEA — THE GUY AT THE GANG-PLANK WON'T LET US PAST.

GOOD! THERE'S ONE — WE CAN ROW AROUND THE SHOWBOAT.
LET'S GO!

NOW KEEP YOUR EYE PEELED FOR A ROPE HANGING OVER THE SIDE.
OKAY.

THERE'S A LENGTH OF ROPE HANGING DOWN, SKIPPER.
GOOD. I'LL PULL AROUND TO IT.


I GUESS I'M THROWING OUT DE POT HOLE SOME GOBBIDGE.


HOT DAWG! THEY SEEN YOU COMIN', PITCH, DAT'S A FRAGRANT RECEPTION! HAW! HAW!

CAN IS NO GOOD FULL OF HOLES!
BLUNK
HAH! THEY'RE GLAD TO SEE YOU, TOO!

YOU CROSSEYED BUM, I'LL MURDER YA ~~ YA BIG ~~—
COME ON. WE'LL HAVE TO ROW BACK AND CLEAN UP.

GIVE ME YOUR LOVE RATHER THAN YOUR GOLD — I'VE GOTA —

HUM HUM TUM TUM

SIWASH SUSIE, THE SILVER THROATED SOPRANO OF SOUTH DAKOTA, *LOOK! LOOK!* GENTLEMAN JOHN, LOOK! A NEW FIND! THE SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY OF THE CENTURY!

A GOAT! BUT REALLY! WHAT DOES IT DO? WHISTLE DIXIE?

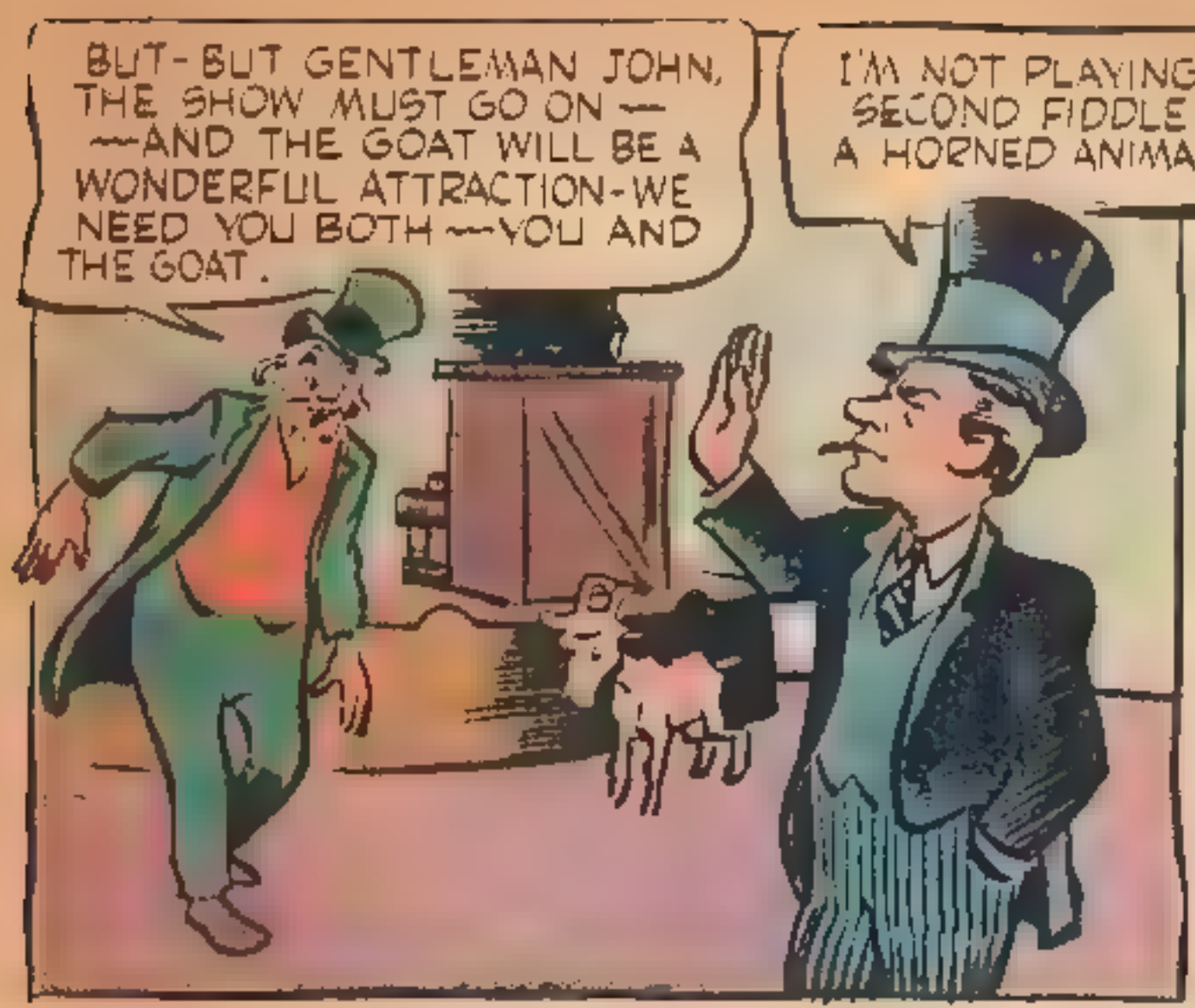
IT'S A TALKING GOAT! I'M WRITING A PART INTO TONIGHTS PLAY FOR IT! SAY SOMETHING, JULIP!

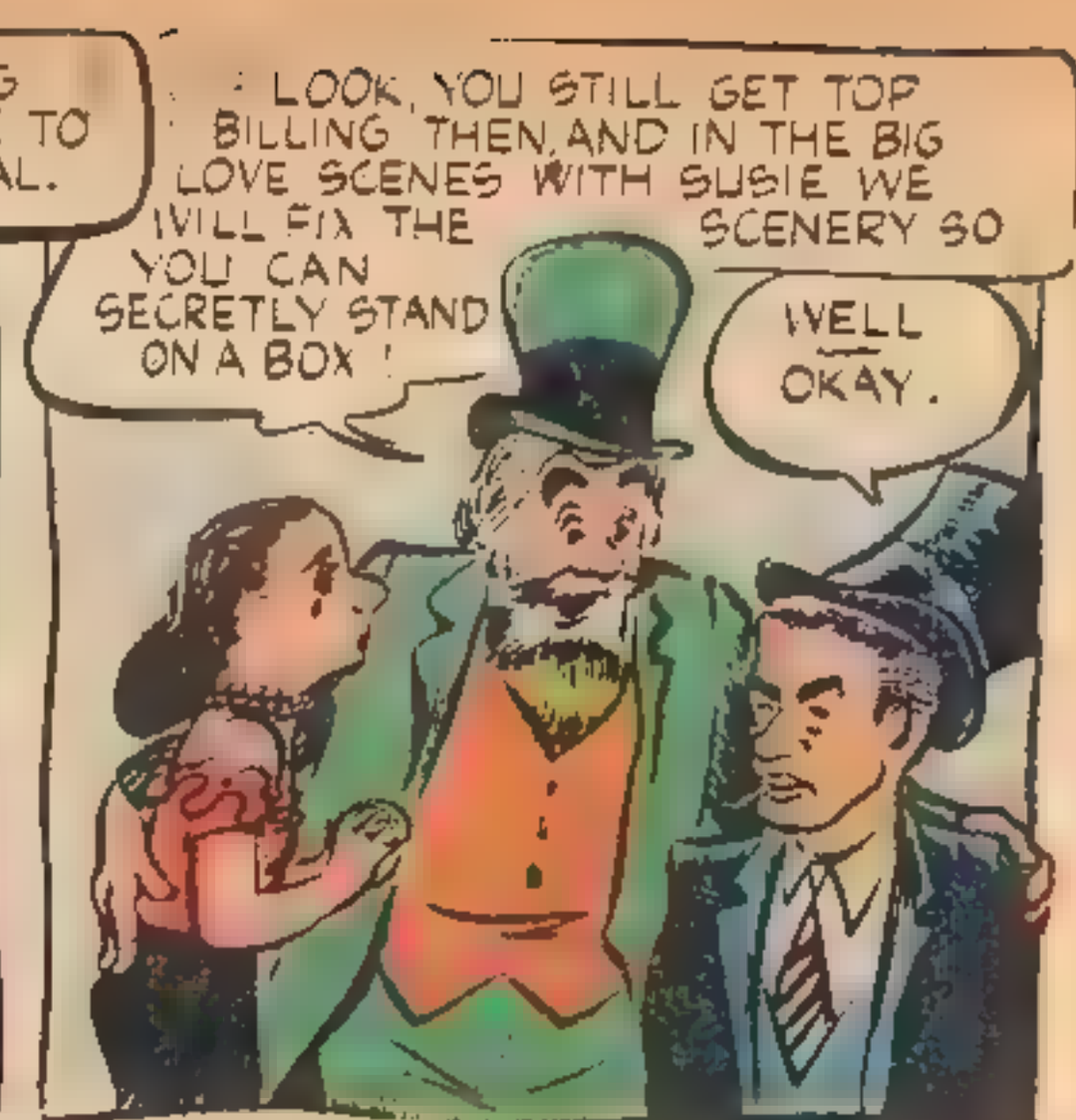
OPEN THE DOOR OPEN THE DOOR — WAK, WAK!

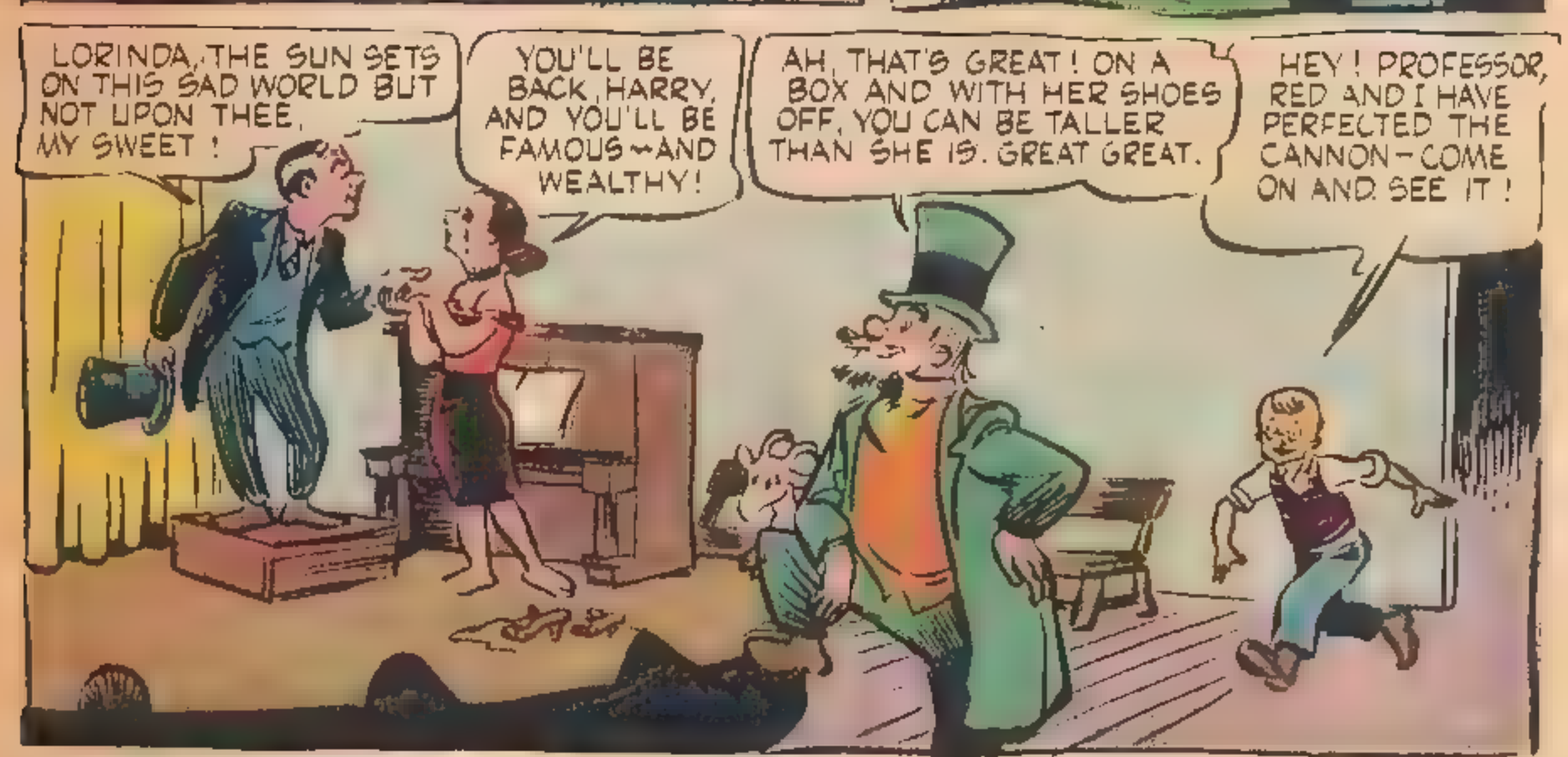
I DON'T LIKE TO INJECT A NOTE OF SKEPTICISM PROF., BUT THAT GOAT SOUNDS LIKE A PARROT IN DISGUISE!

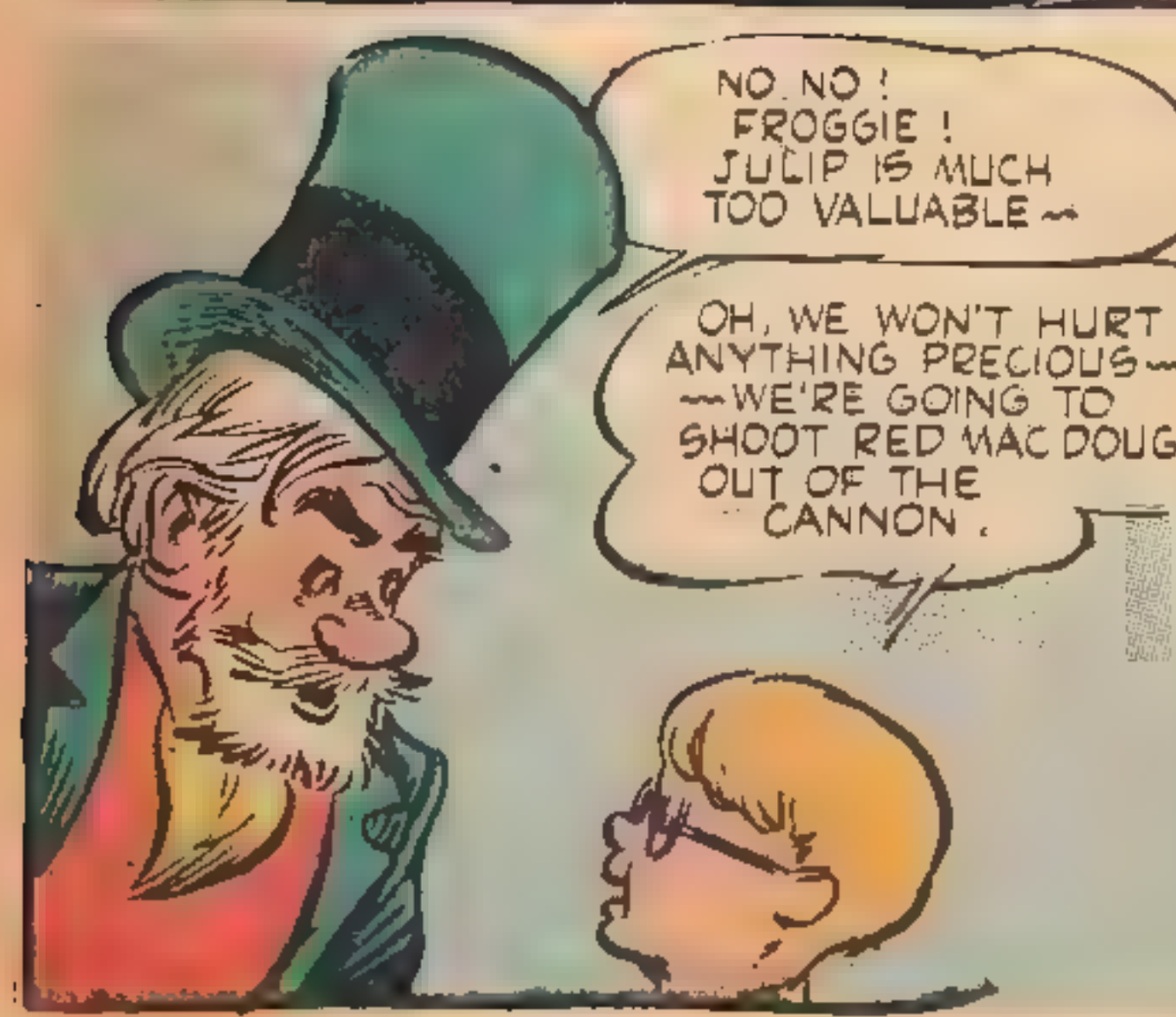
NO MATTER! THE GOAT GETS A PART — HE'LL BE THE STAR!

THE *STAR!* WELL THAT DOES IT! I QUIT!

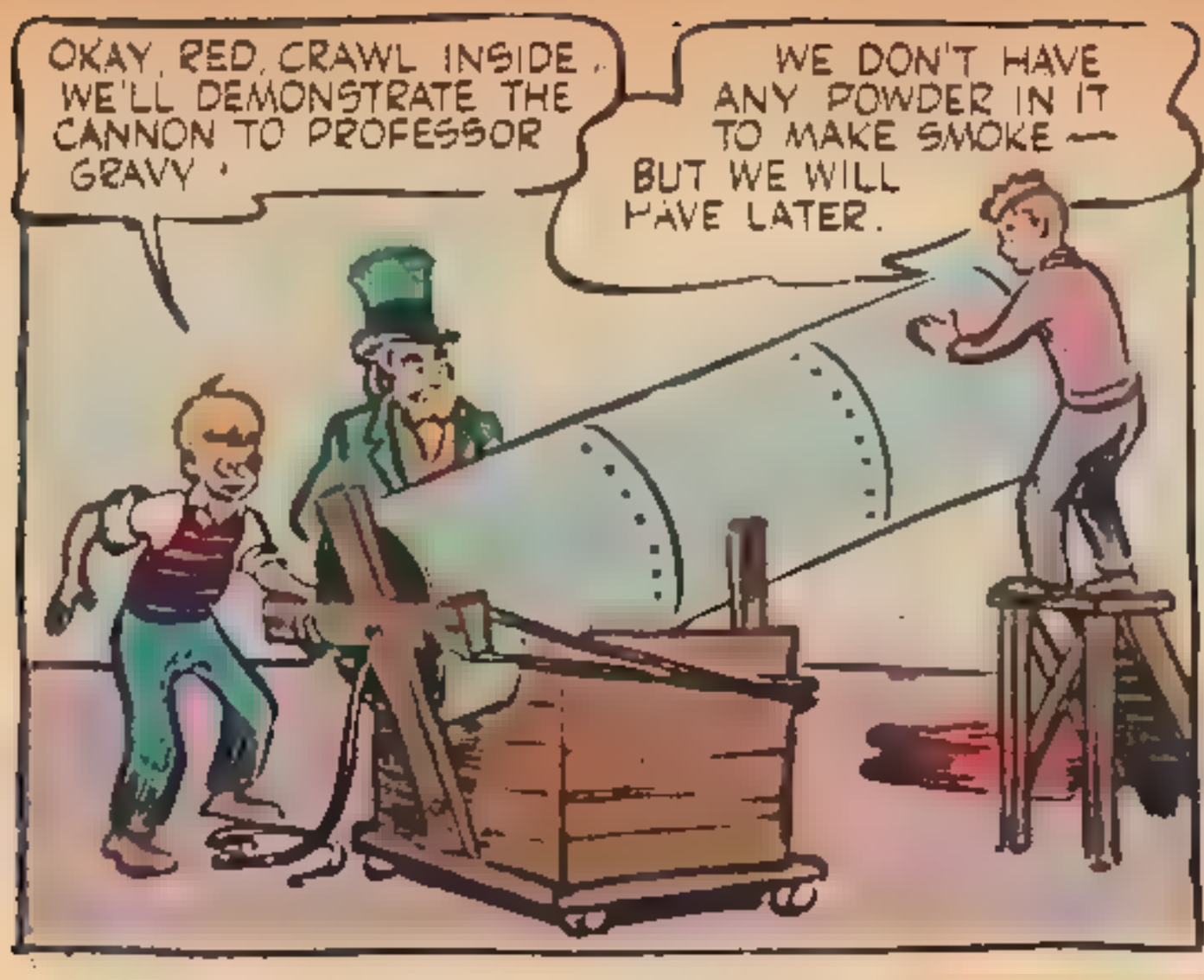

BUT-BUT GENTLEMAN JOHN, THE SHOW MUST GO ON — —AND THE GOAT WILL BE A WONDERFUL ATTRACTION-WE NEED YOU BOTH —YOU AND THE GOAT.
I'M NOT PLAYING SECOND FIDDLE TO A HORNED ANIMAL.

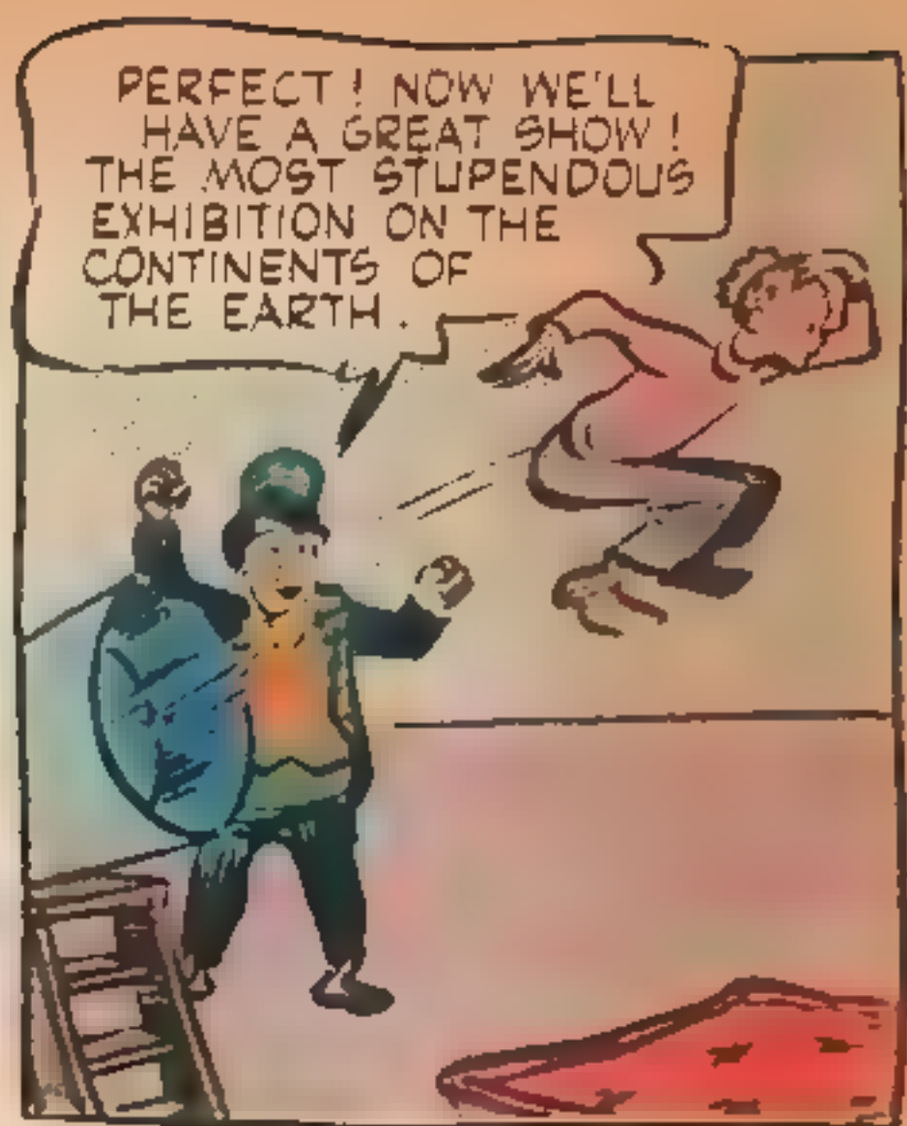

LOOK, YOU STILL GET TOP BILLING THEN, AND IN THE BIG LOVE SCENES WITH SUSIE WE WILL FIX THE SCENERY SO YOU CAN SECRETLY STAND ON A BOX!
WELL — OKAY.


LORINDA, THE SUN SETS ON THIS SAD WORLD BUT NOT UPON THEE, MY SWEET!
YOU'LL BE BACK, HARRY, AND YOU'LL BE FAMOUS—AND WEALTHY!
AH, THAT'S GREAT! ON A BOX AND WITH HER SHOES OFF, YOU CAN BE TALLER THAN SHE IS. GREAT GREAT.
HEY! PROFESSOR, RED AND I HAVE PERFECTED THE CANNON—COME ON AND SEE IT!

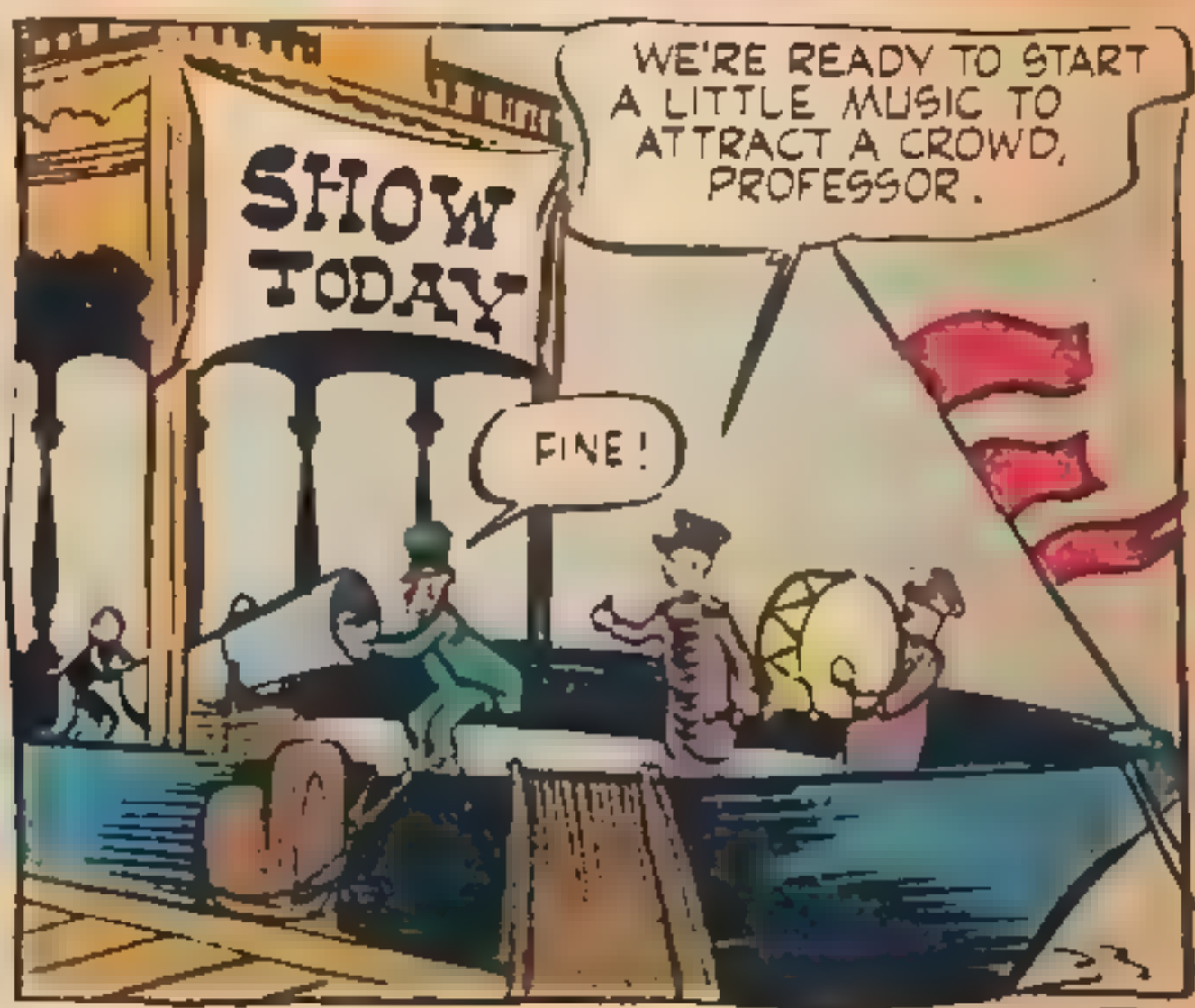

NO, NO! FROGGIE! JULIP IS MUCH TOO VALUABLE—
OH, WE WON'T HURT ANYTHING PRECIOUS— —WE'RE GOING TO SHOOT RED MAC DOUGAL OUT OF THE CANNON.

WELL, LET'S GET AT IT THEN— —THE SHOW STARTS PRETTY SOON — WE OUGHT TO SET THE THING UP HERE.
GREAT!

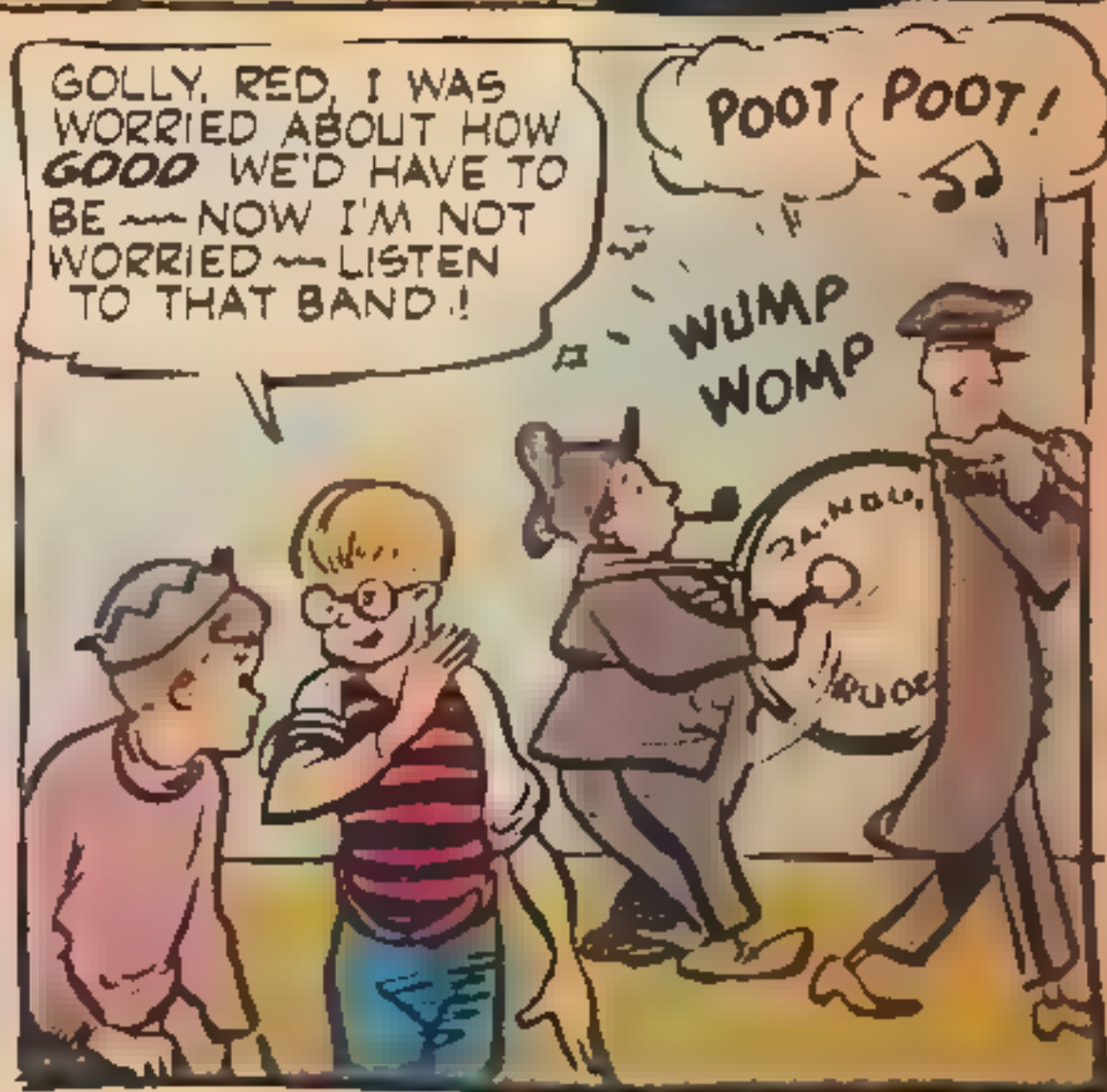

OKAY, RED, CRAWL INSIDE. WE'LL DEMONSTRATE THE CANNON TO PROFESSOR GRAVY.
WE DON'T HAVE ANY POWDER IN IT TO MAKE SMOKE — BUT WE WILL HAVE LATER.


PERFECT! NOW WE'LL HAVE A GREAT SHOW! THE MOST STUPENDOUS EXHIBITION ON THE CONTINENTS OF THE EARTH.

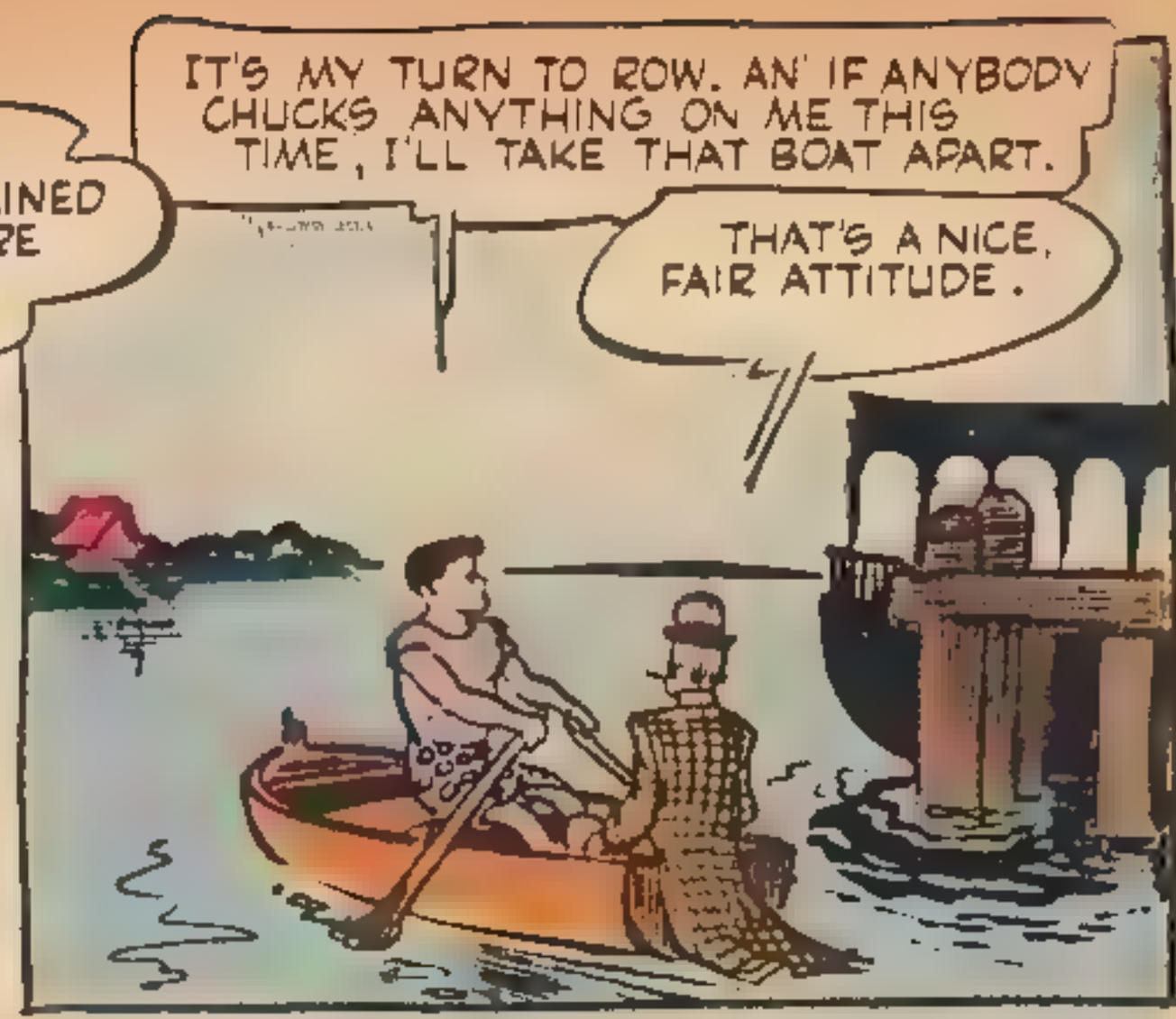
COME ON, BOYS, WE'LL DRAG THE CANNON OUT ON THE BOW DECK AND USE IT AS A COME-ON FOR THE CROWD.


SHOW TODAY
WE'RE READY TO START A LITTLE MUSIC TO ATTRACT A CROWD, PROFESSOR.
FINE!

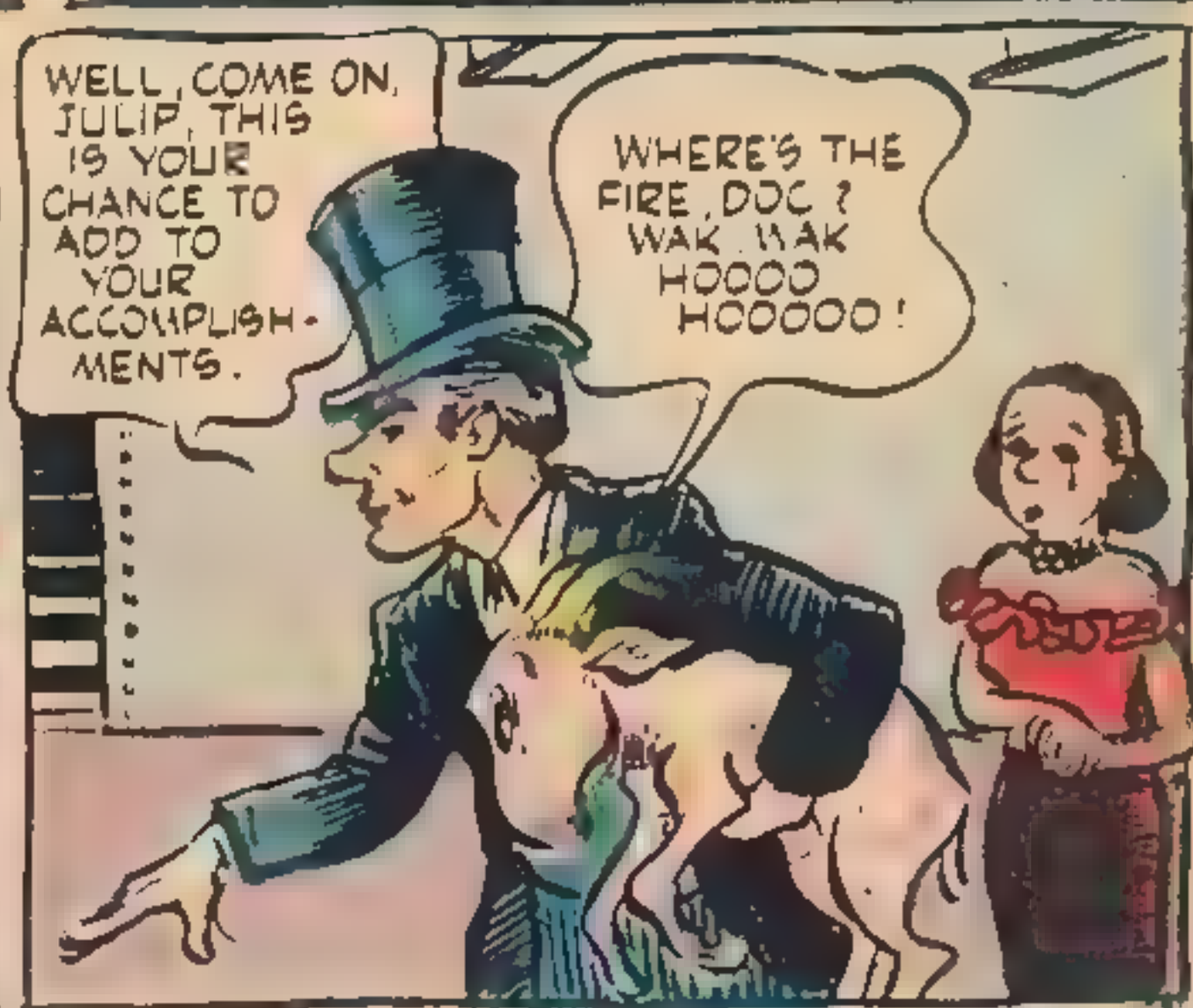
MARCH UP AND DOWN THE DOCK A LITTLE, ALOYSIUS, THEN, WHEN WE'VE GOT A FEW, I'LL GIVE 'EM A SPIEL.
ROGER!


GOLLY, RED, I WAS WORRIED ABOUT HOW GOOD WE'D HAVE TO BE — NOW I'M NOT WORRIED — LISTEN TO THAT BAND!
POOT POOT!
WUMP WOMP

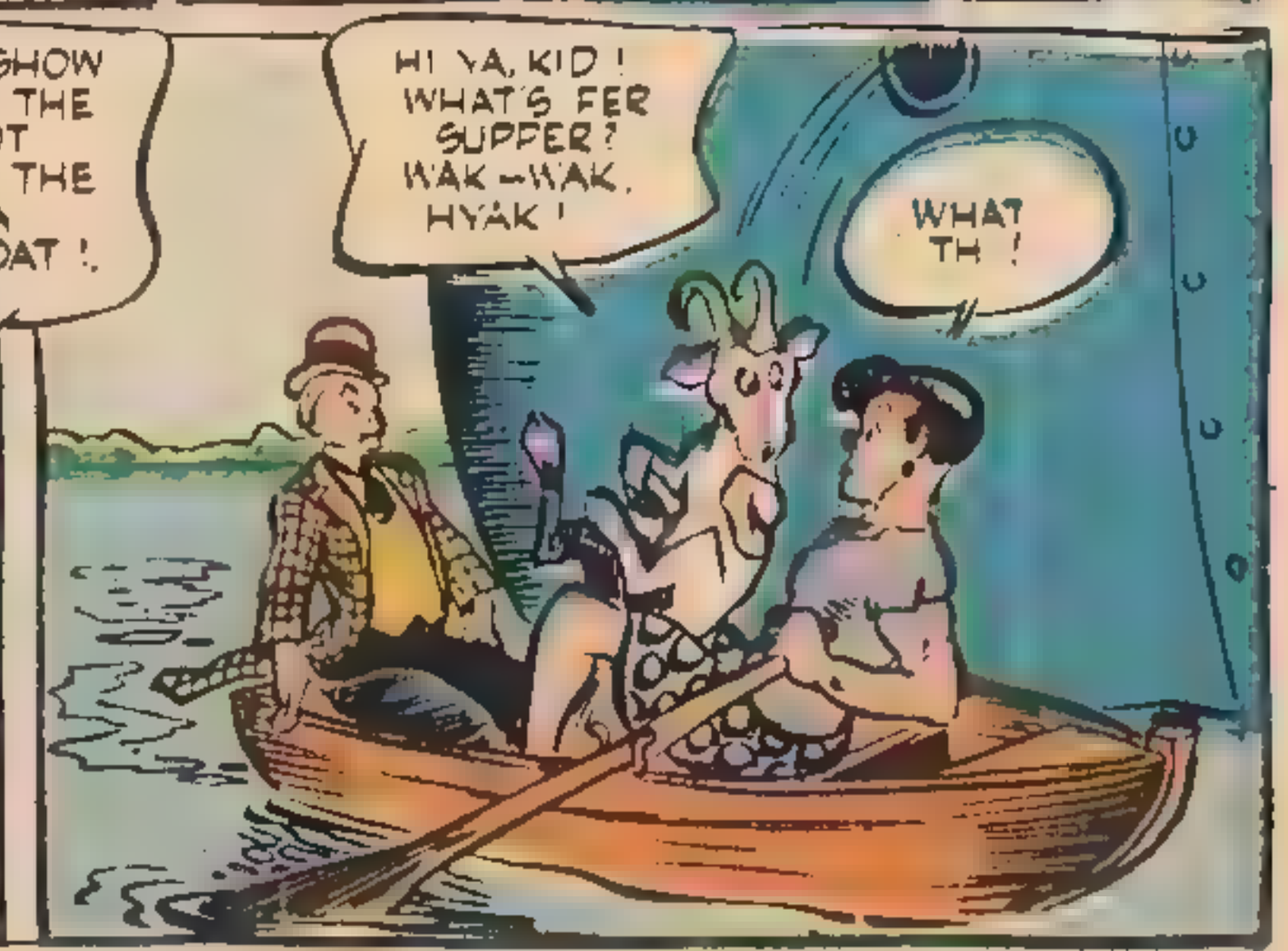
YA SURE THIS IS THE ONLY STUFF YA COULD SWIPE ?
IT'S BETTER'N THAT GARBAGE-STAINED CLOTHING WE WERE WEARING !

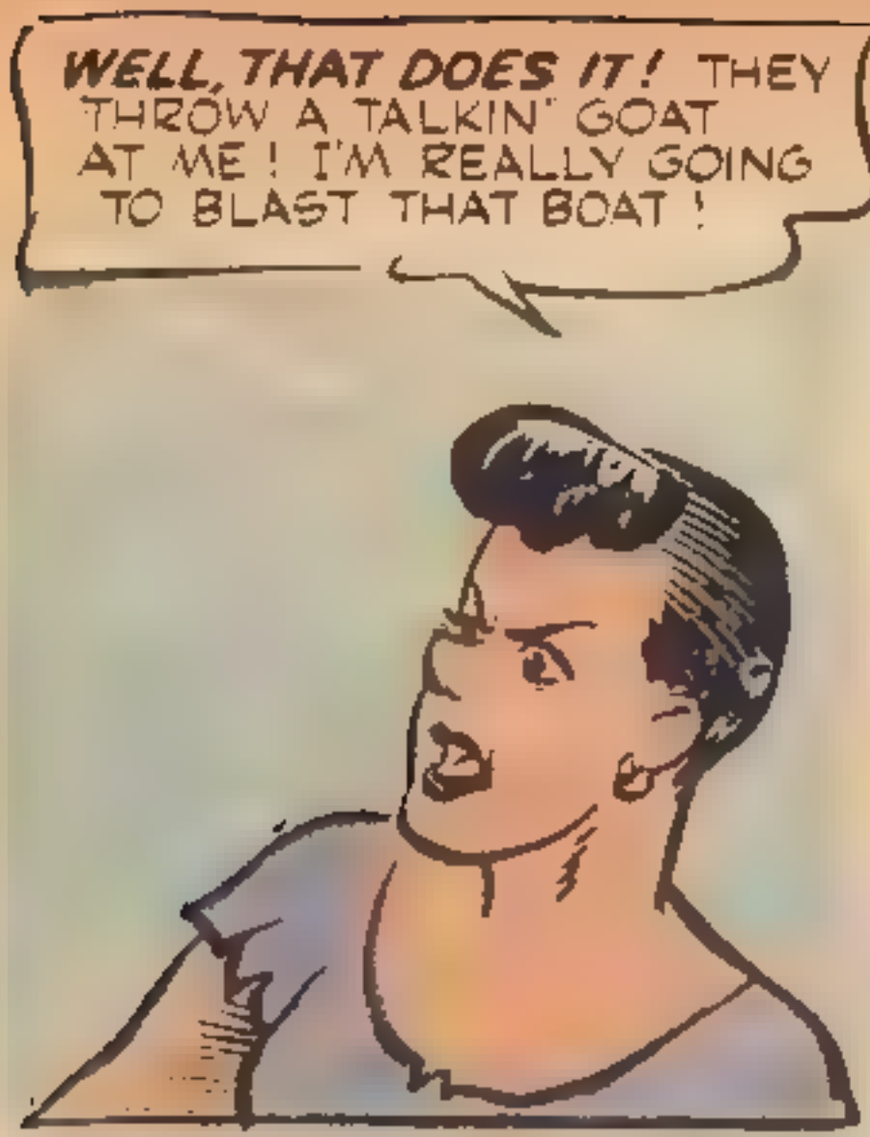

IT'S MY TURN TO ROW. AN' IF ANYBODY CHUCKS ANYTHING ON ME THIS TIME, I'LL TAKE THAT BOAT APART.
THAT'S A NICE, FAIR ATTITUDE.

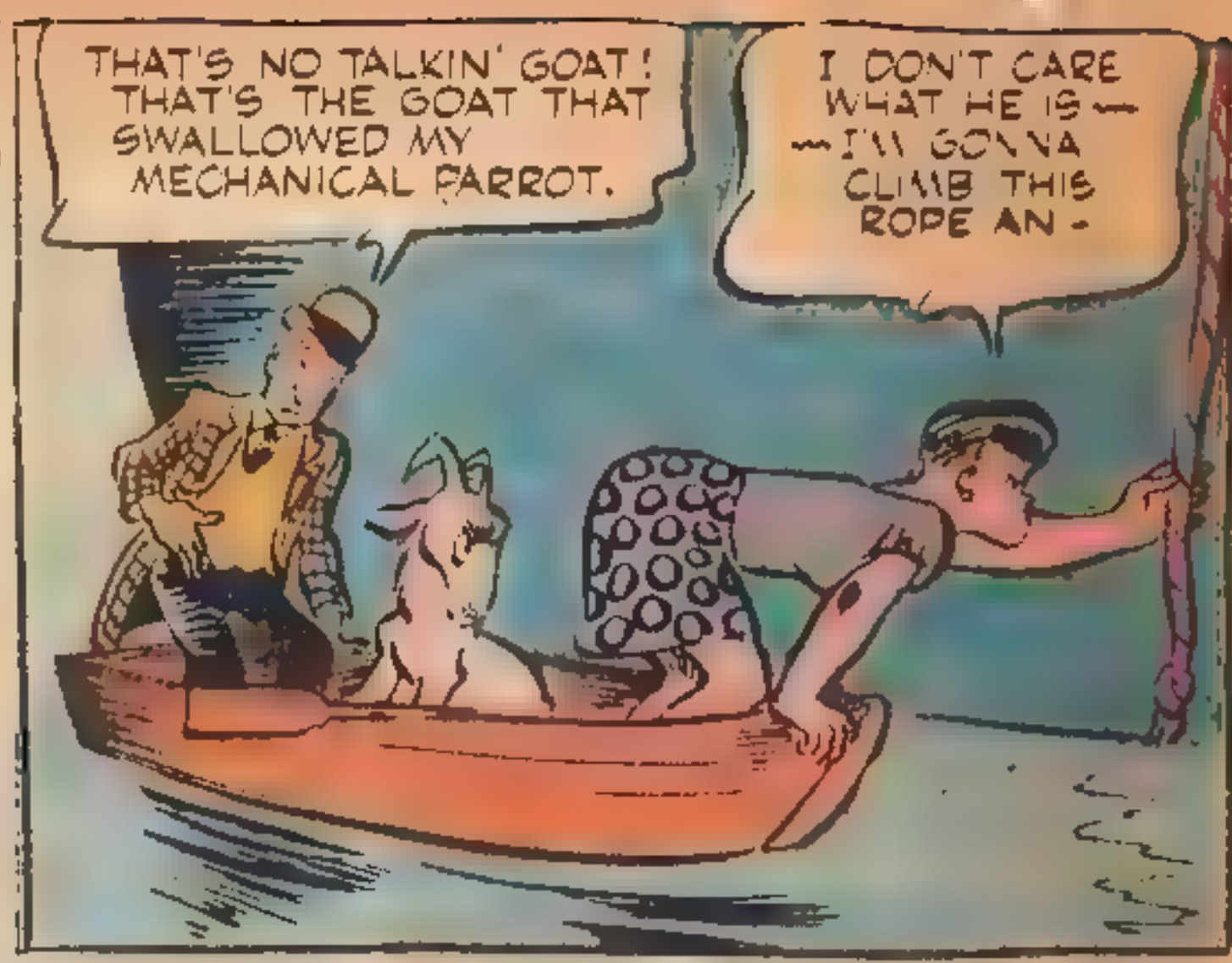
CAN GOATS SWIM, SUSIE ?
A SMART GOAT LIKE THAT ONE SHOULD BE ABLE TO FLY.

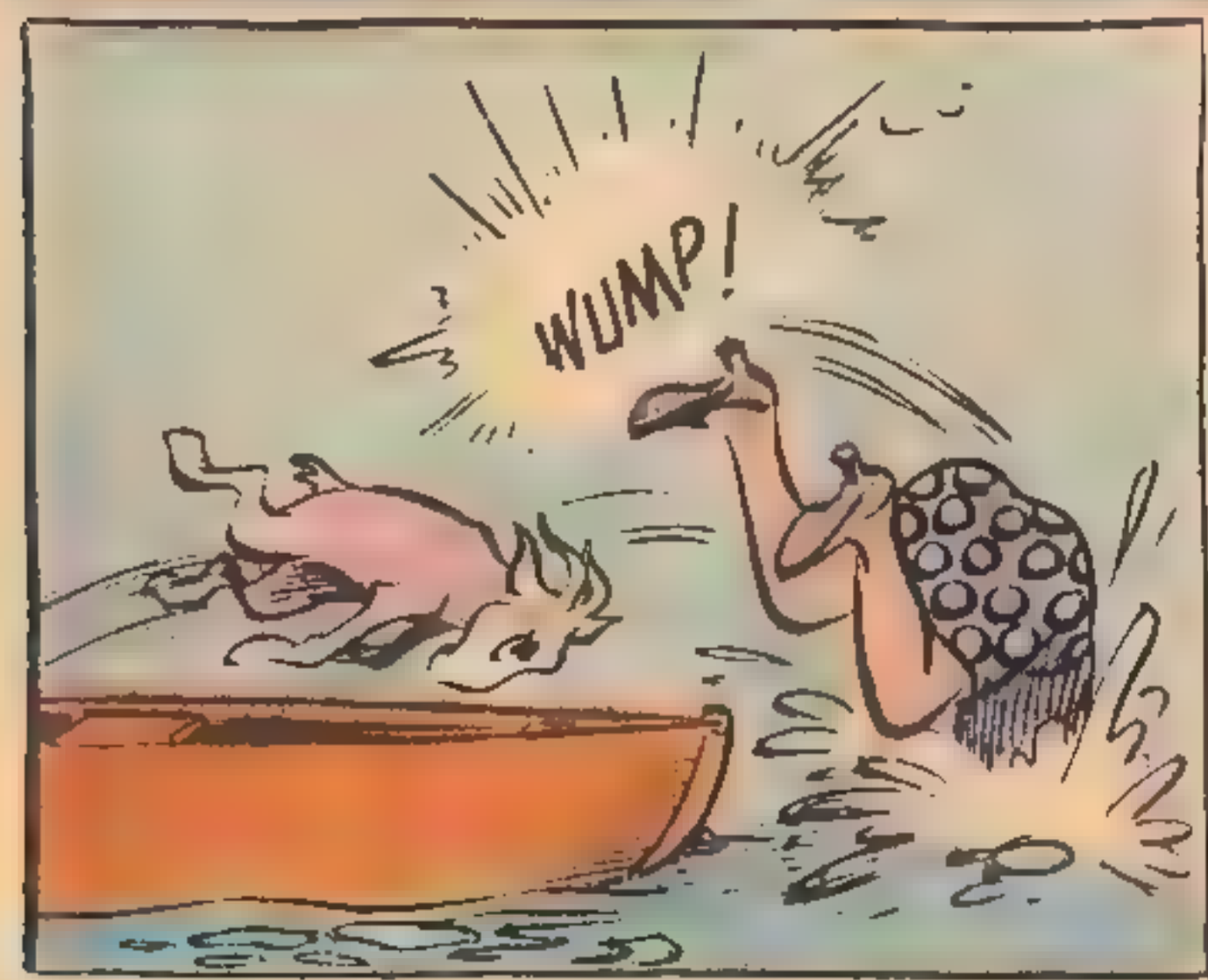

WELL, COME ON, JULIP, THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO ADD TO YOUR ACCOMPLISH-MENTS.
WHERE'S THE FIRE, DOC ? WAK, WAK HOOOO HOOOOO !

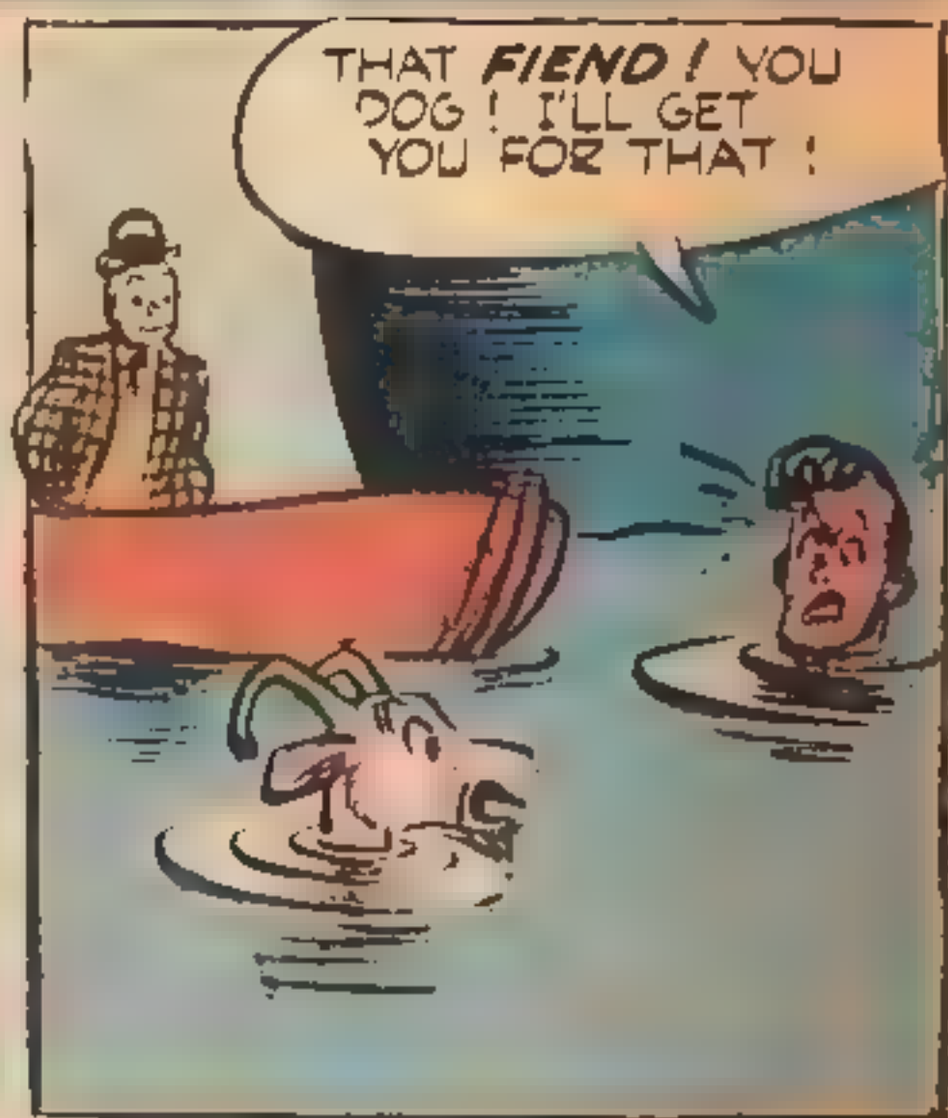
COME BACK AFTER THE SHOW AND TELL ME ABOUT THE WATER — I'M NOT GOING TO WORK IN THE SAME SHOW AS A GOAT !.

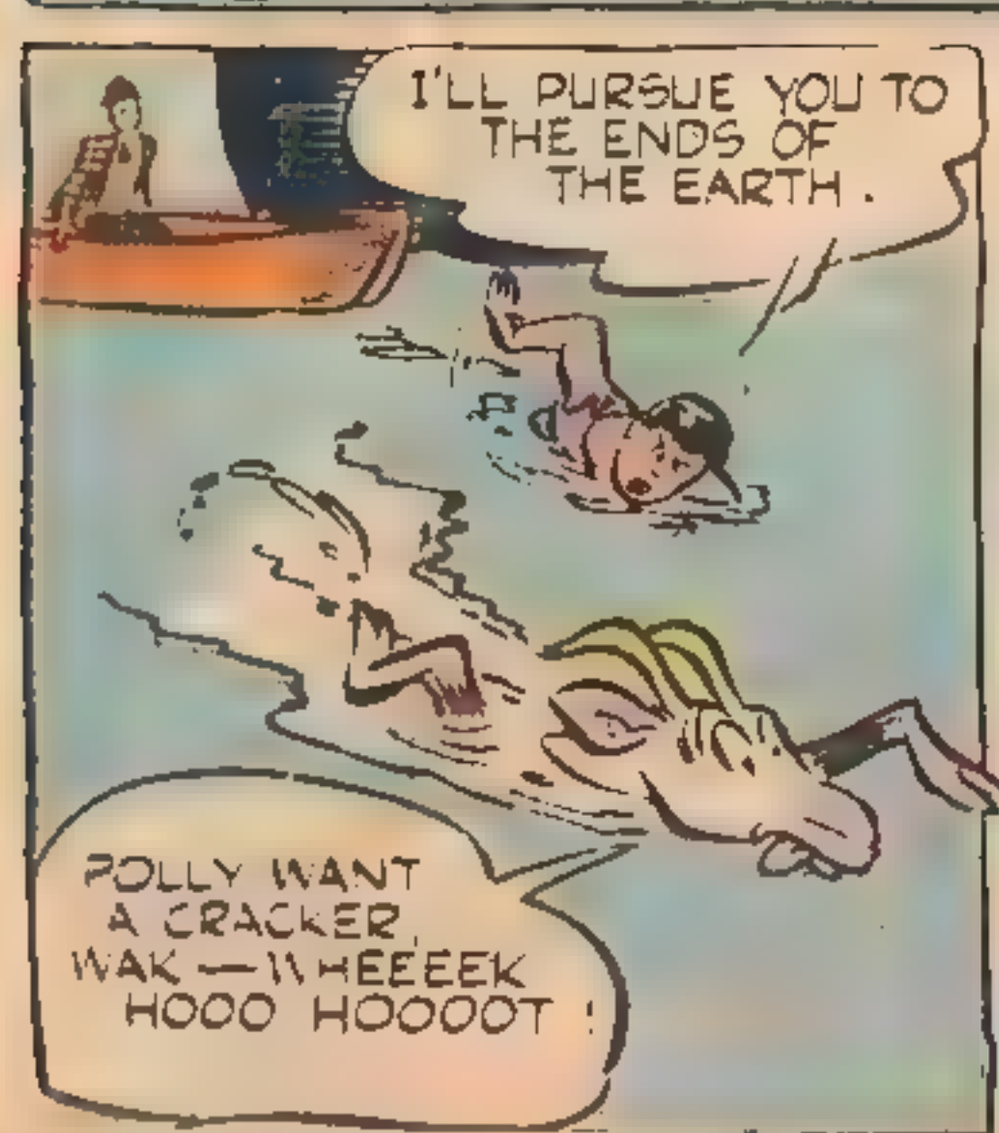

HI YA, KID ! WHAT'S FER SUPPER ? WAK-WAK, HYAK !
WHAT TH !


WELL, THAT DOES IT! THEY THROW A TALKIN' GOAT AT ME! I'M REALLY GOING TO BLAST THAT BOAT!

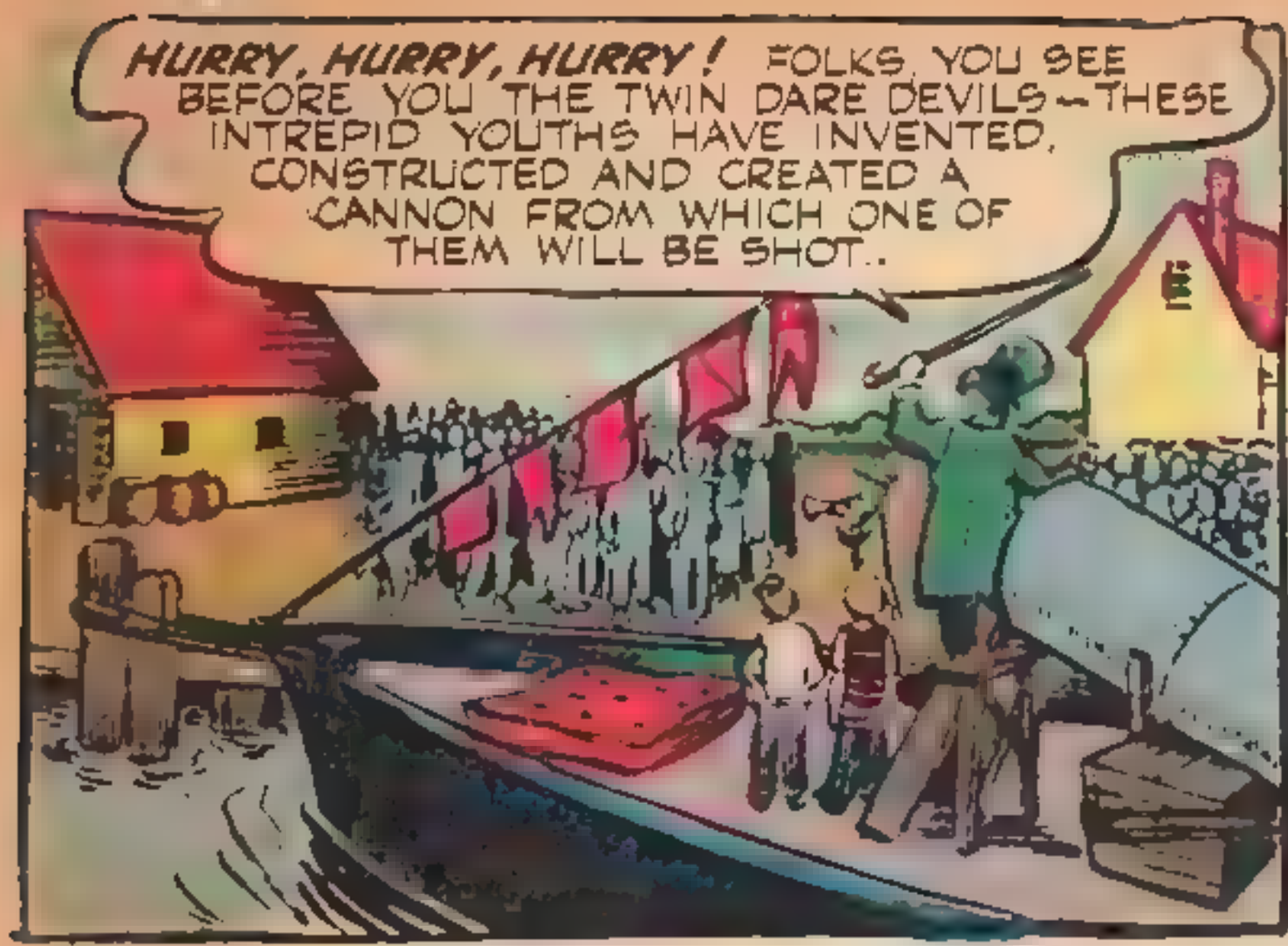

THAT'S NO TALKIN' GOAT! THAT'S THE GOAT THAT SWALLOWED MY MECHANICAL PARROT.
I DON'T CARE WHAT HE IS — — I'M GONNA CLIMB THIS ROPE AN -


WUMP!


THAT FIEND! YOU DOG! I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT!

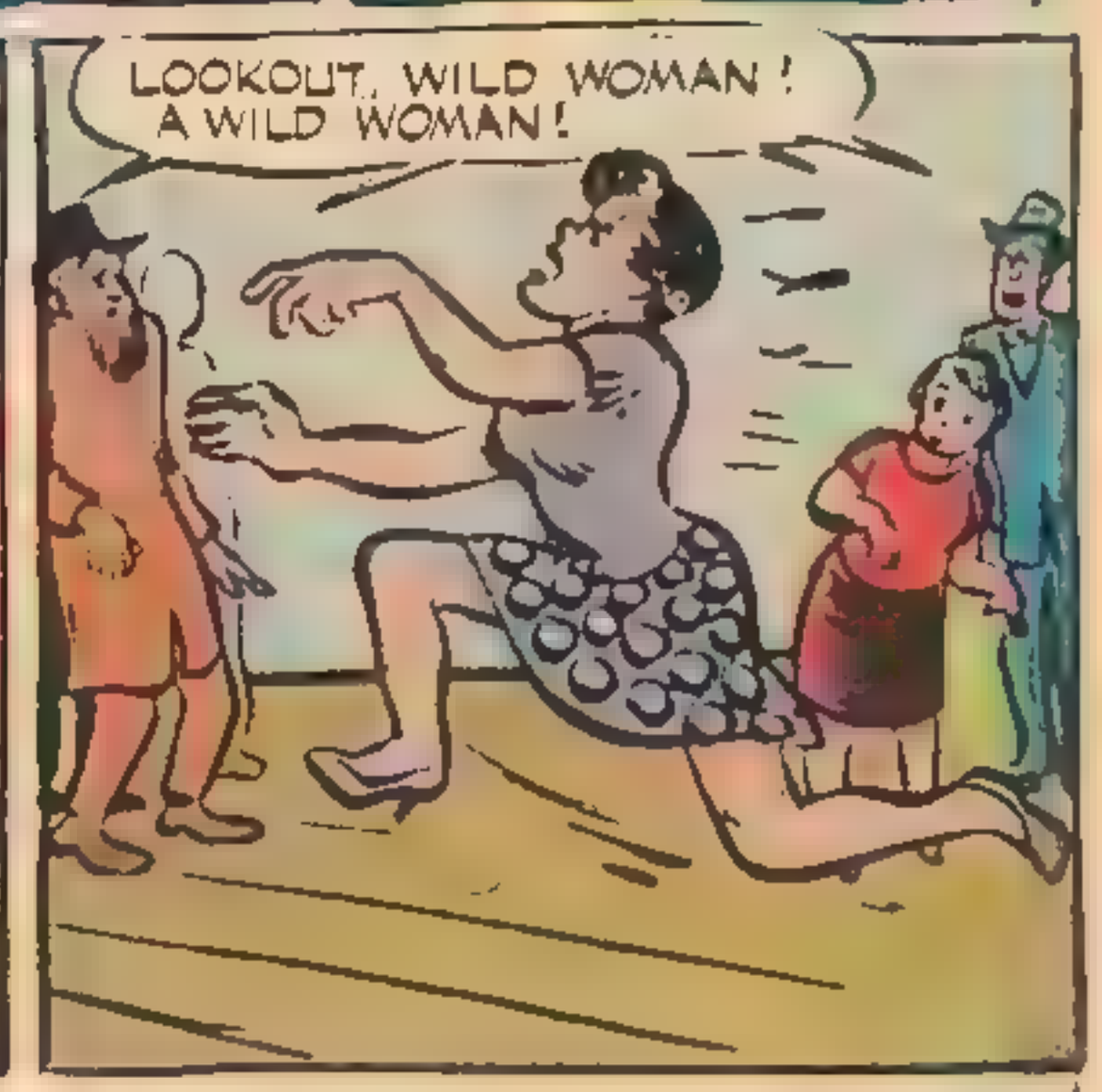

I'LL PURSUE YOU TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.
POLLY WANT A CRACKER WAK — WHEEEEK HOOO HOOOOT!

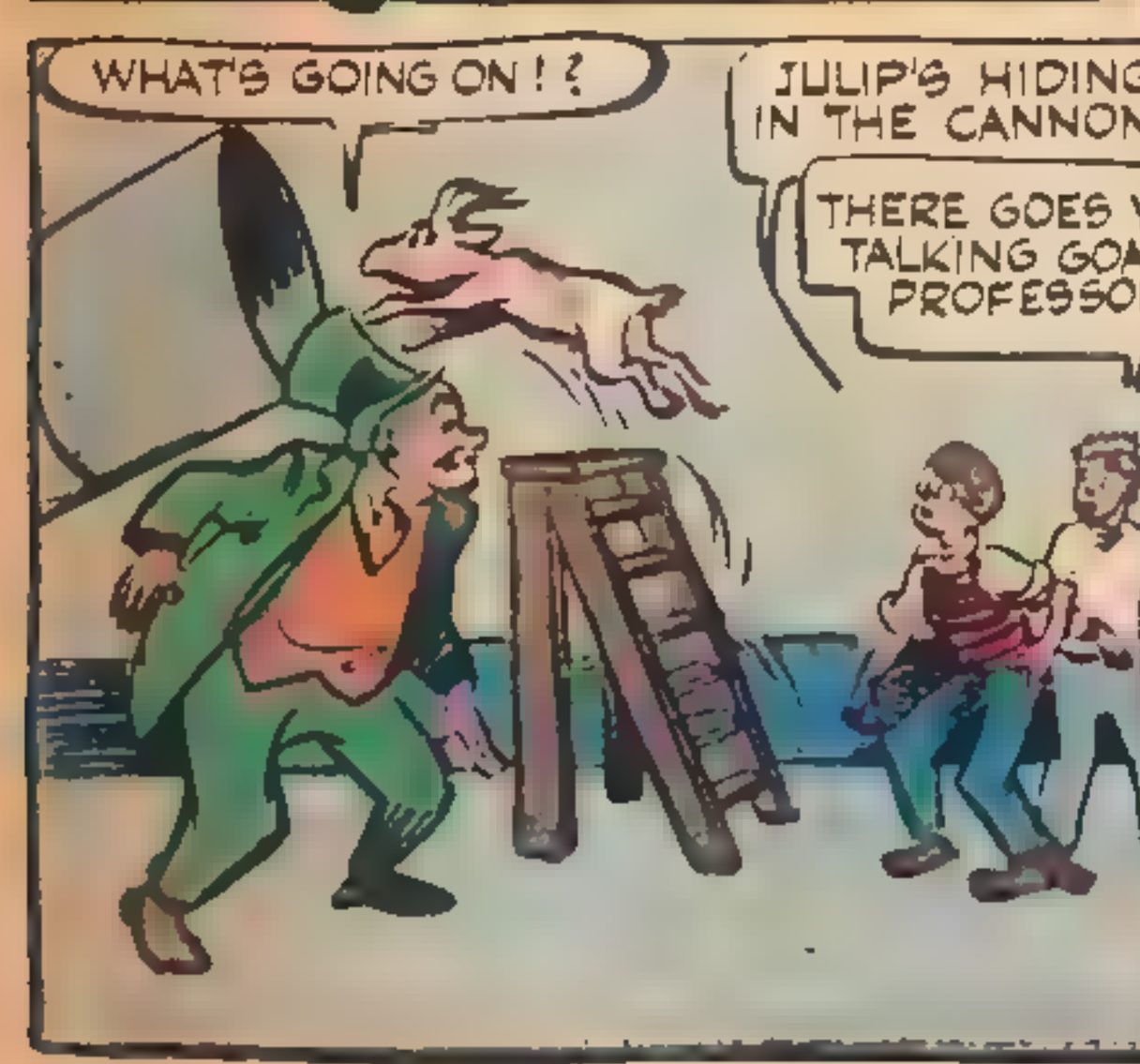
COME BACK AND FACE THE MUSIC!
TWEEEET! WHO'S AT THE DOOR, MOTHER? WAK WAK!

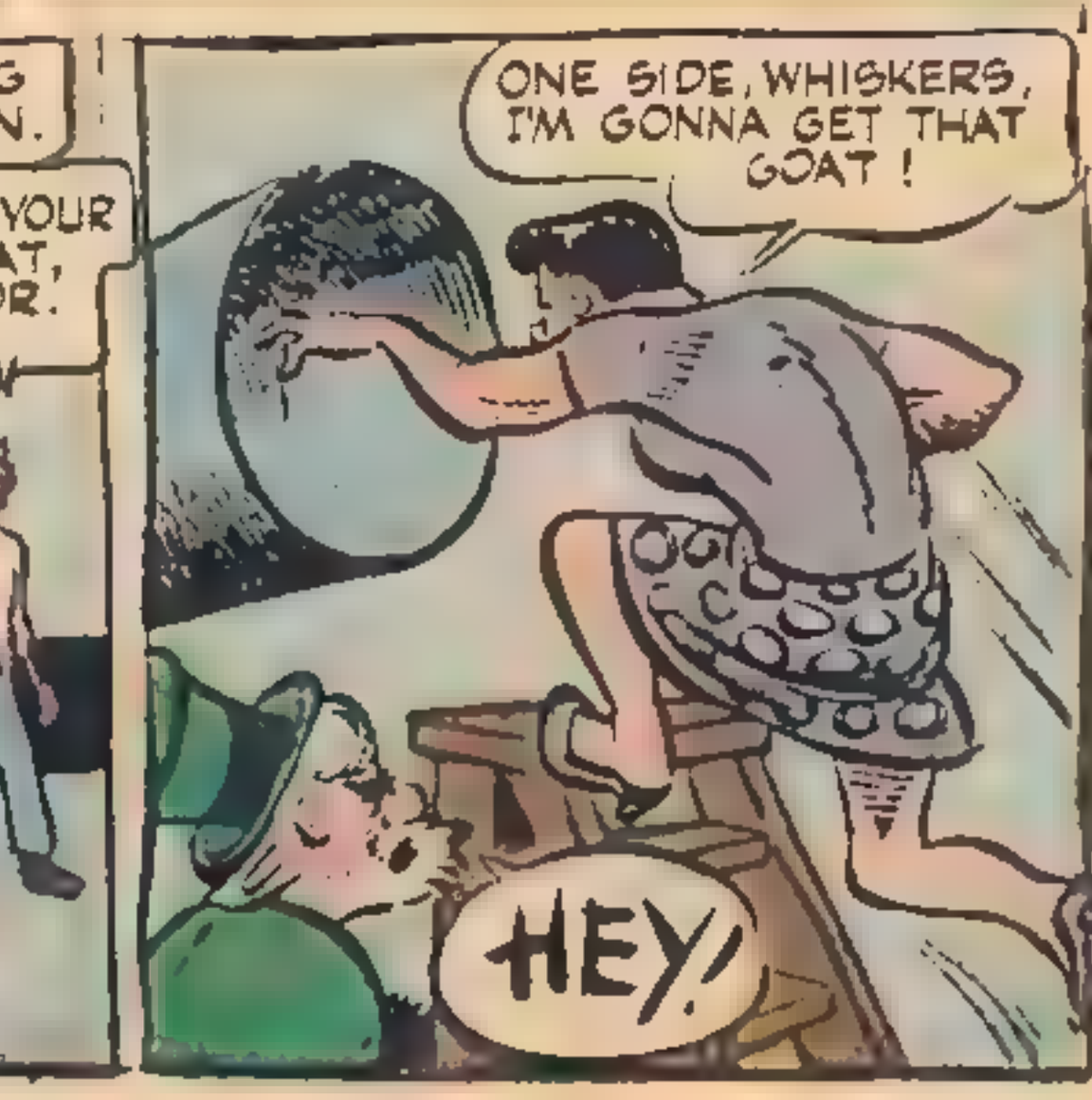

HURRY, HURRY, HURRY! FOLKS, YOU SEE BEFORE YOU THE TWIN DARE DEVILS ~ THESE INTREPID YOUTHS HAVE INVENTED, CONSTRUCTED AND CREATED A CANNON FROM WHICH ONE OF THEM WILL BE SHOT..

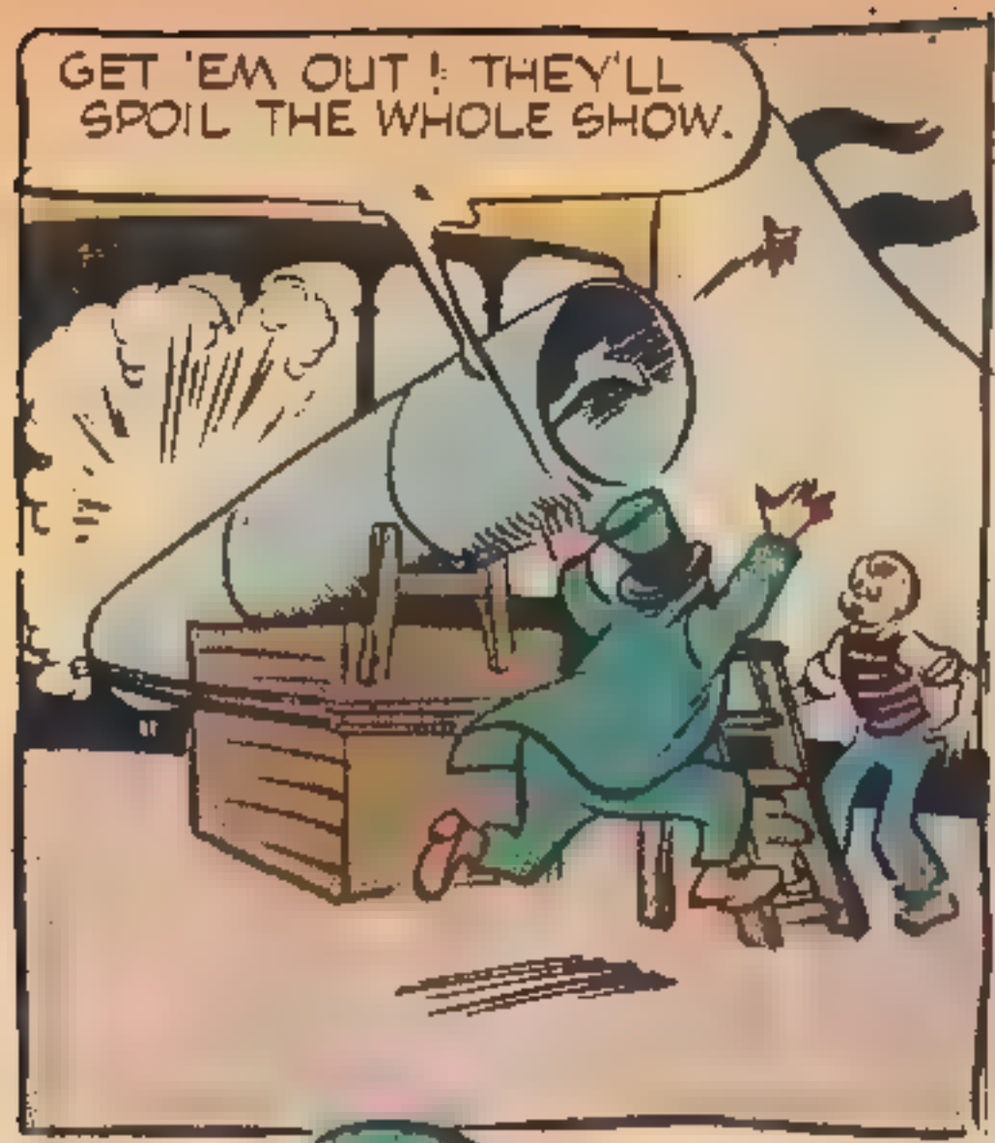
YES, SHOT! AT PERIL TO HIS LIFE ~ AT RISK OF HIS LIMBS ~ AND YOU WILL SEE THIS FREE ~ FREE ~ HERE ON THE DECK OF THE SKANAWASSEE BELLE!

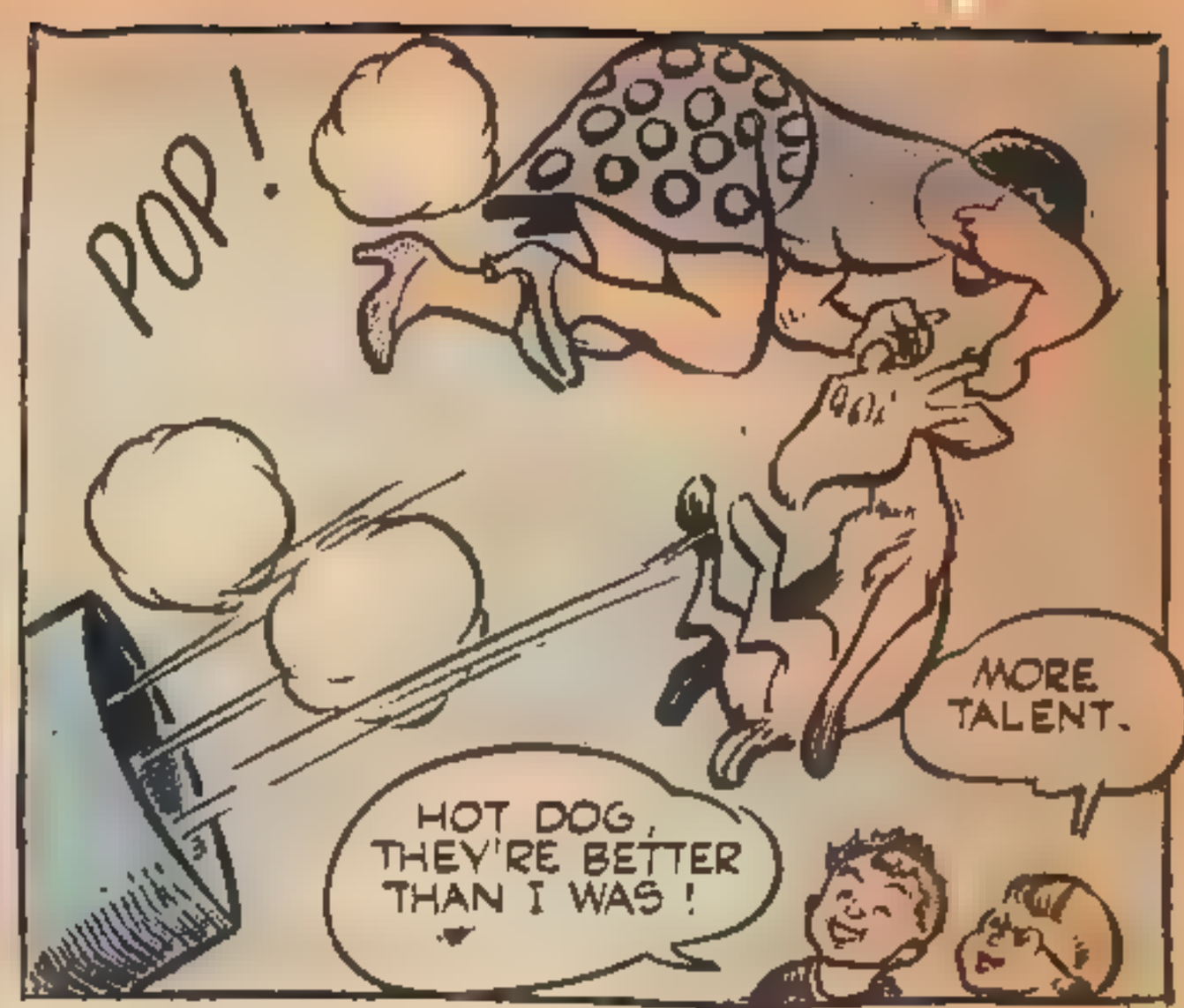
LOOK OUT, WILD GOAT! A WILD GOAT!

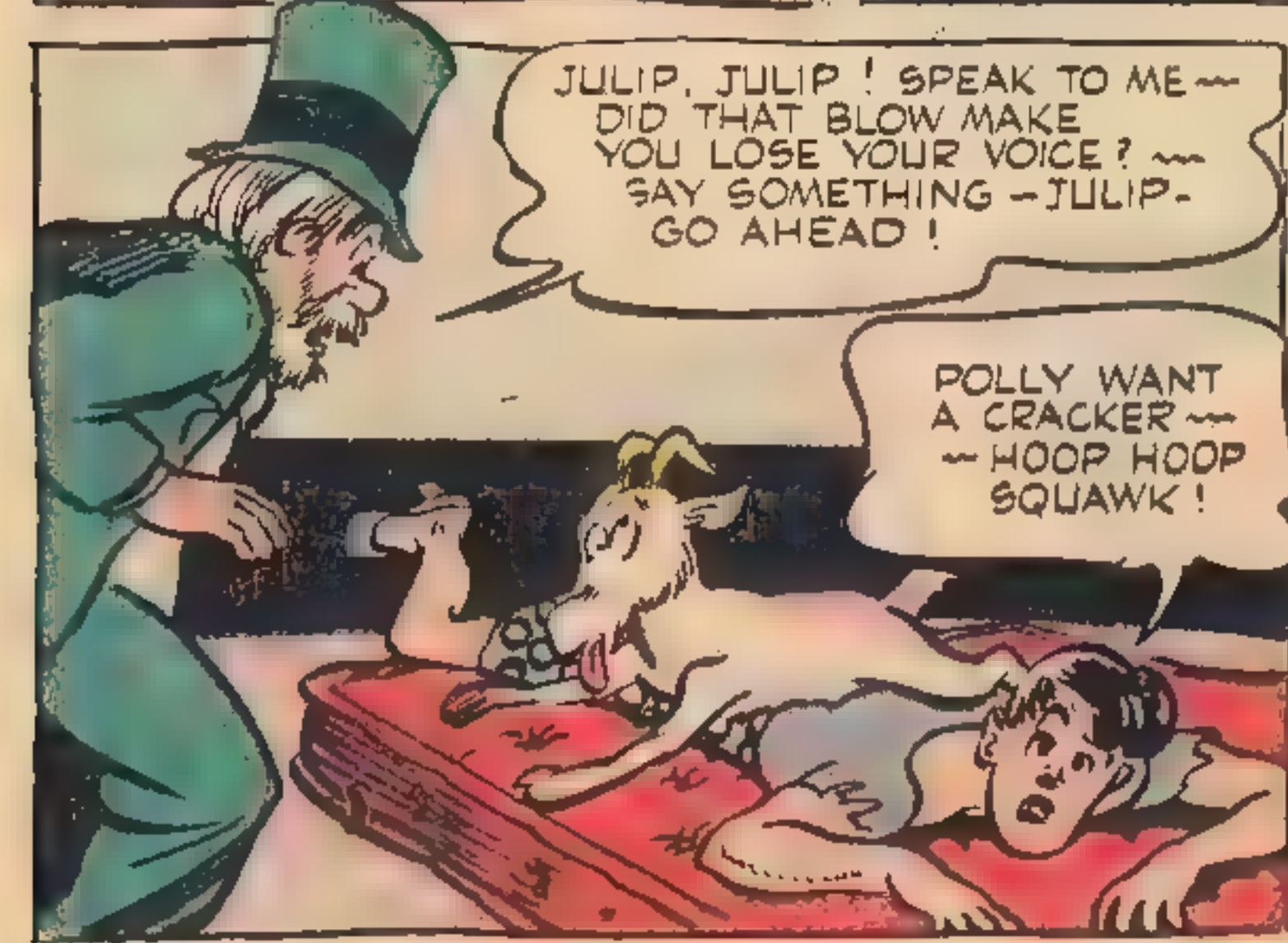

LOOKOUT, WILD WOMAN! A WILD WOMAN!

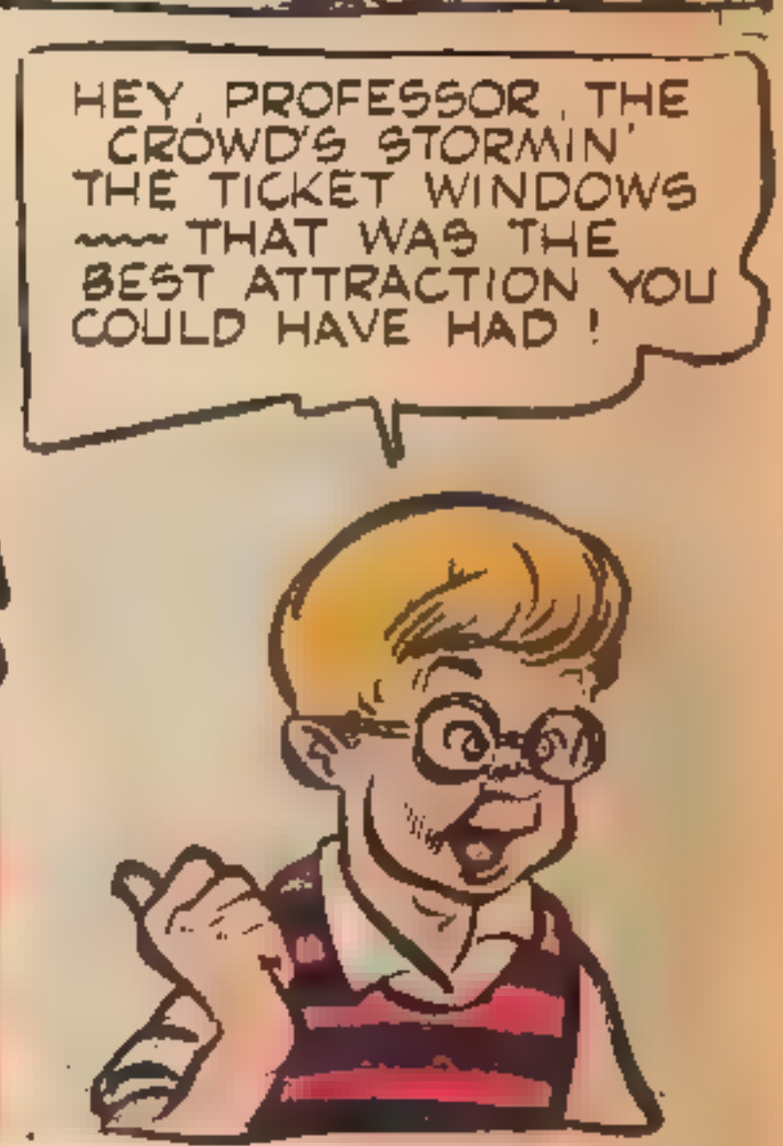

WHAT'S GOING ON!?
JULIP'S HIDING IN THE CANNON.
THERE GOES YOUR TALKING GOAT, PROFESSOR!

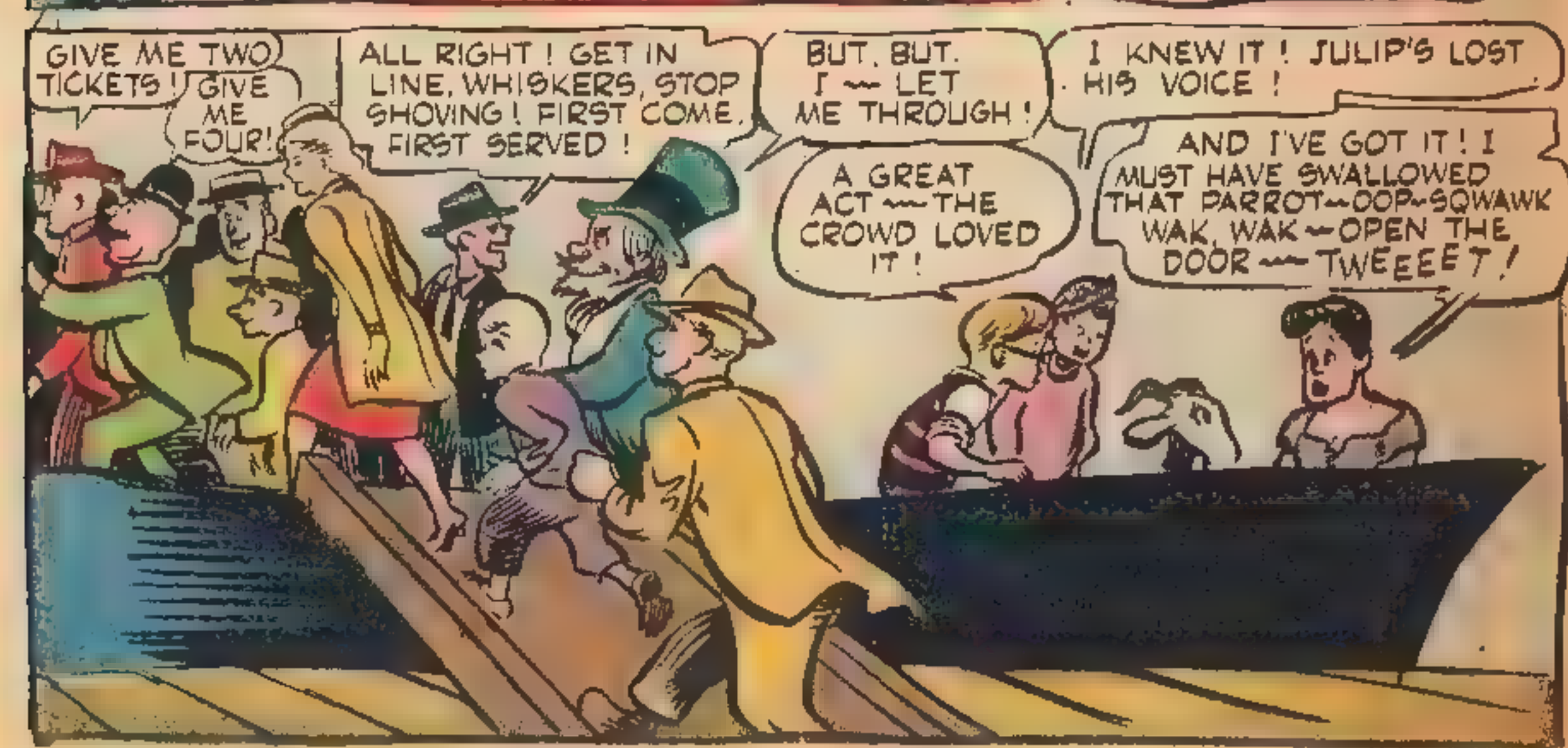

ONE SIDE, WHISKERS, I'M GONNA GET THAT GOAT!
HEY!











OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

M-G-M Presents

TOM and JERRY

NOW, TOM - I WANT YOU TO **STAY** NICE AND CLEAN!

AUNT MARTHA IS COMING TO VISIT US TODAY. SHE'S VERY RICH AND VERY FOND OF CATS. I WANT YOU TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION ON HER!

LOOK AT THE BIG SISSY, WILL YA!

BOY! WOULD I LIKE TO MESS HIM UP!

NOT BAD, IF I DO SAY SO, -- YER A HANDSOME BRUTE, THOMAS, ME BOY!

I'M DISGUSTED. LET'S TAKE A WALK!

EVERY TIME **WE** TAKE A WALK **YOU** GET IDEAS AND **WE** GET INTO TROUBLE

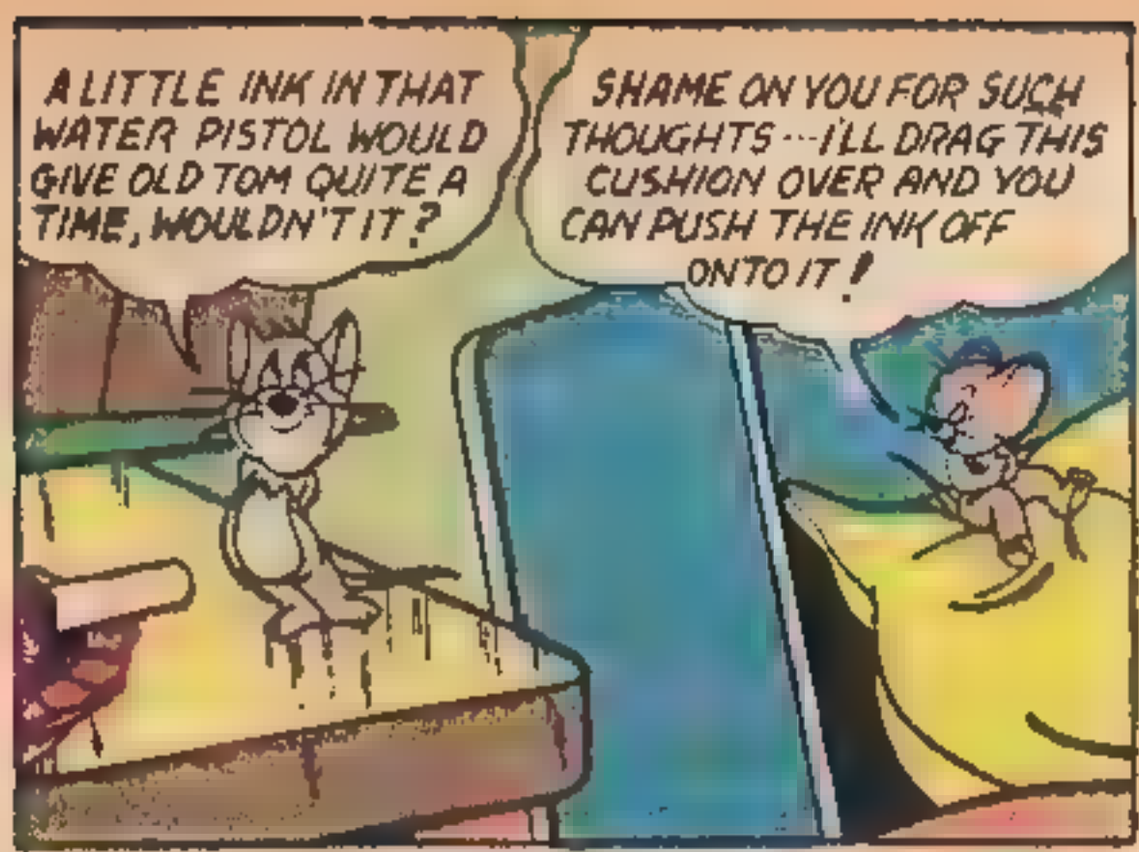
HEY, TUFFY, THERE'S A BOTTLE OF INK UP HERE!

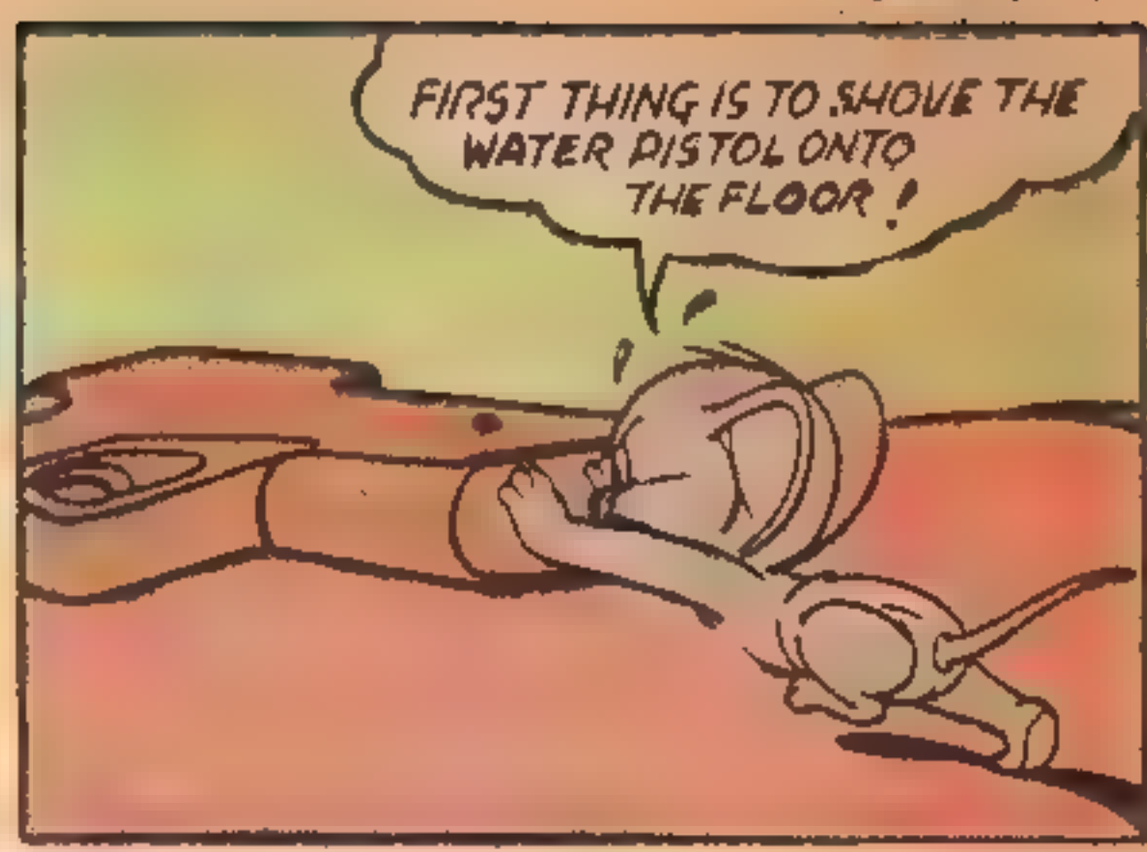
INK BLUE

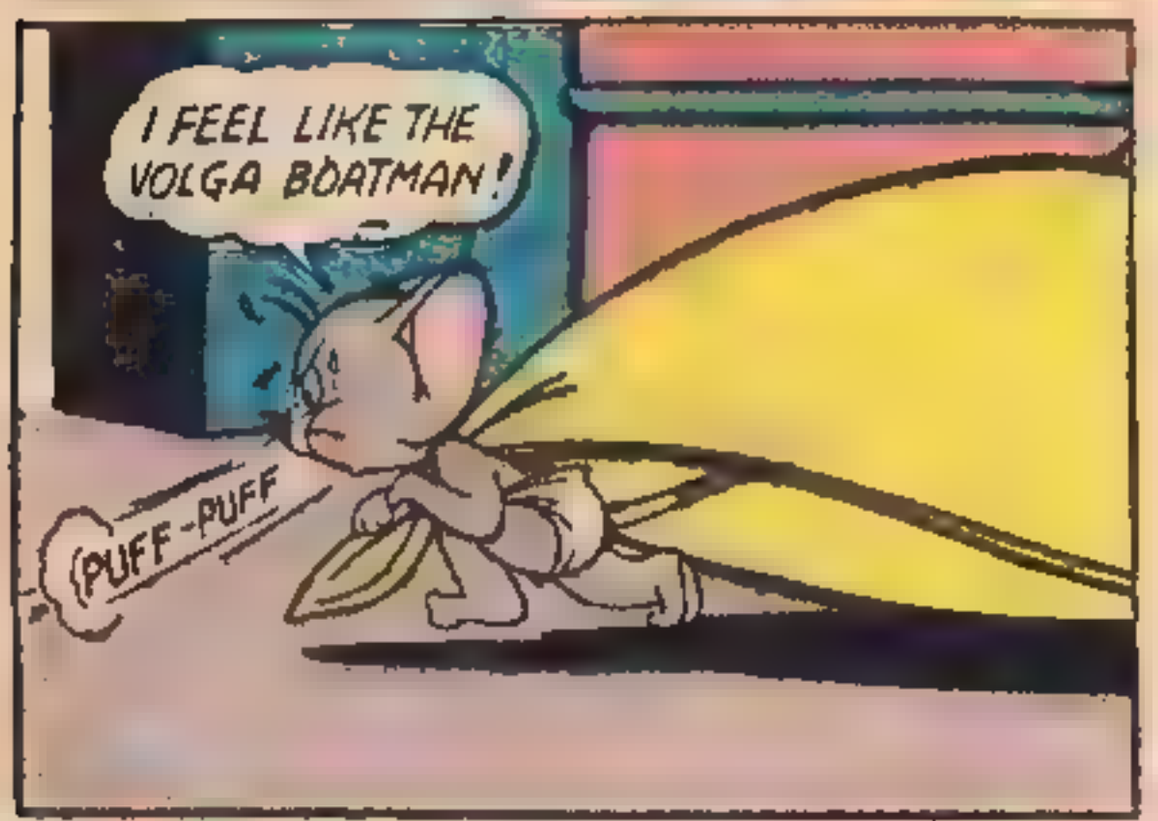
3/18/46

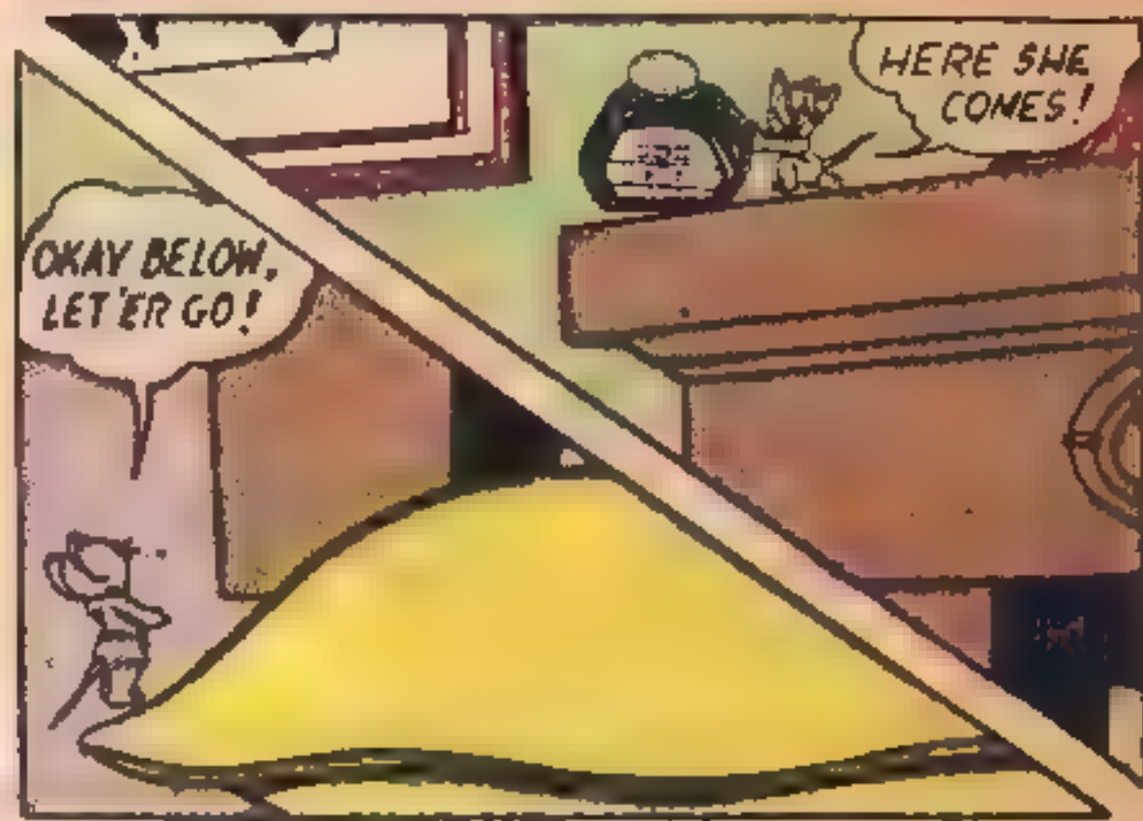
Dear Mary, Thank you very

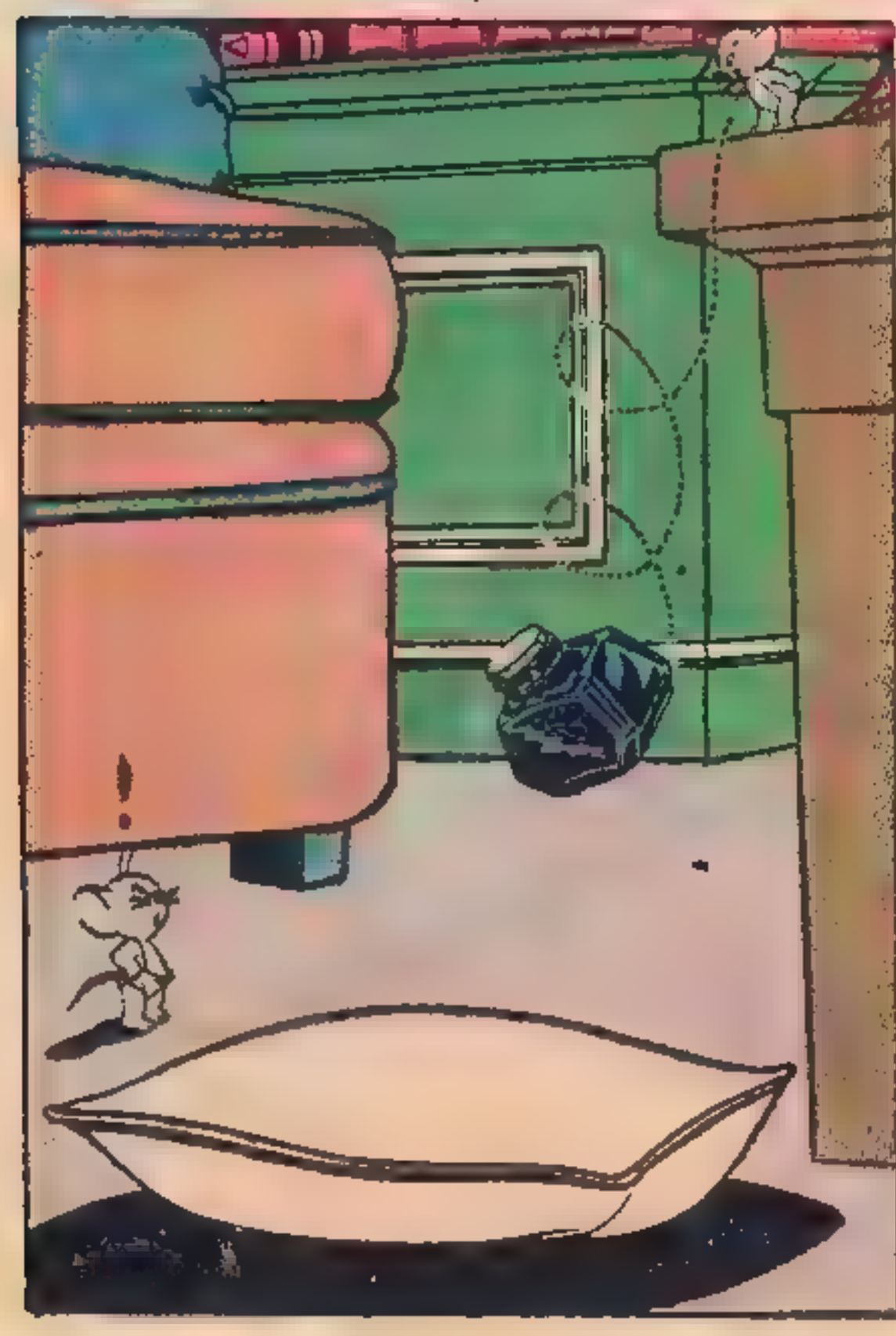
AND HERE'S A TOY WATER PISTOL!


A LITTLE INK IN THAT WATER PISTOL WOULD GIVE OLD TOM QUITE A TIME, WOULDN'T IT?
SHAME ON YOU FOR SUCH THOUGHTS ··· I'LL DRAG THIS CUSHION OVER AND YOU CAN PUSH THE INK OFF ONTO IT!

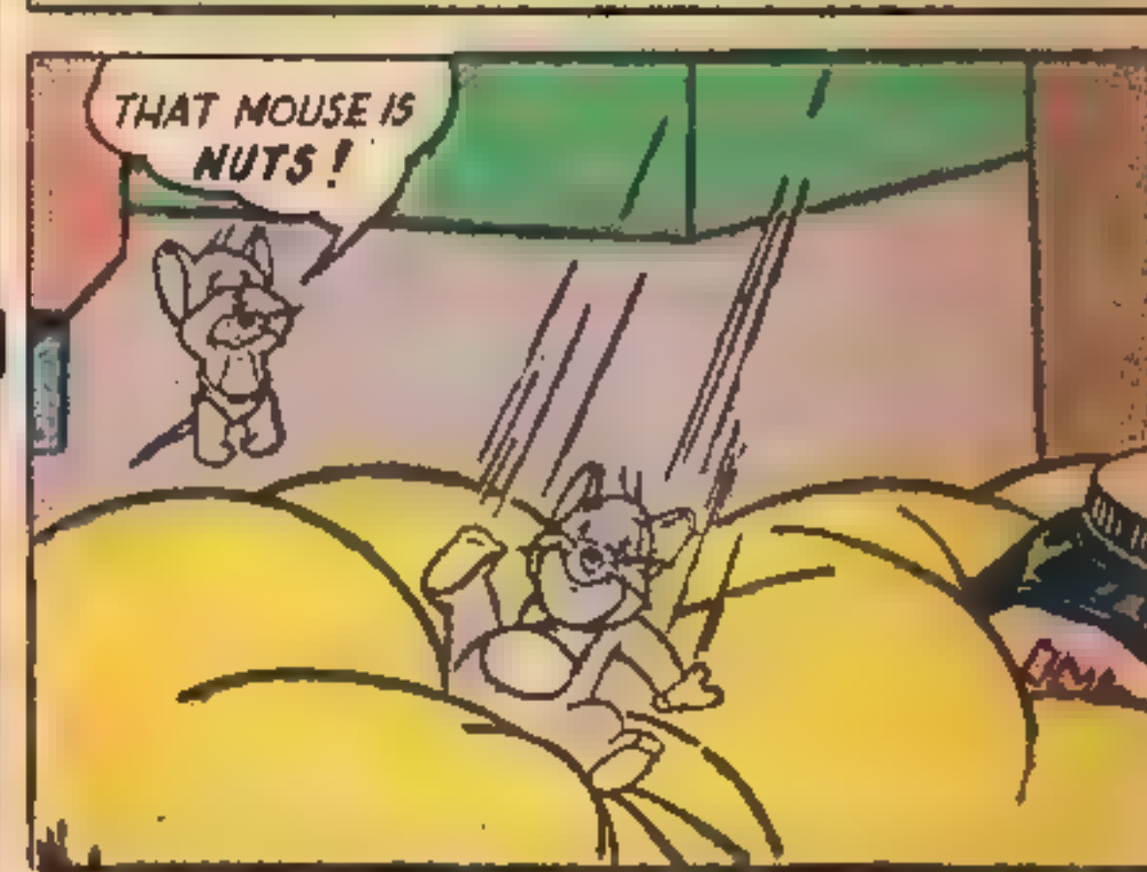

FIRST THING IS TO SHOVE THE WATER PISTOL ONTO THE FLOOR!

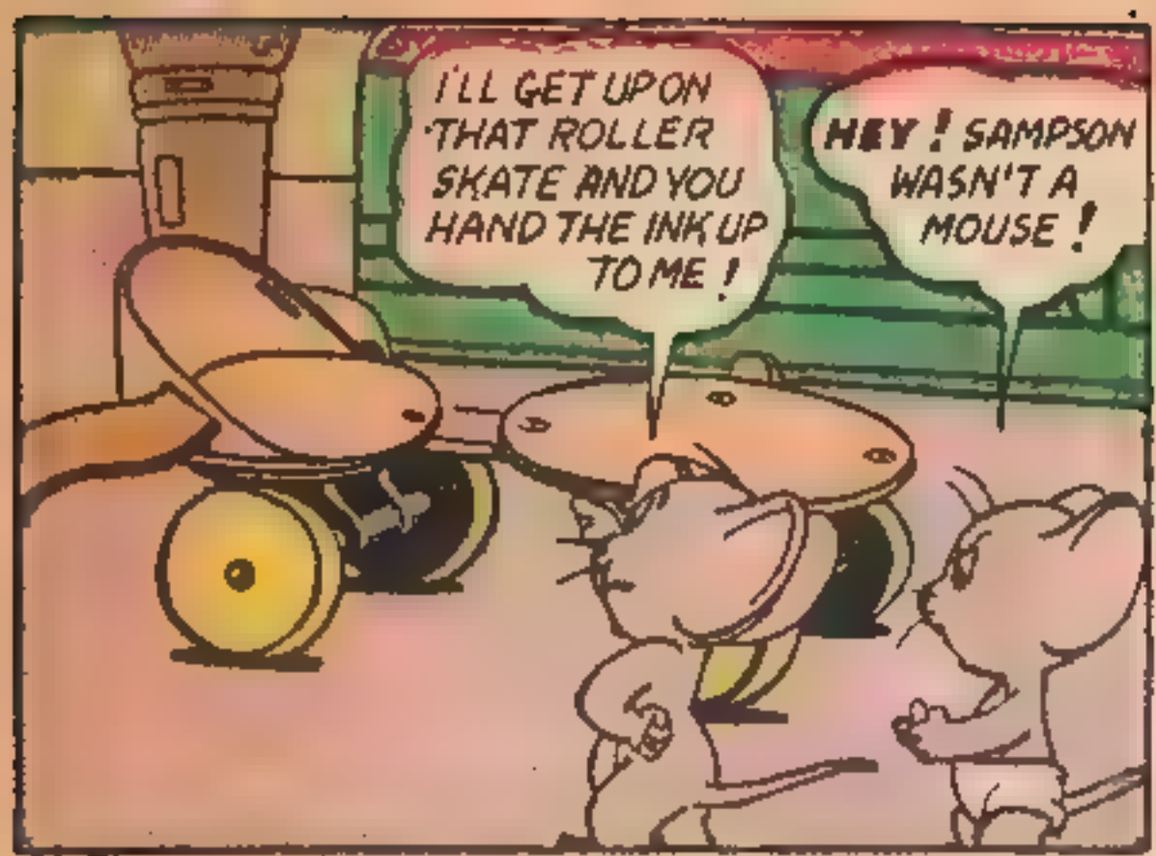

I FEEL LIKE THE VOLGA BOATMAN!
PUFF-PUFF

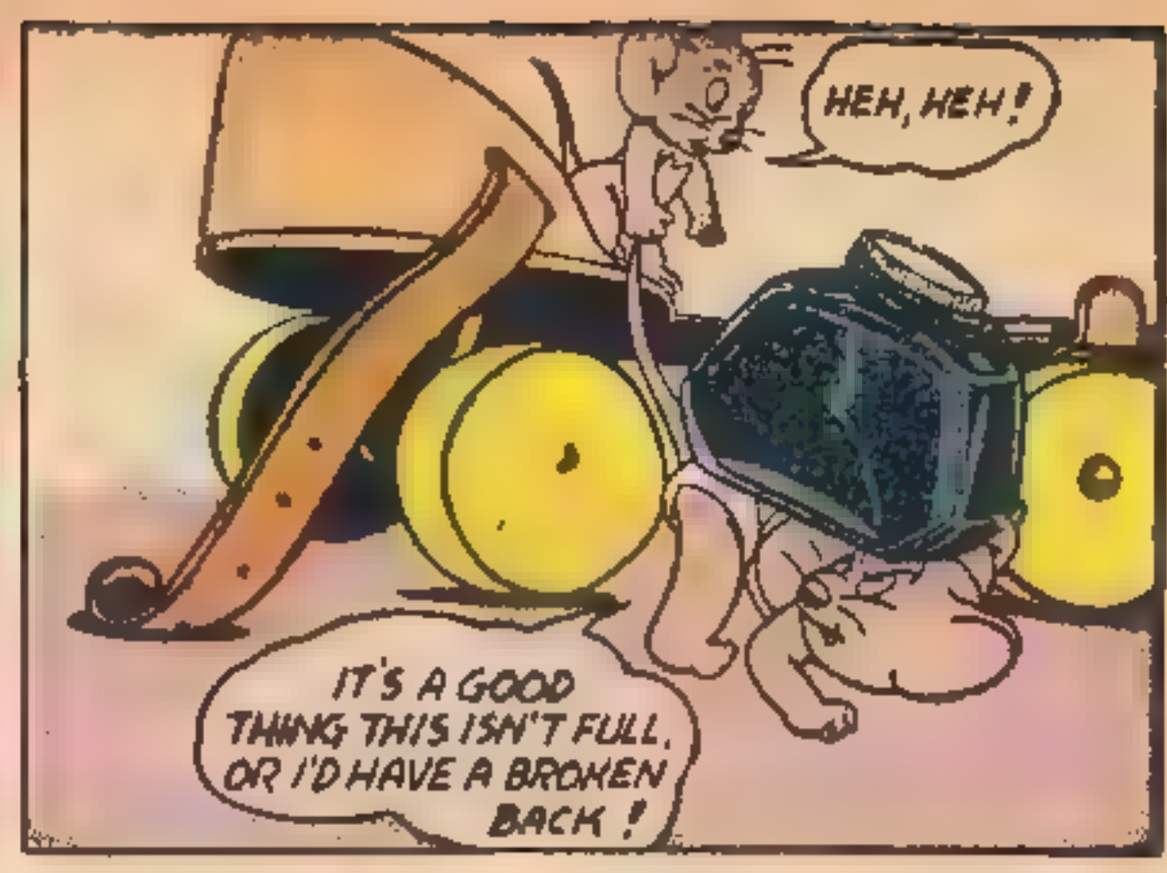

HERE SHE COMES!
OKAY BELOW, LET'ER GO!

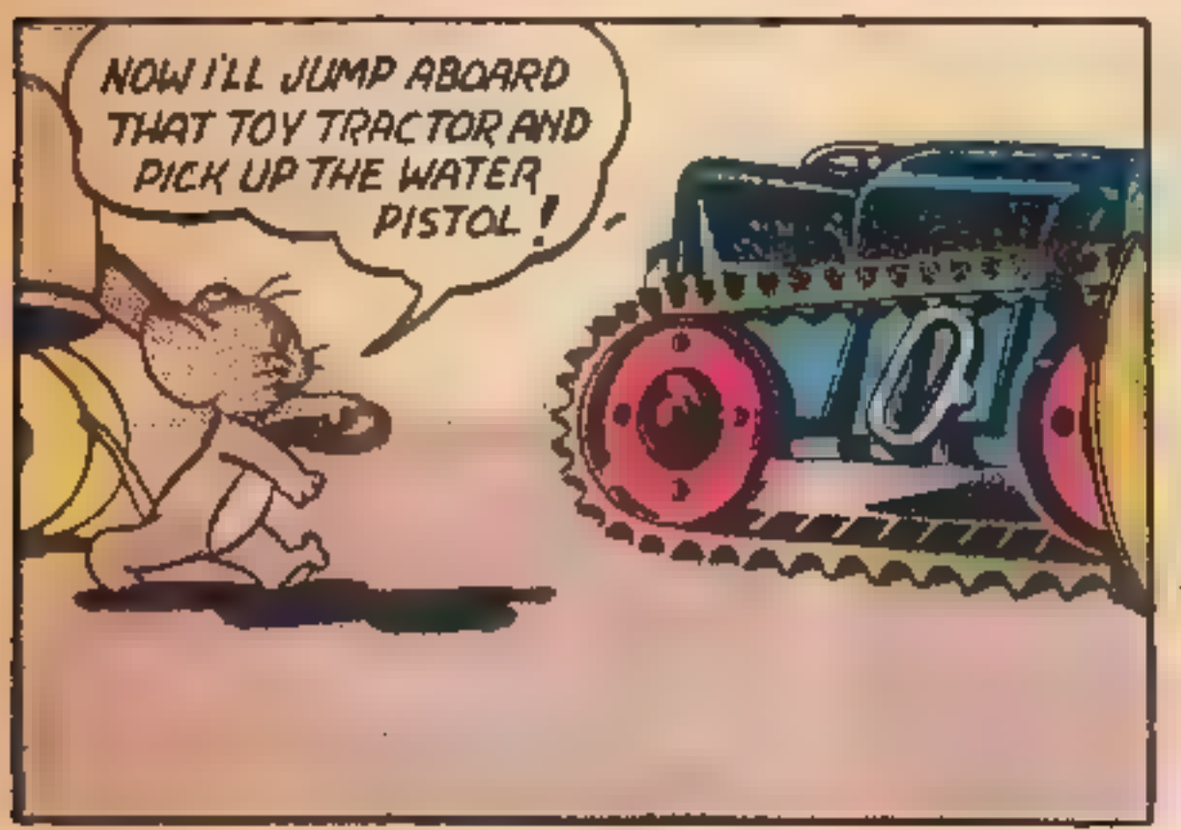


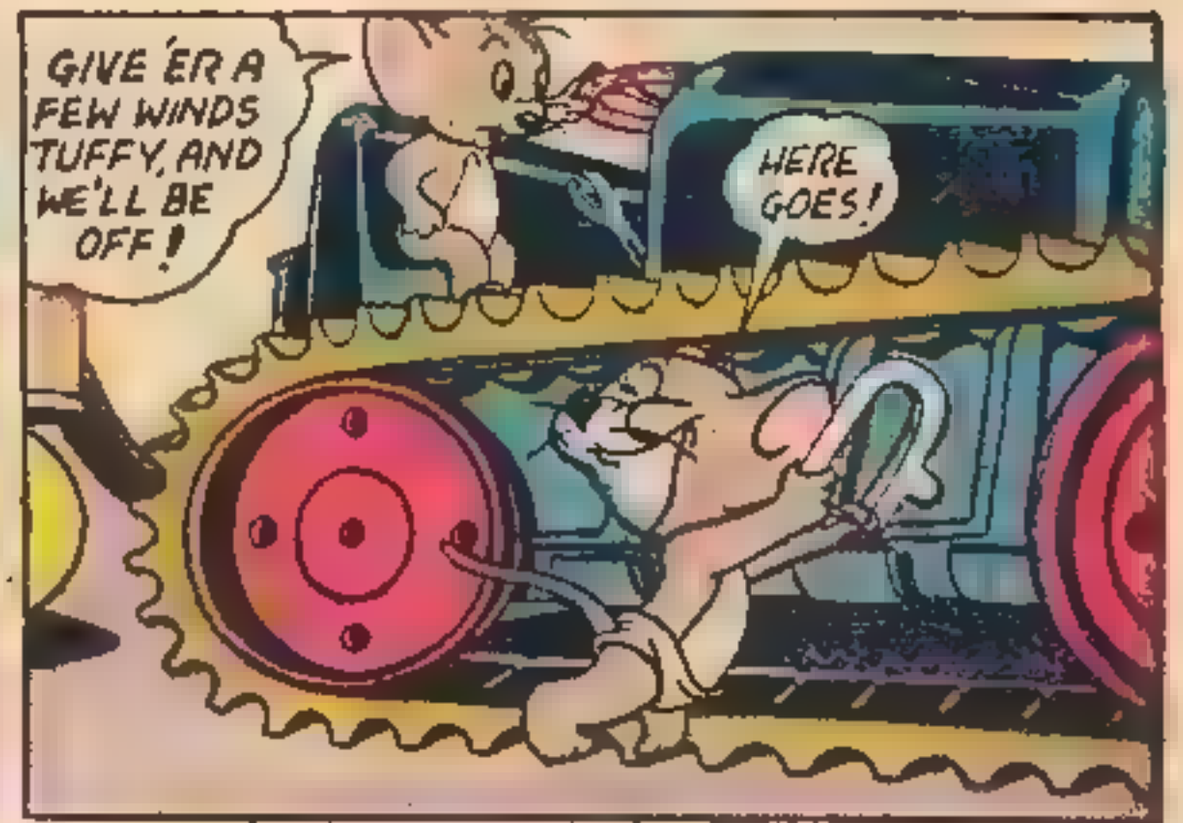
AND HERE I COME! WHEEE!

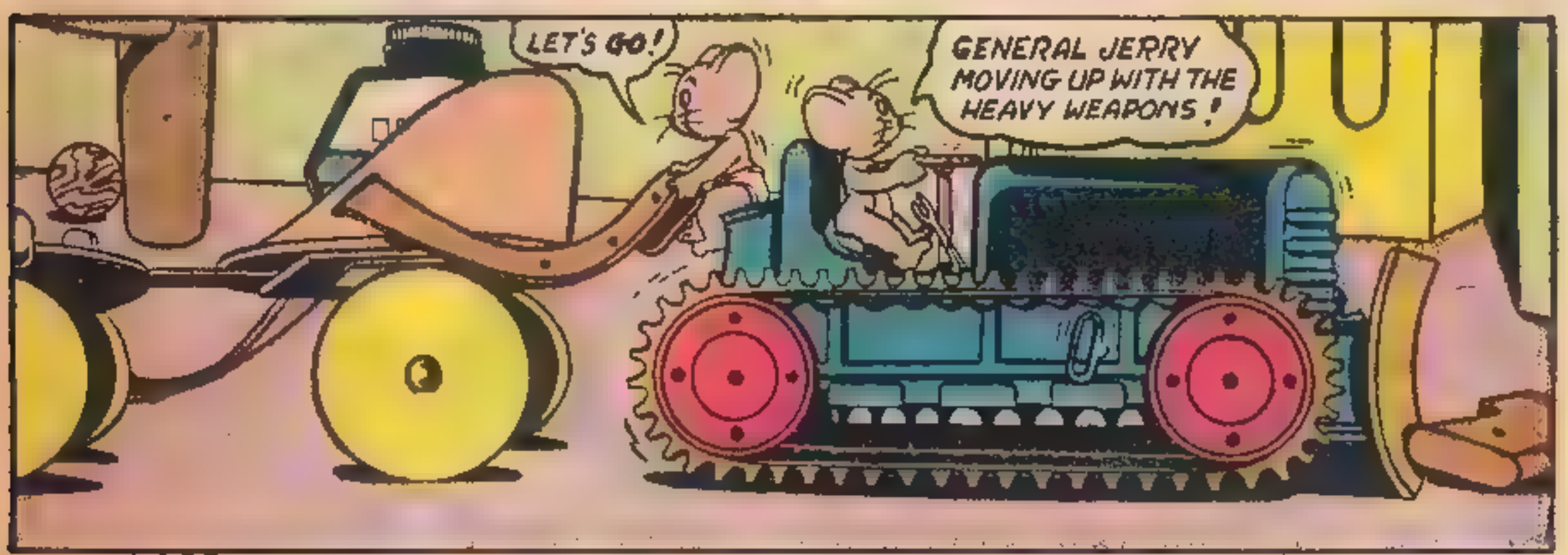

THAT MOUSE IS NUTS!

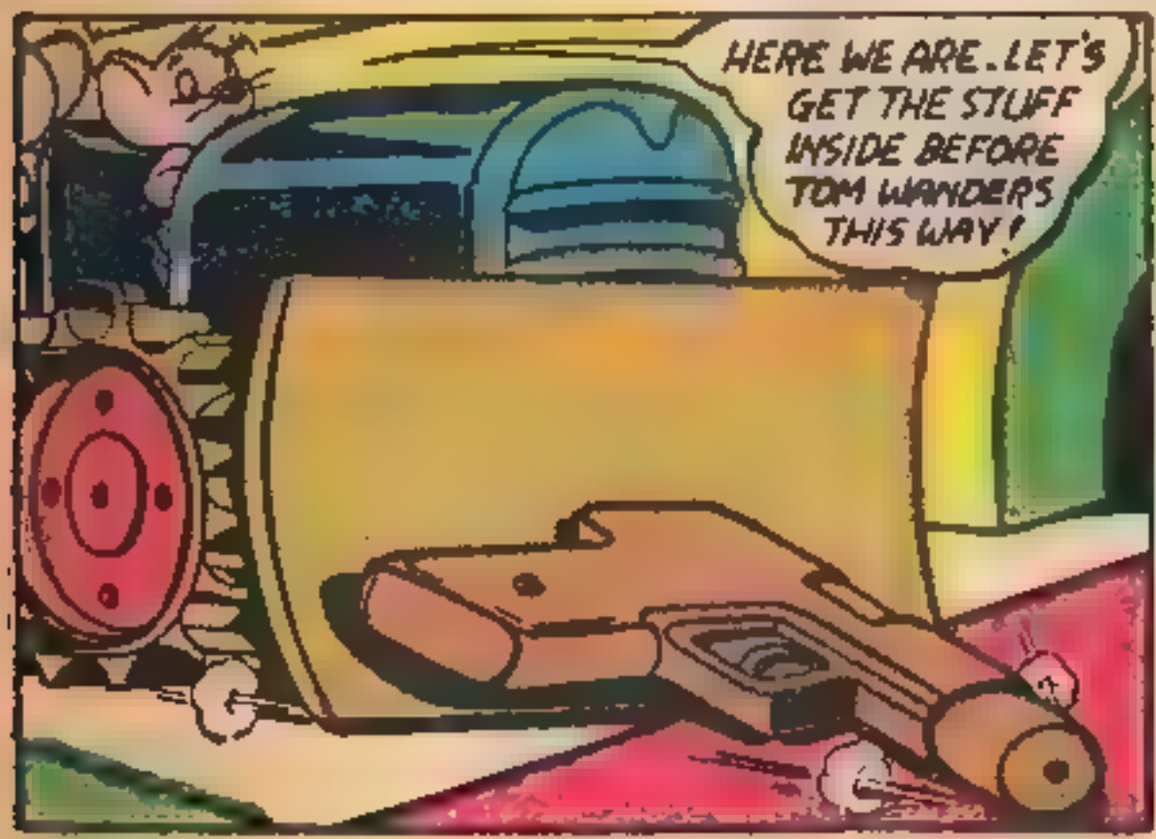

I'LL GET UP ON THAT ROLLER SKATE AND YOU HAND THE INK UP TO ME!
HEY! SAMPSON WASN'T A MOUSE!

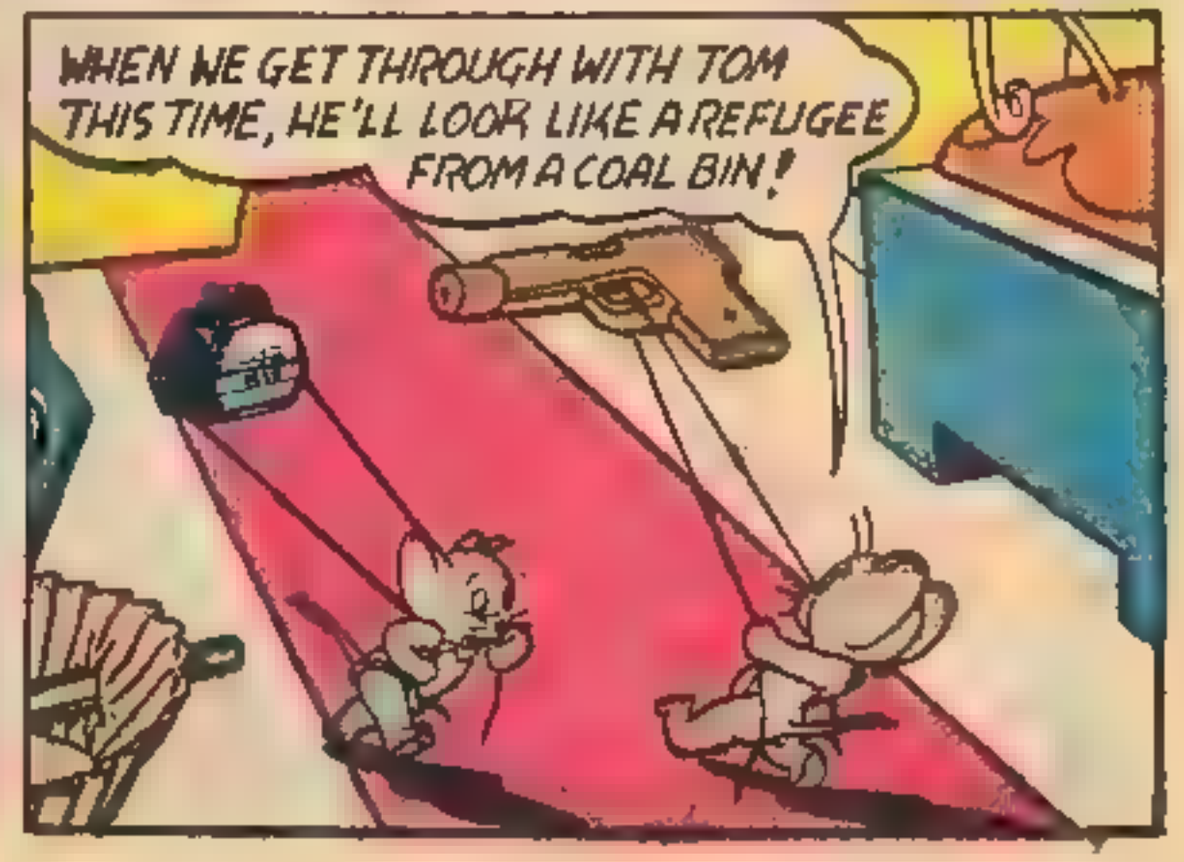

HEH, HEH!
IT'S A GOOD THING THIS ISN'T FULL, OR I'D HAVE A BROKEN BACK!

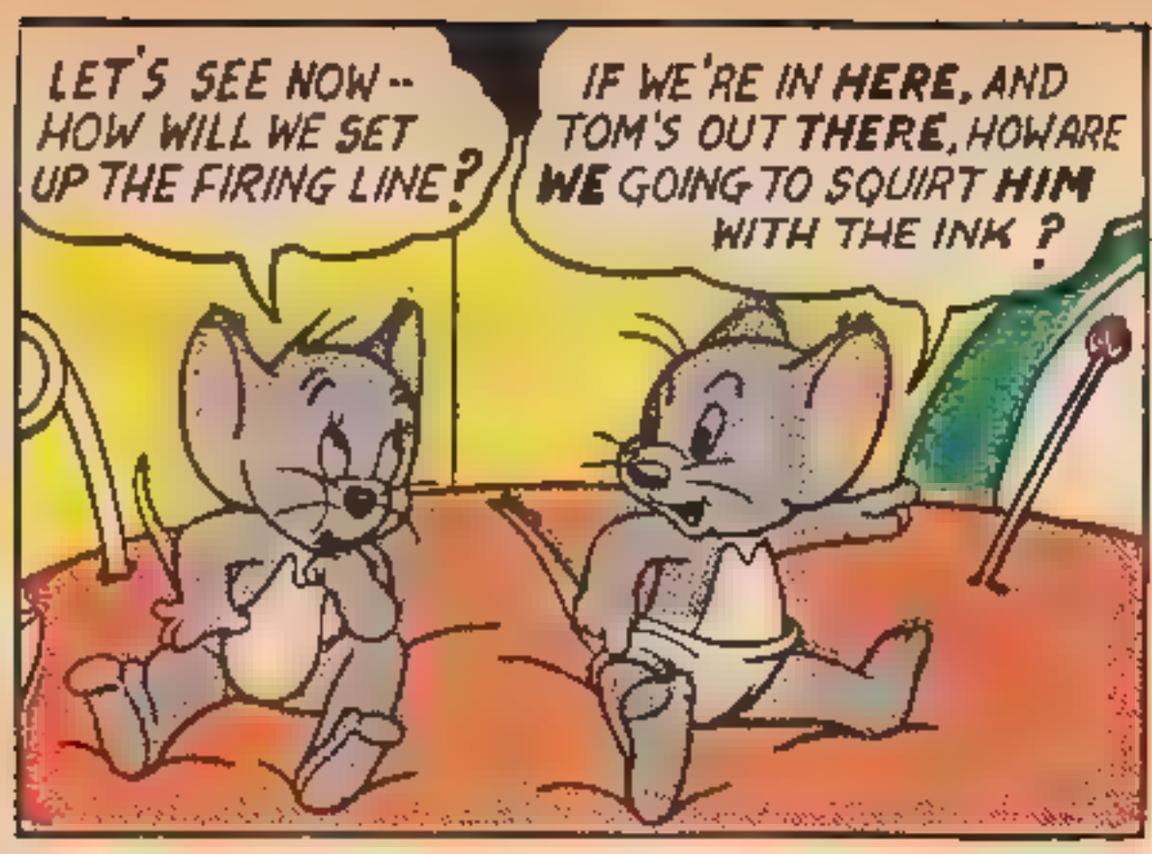

NOW I'LL JUMP ABOARD THAT TOY TRACTOR AND PICK UP THE WATER PISTOL!

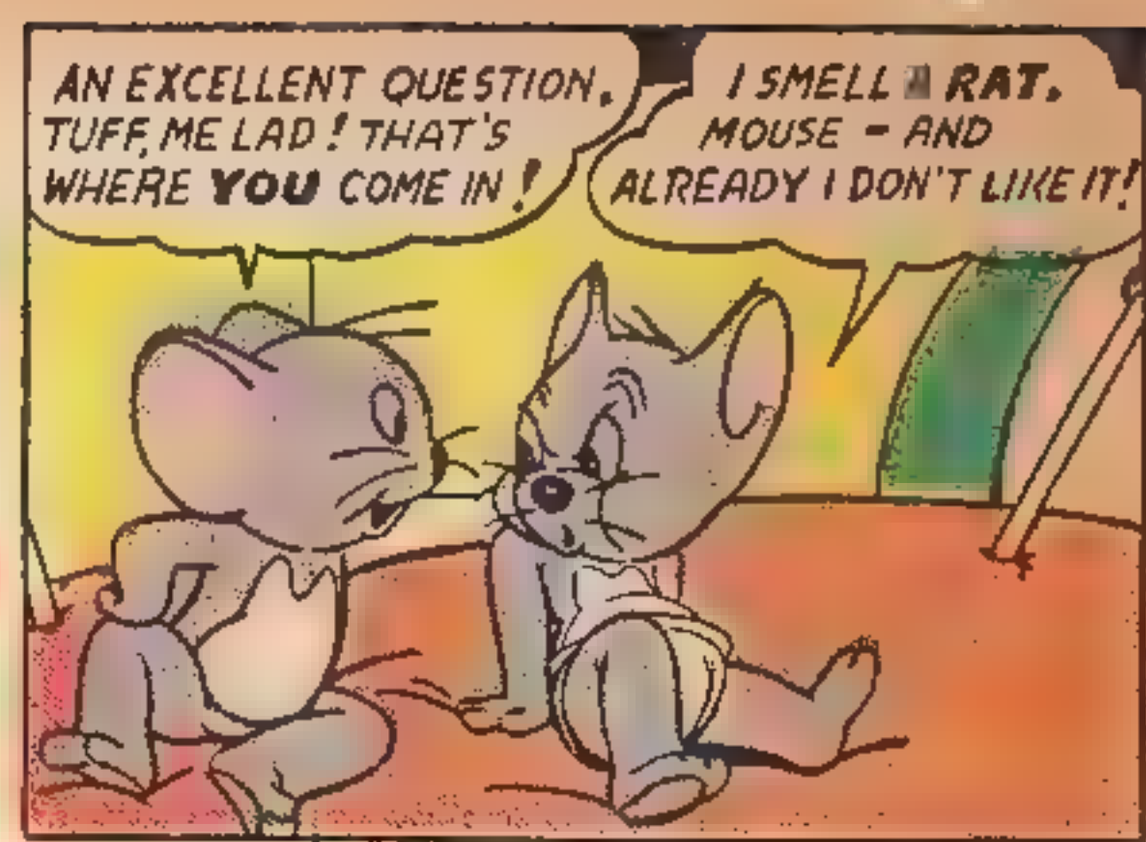

GIVE 'ER A FEW WINDS TUFFY, AND WE'LL BE OFF!
HERE GOES!

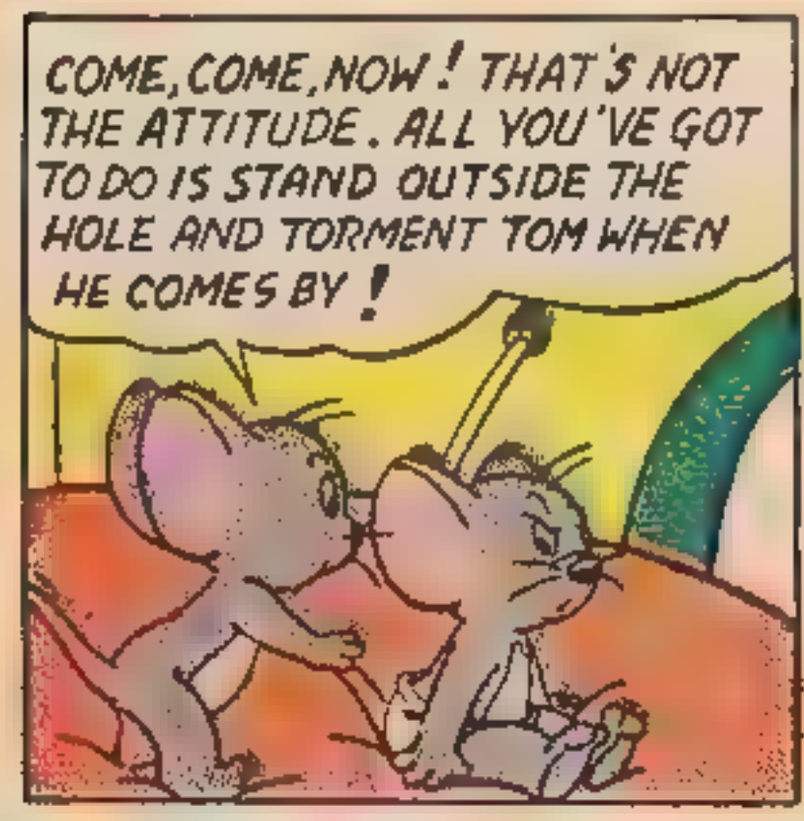

LET'S GO!
GENERAL JERRY MOVING UP WITH THE HEAVY WEAPONS!


HERE WE ARE. LET'S GET THE STUFF INSIDE BEFORE TOM WANDERS THIS WAY!

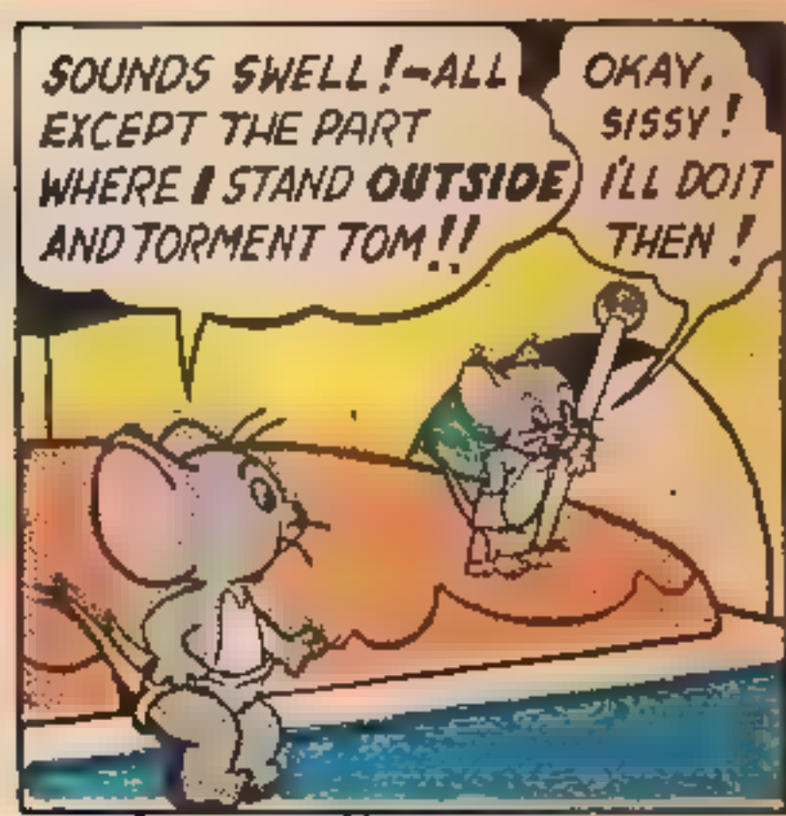

WHEN WE GET THROUGH WITH TOM THIS TIME, HE'LL LOOK LIKE A REFUGEE FROM A COAL BIN!

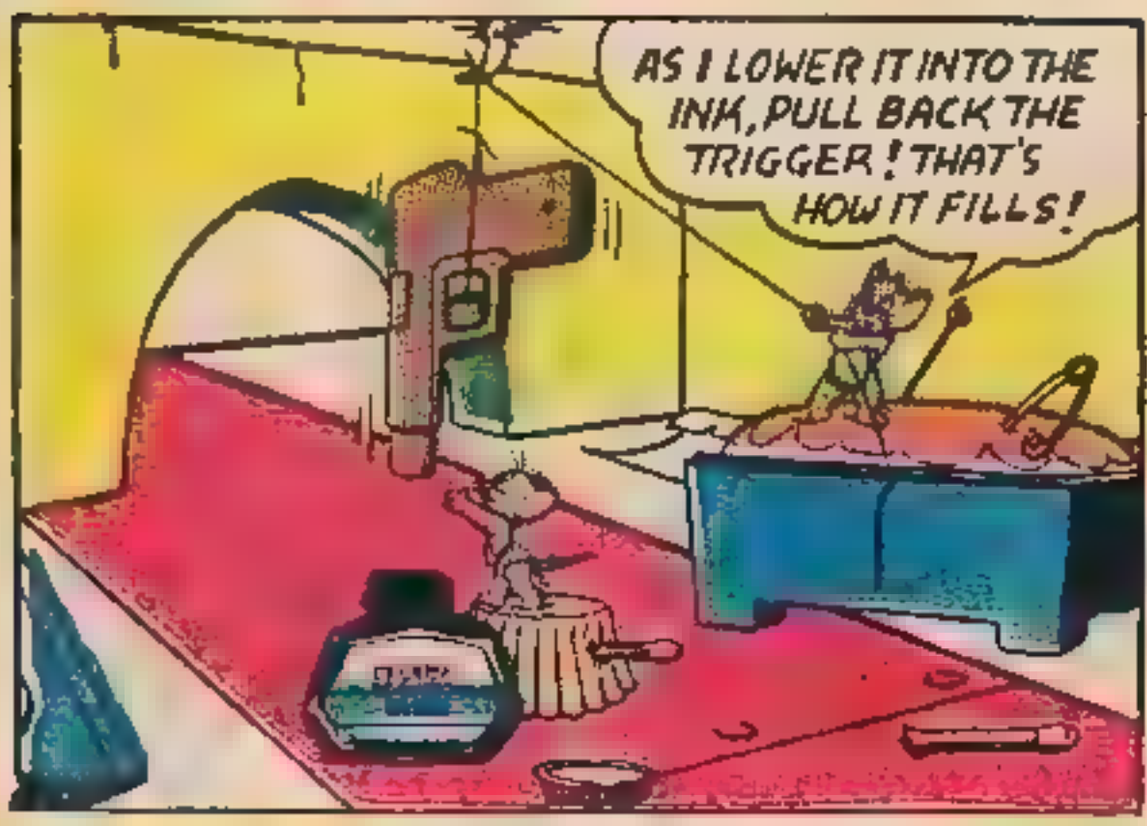

LET'S SEE NOW -- HOW WILL WE SET UP THE FIRING LINE?
IF WE'RE IN HERE, AND TOM'S OUT THERE, HOWARE WE GOING TO SQUIRT HIM WITH THE INK ?

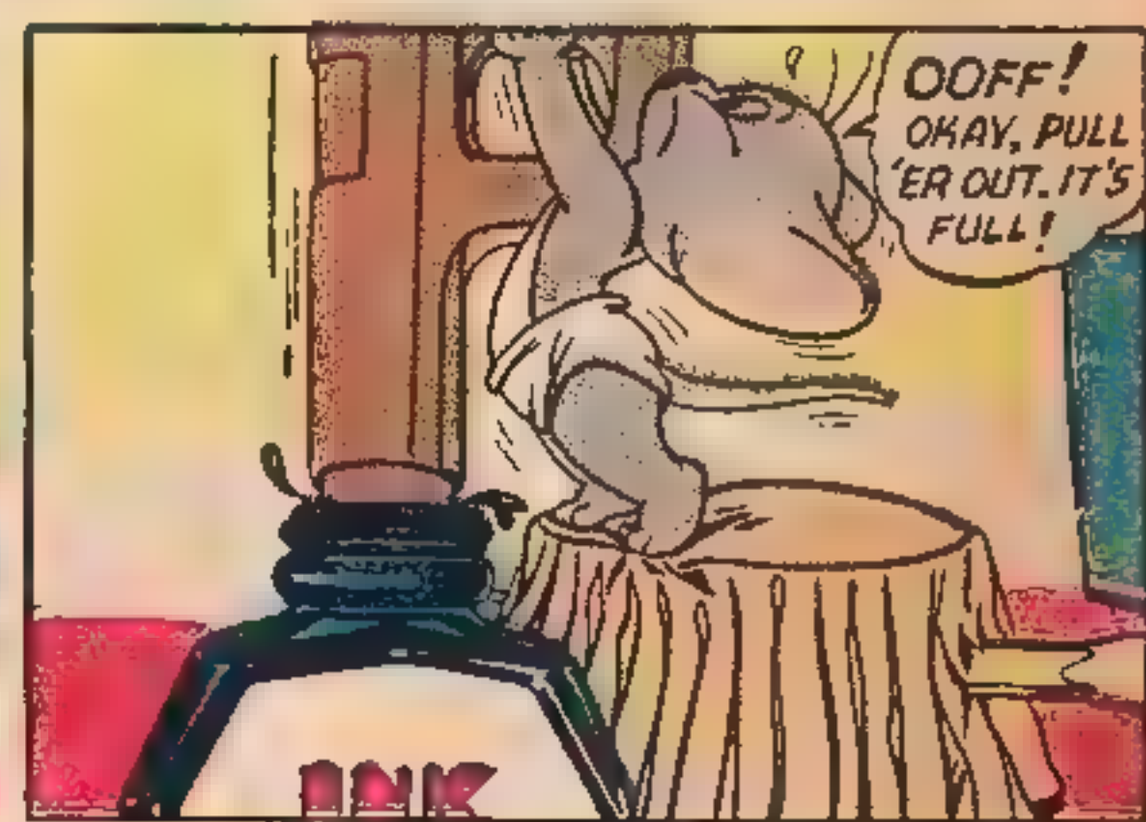

AN EXCELLENT QUESTION, TUFF, ME LAD ! THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN !
I SMELL A RAT, MOUSE - AND ALREADY I DON'T LIKE IT!

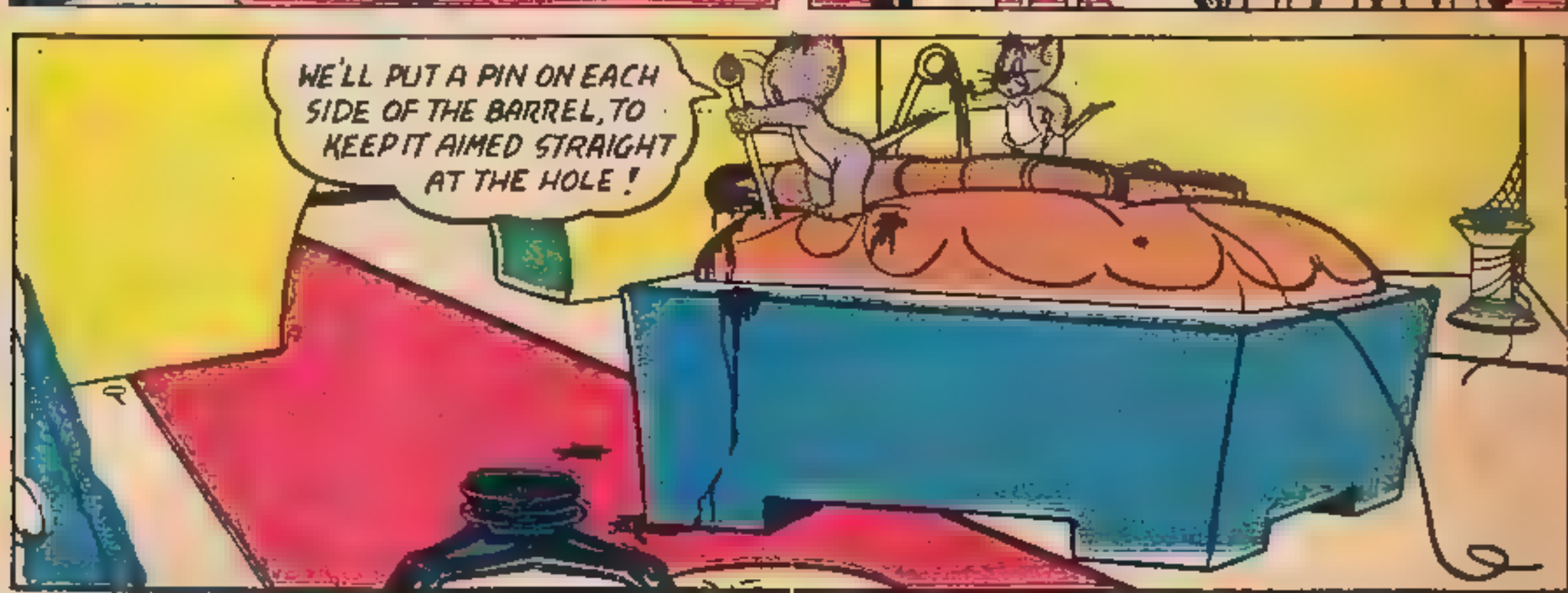

COME, COME, NOW ! THAT'S NOT THE ATTITUDE. ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS STAND OUTSIDE THE HOLE AND TORMENT TOM WHEN HE COMES BY !

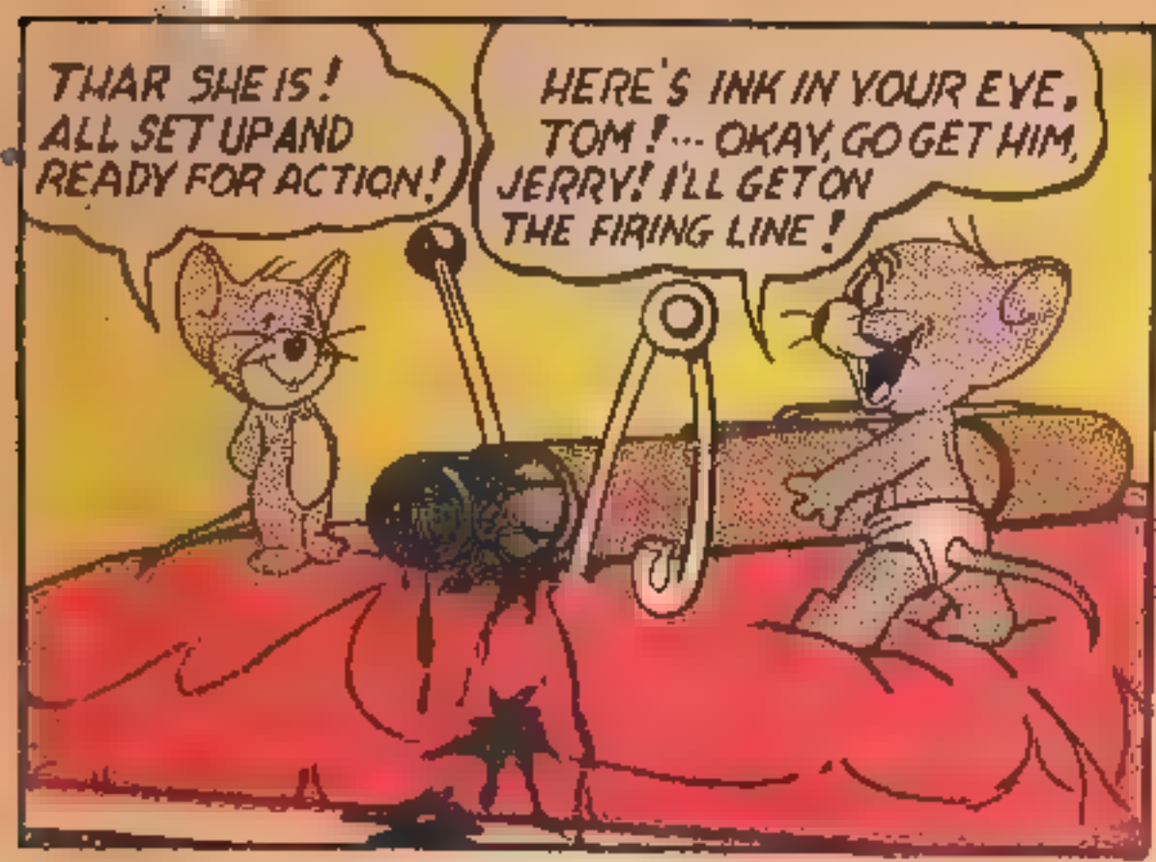
THEN WHEN HE RUSHES YOU - JUST SLIP INSIDE - WHEN HE PEERS IN - AS HE ALWAYS DOES - WE'LL LET HIM HAVE THE INK - RIGHT IN THE FACE ! SEE ?

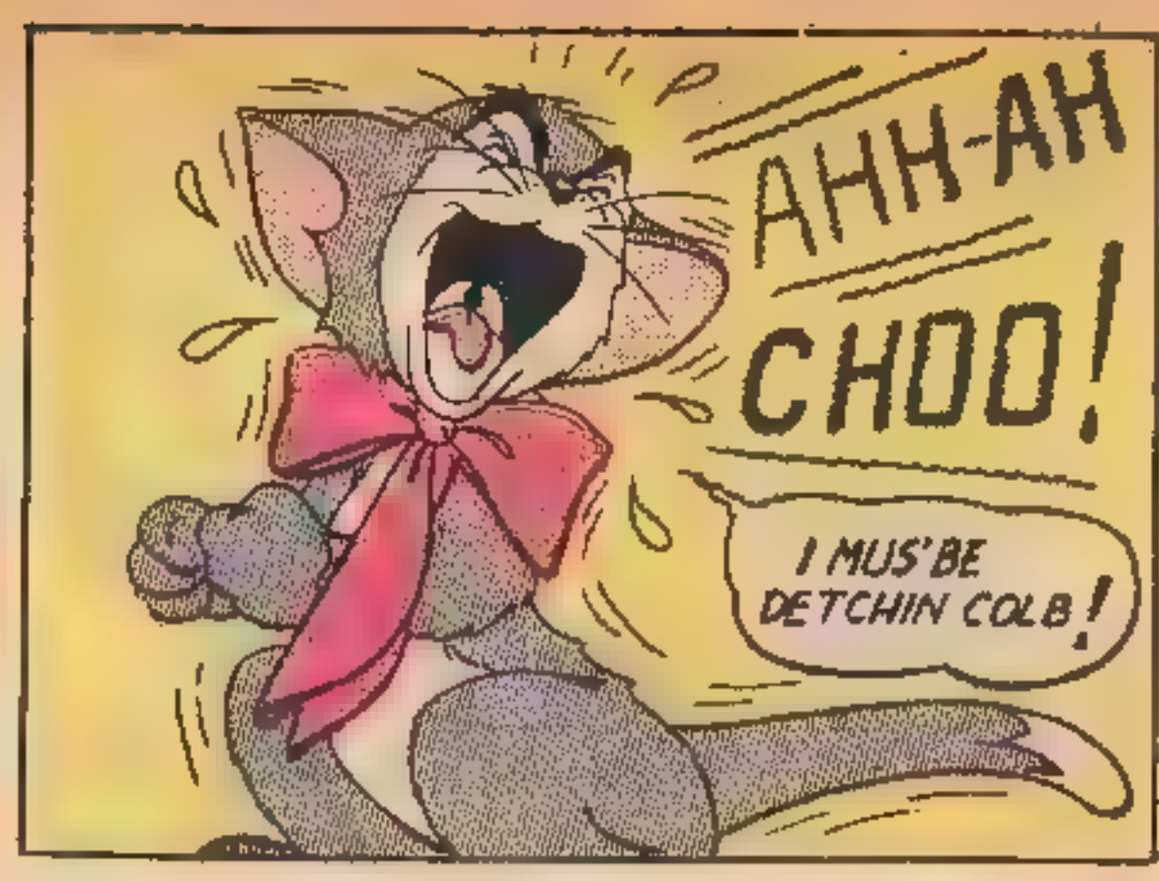

SOUNDS SWELL ! - ALL EXCEPT THE PART WHERE I STAND OUTSIDE AND TORMENT TOM !!
OKAY, SISSY ! I'LL DO IT THEN !

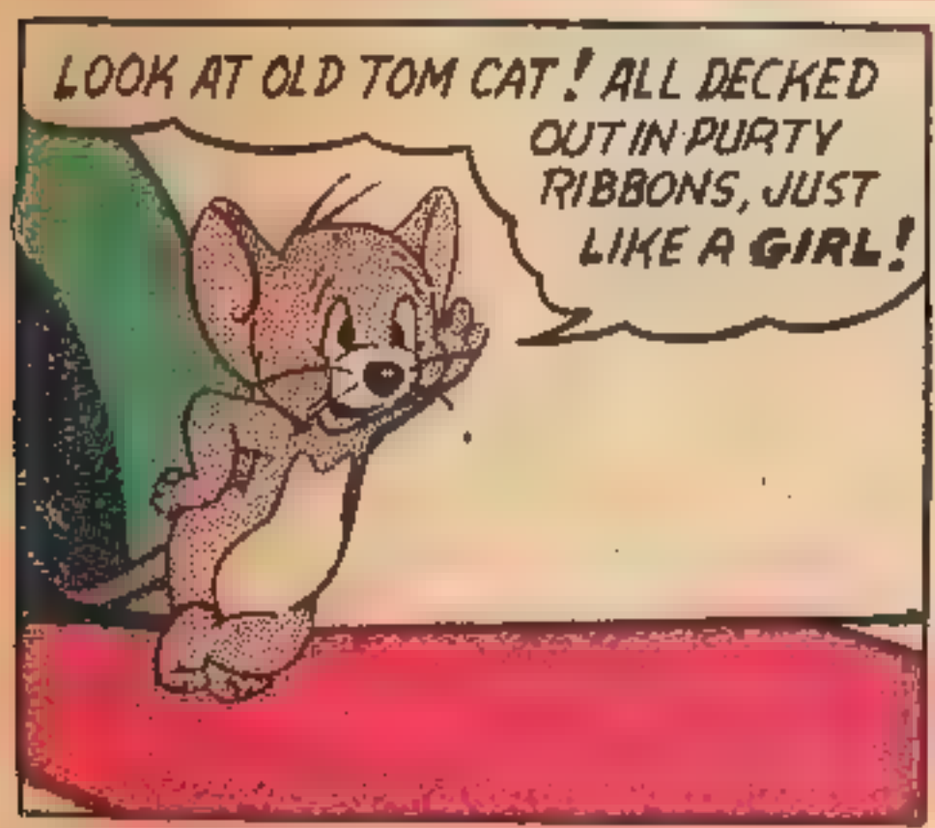

AS I LOWER IT INTO THE INK, PULL BACK THE TRIGGER ! THAT'S HOW IT FILLS !

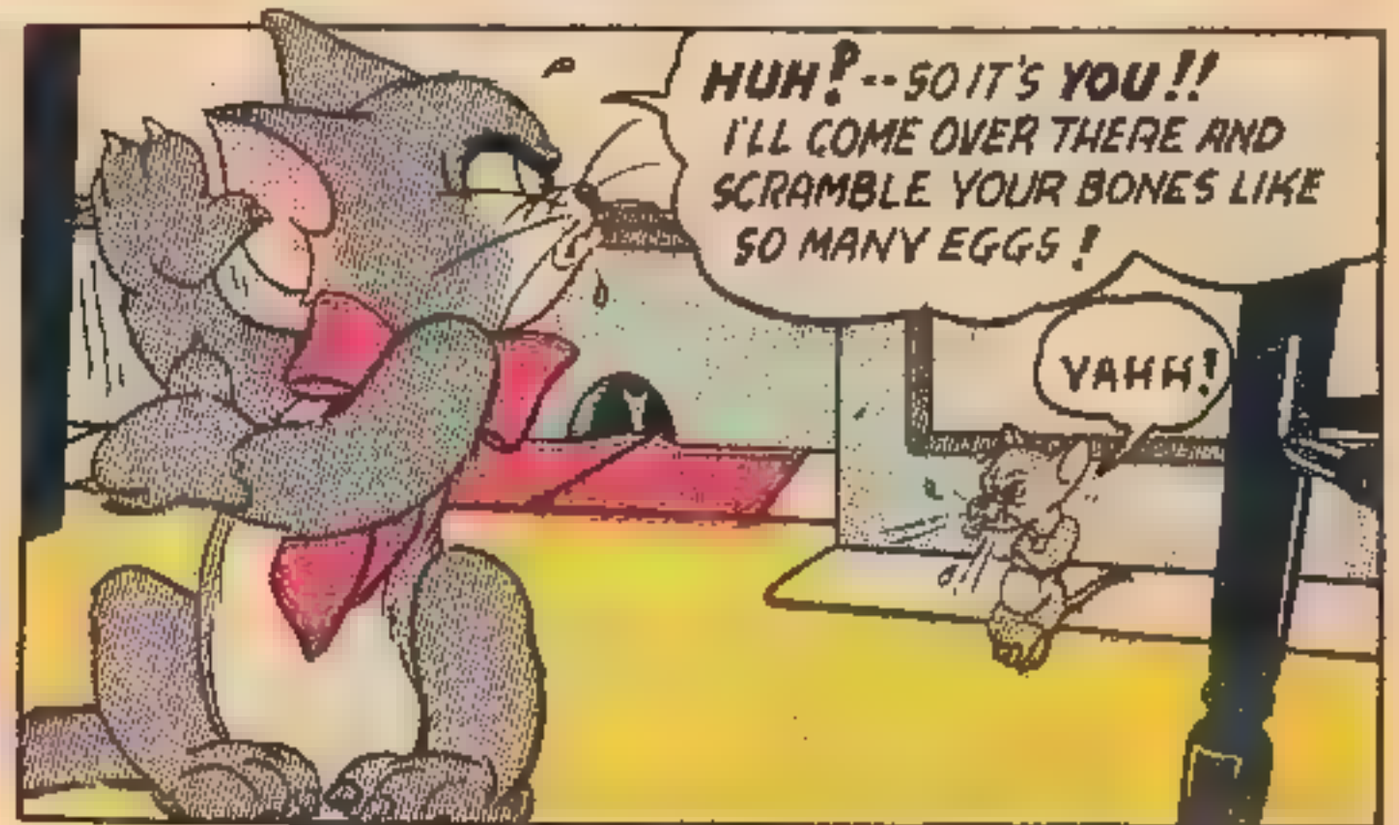

OOFF ! OKAY, PULL 'ER OUT. IT'S FULL !
INK


WE'LL PUT A PIN ON EACH SIDE OF THE BARREL, TO KEEP IT AIMED STRAIGHT AT THE HOLE !

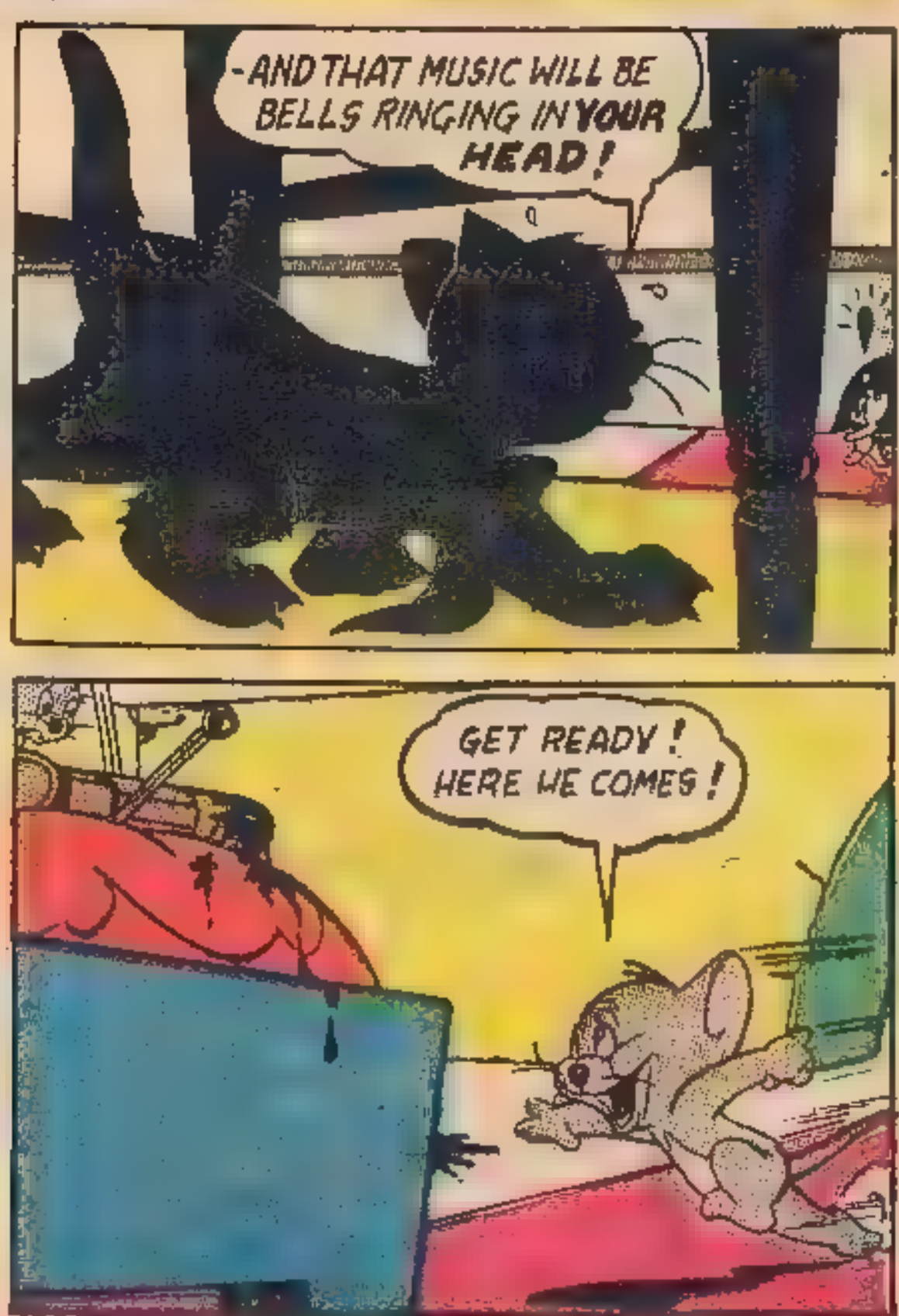

THAR SHE IS! ALL SET UP AND READY FOR ACTION!
HERE'S INK IN YOUR EYE, TOM! ... OKAY, GO GET HIM, JERRY! I'LL GET ON THE FIRING LINE!

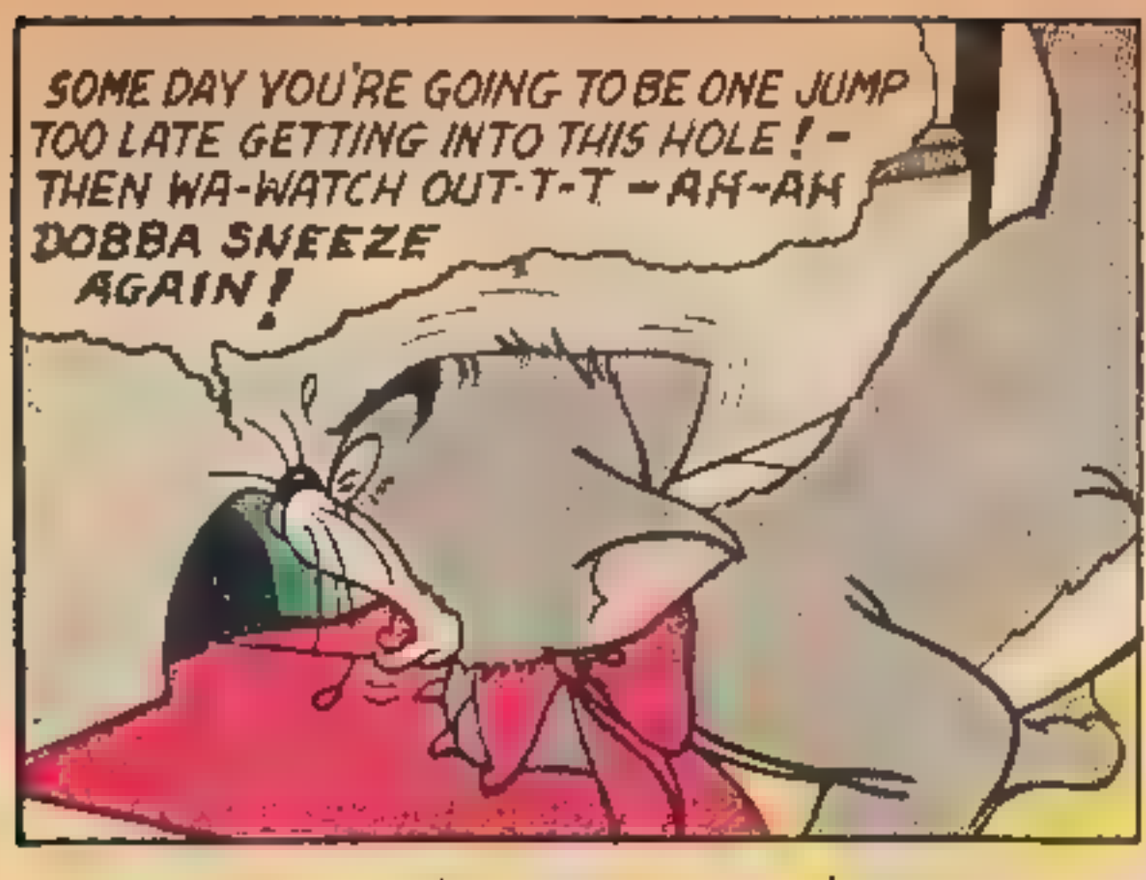

AHH-AH CHOO!
I MUS'BE DETCHIN COLB!

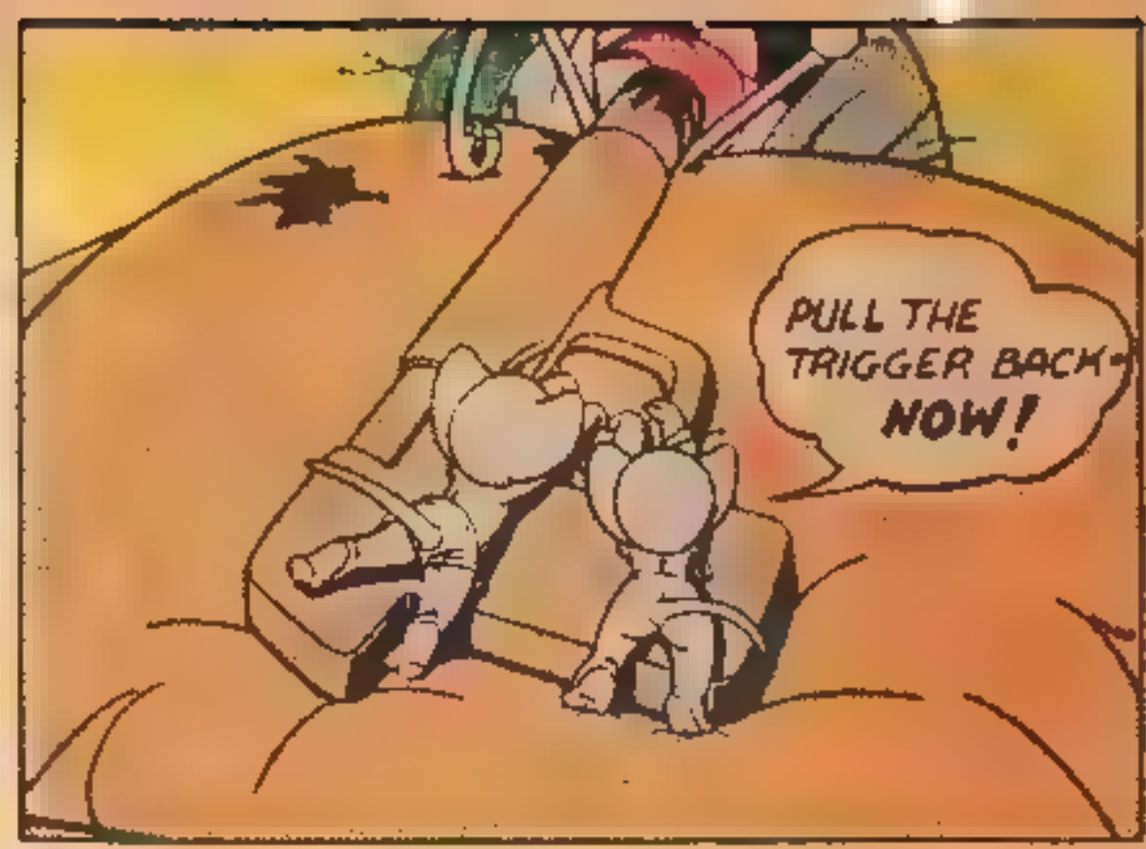

LOOK AT OLD TOM CAT! ALL DECKED OUT IN PURTY RIBBONS, JUST LIKE A GIRL!

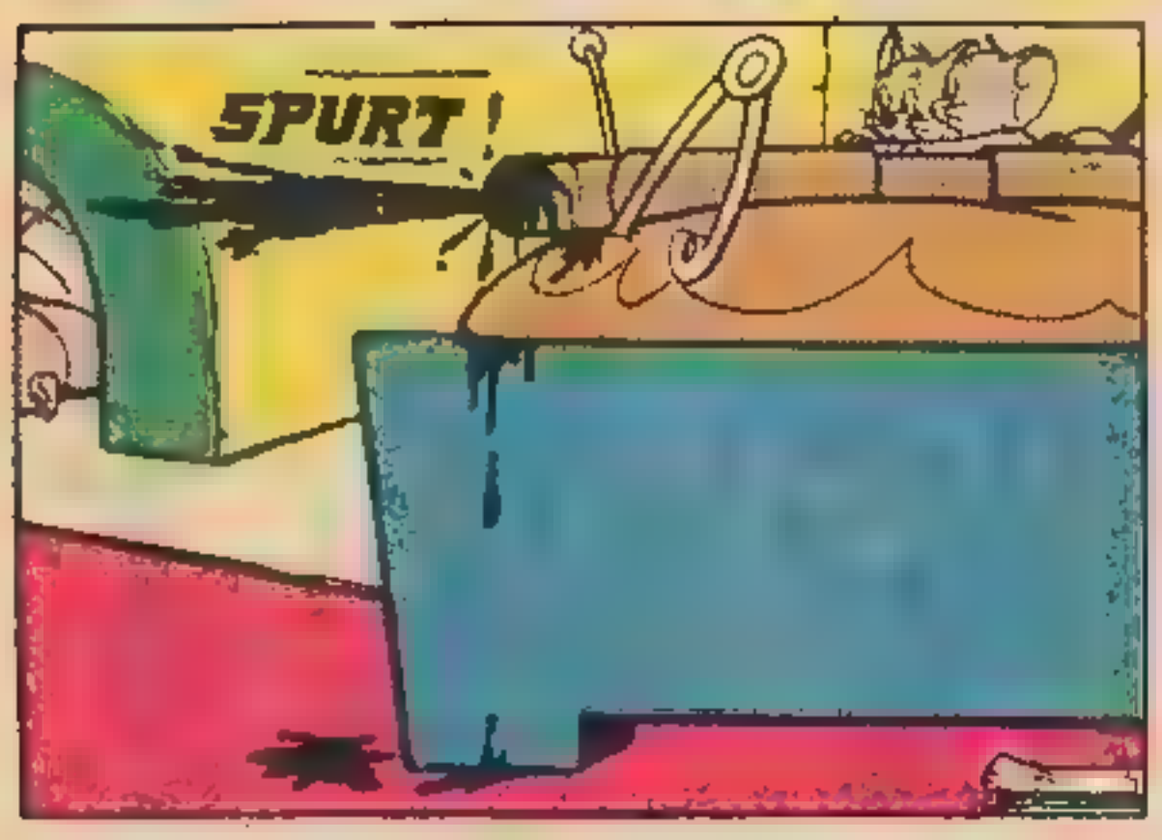

HUH? -- SO IT'S YOU!! I'LL COME OVER THERE AND SCRAMBLE YOUR BONES LIKE SO MANY EGGS!
YAHH!

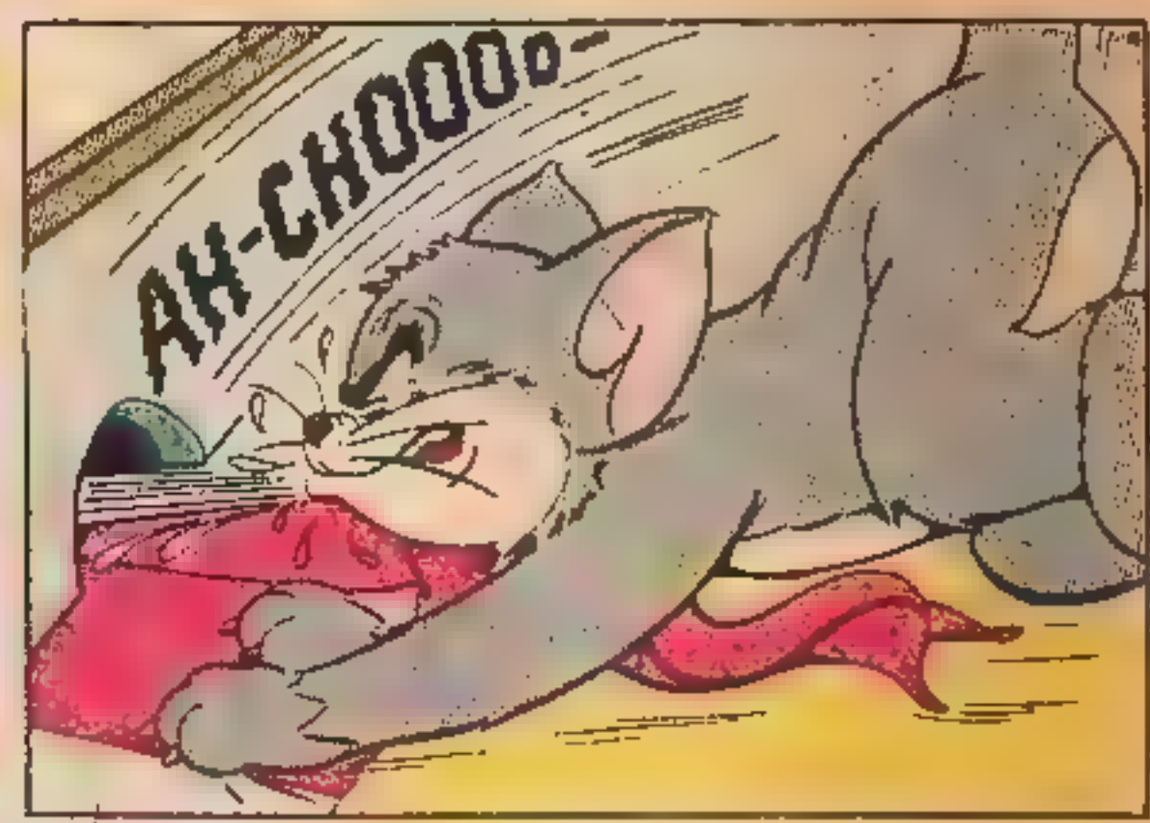
I'M NOT SCARED OF GIRL CATS - SWEETHEART! - COME WIZ ME TO ZE CASBAH! WE WEEL MAKE BEEUTIFUL MUZIC TOGETHER!!
HERE HE COMES! HOT UNDER THE COLLAR. I'D BETTER GET MOVING!

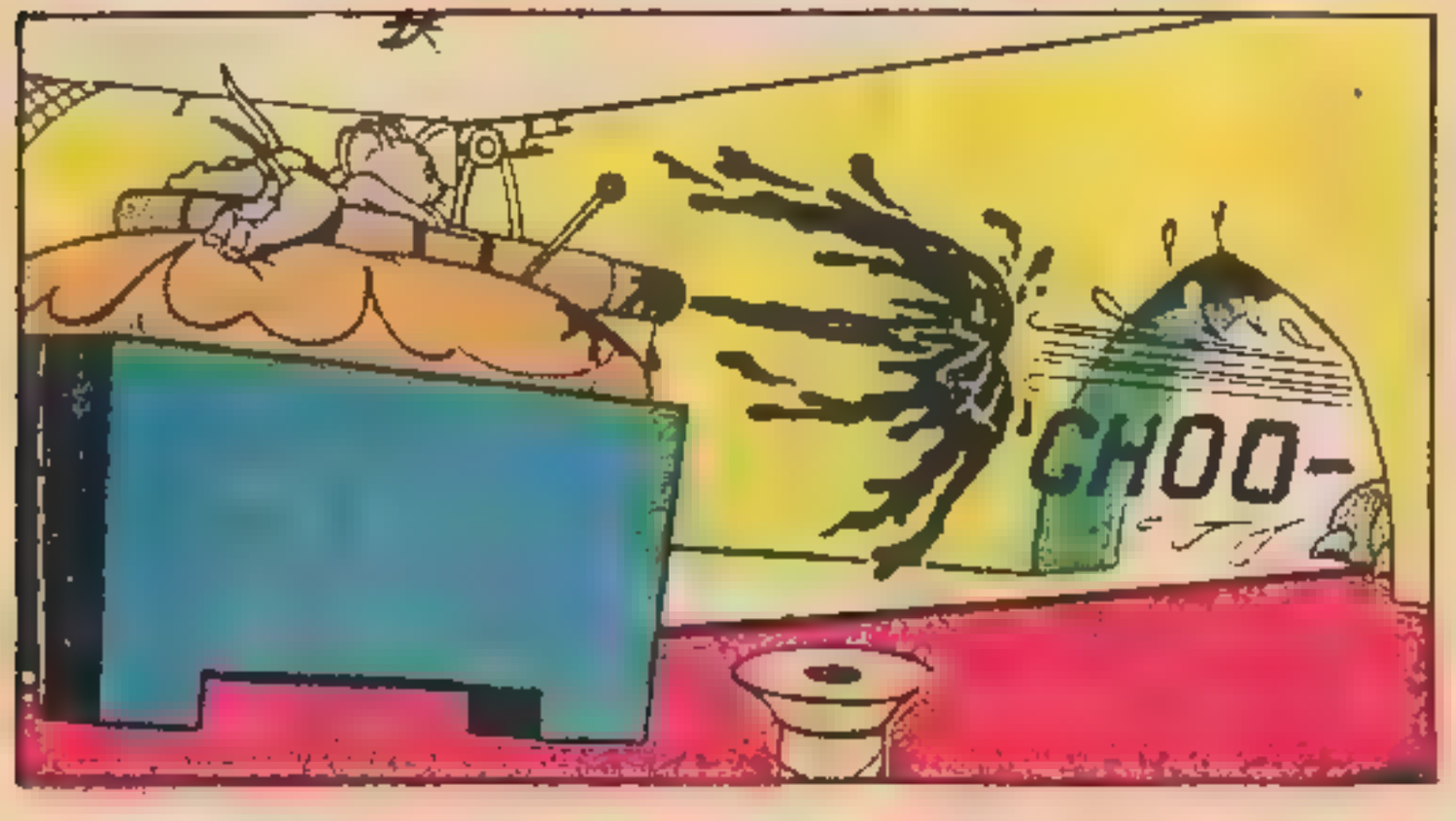

-AND THAT MUSIC WILL BE BELLS RINGING IN YOUR HEAD!
GET READY! HERE WE COMES!

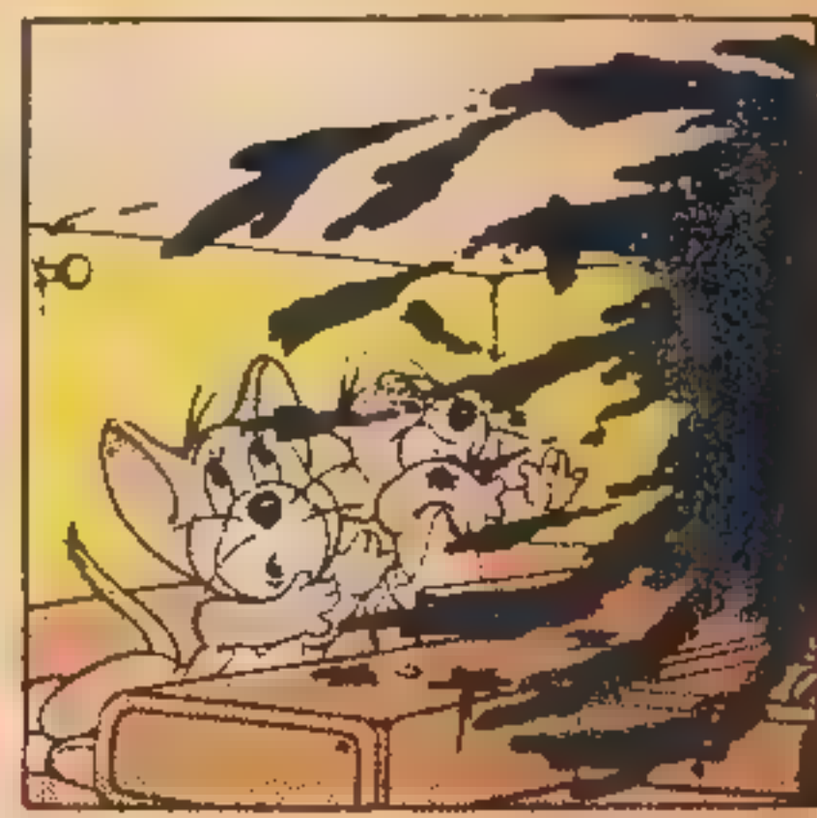

SOME DAY YOU'RE GOING TO BE ONE JUMP TOO LATE GETTING INTO THIS HOLE! - THEN WA-WATCH OUT-T-T - AH-AH DOBBA SNEEZE AGAIN!

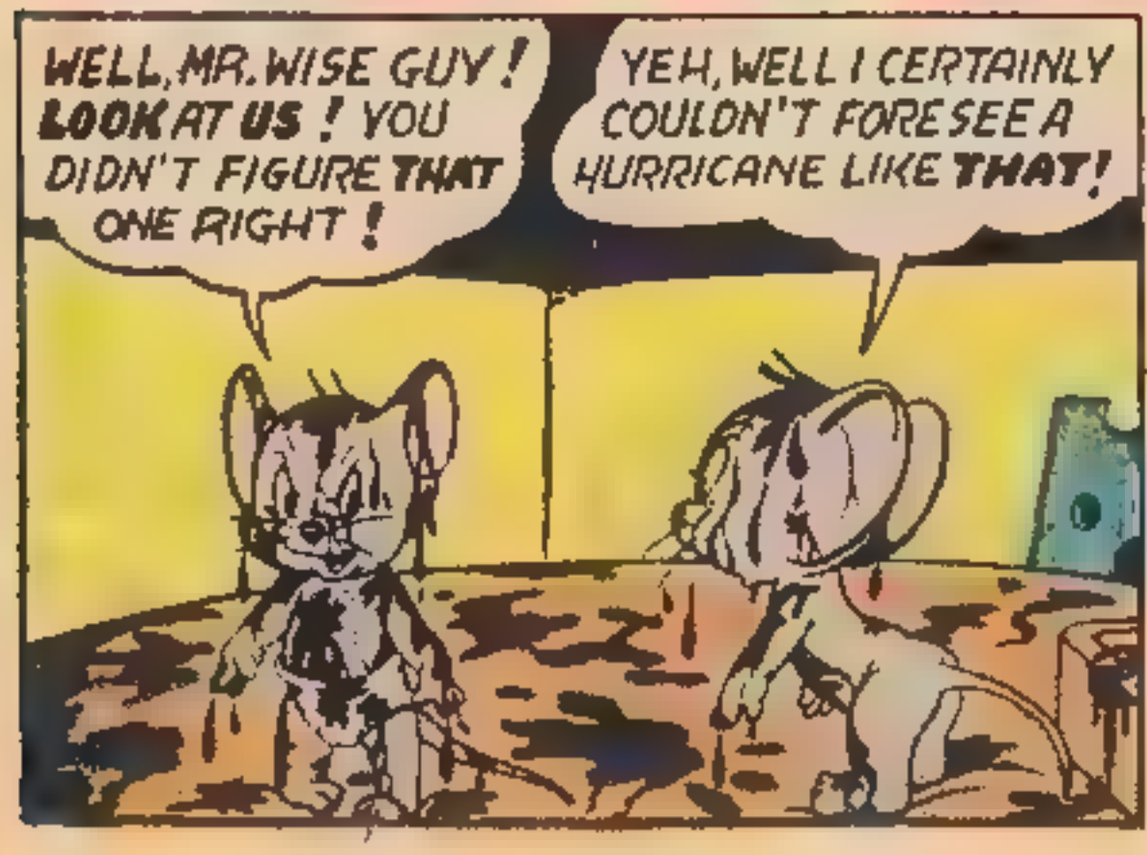

PULL THE TRIGGER BACK- NOW!

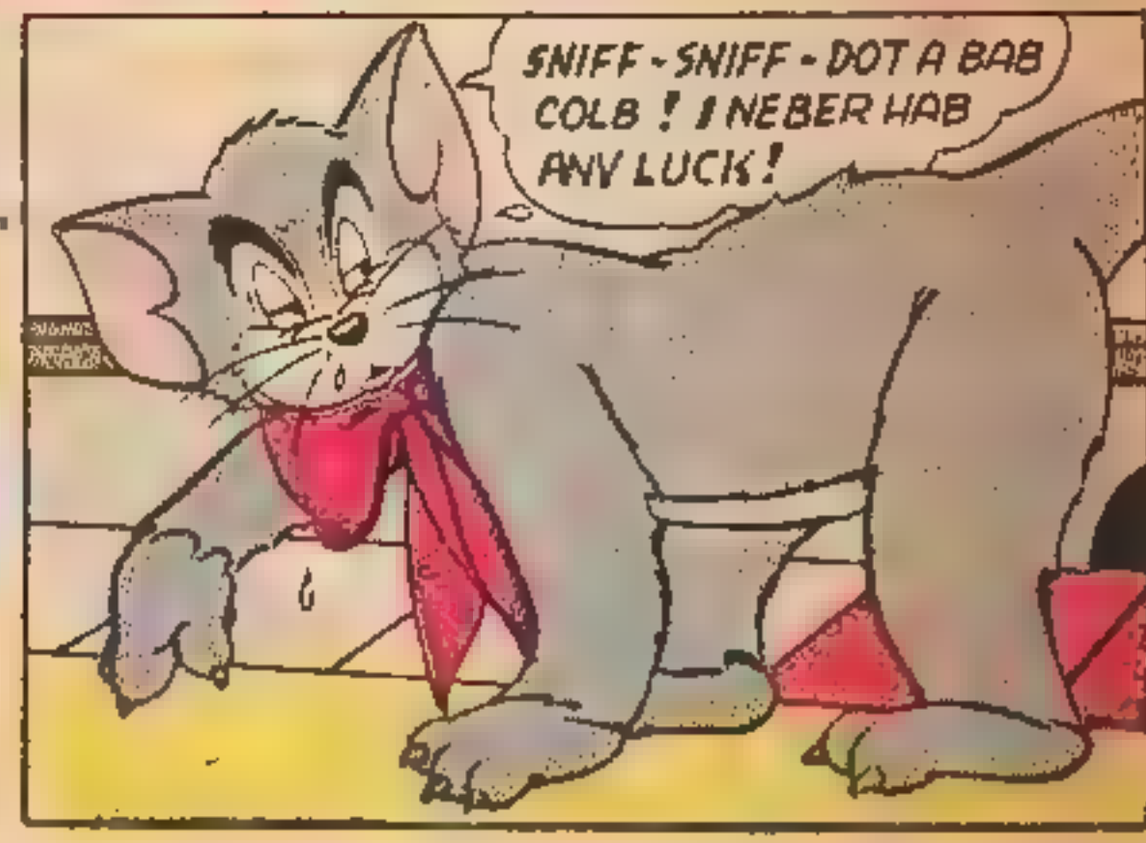

SPURT!

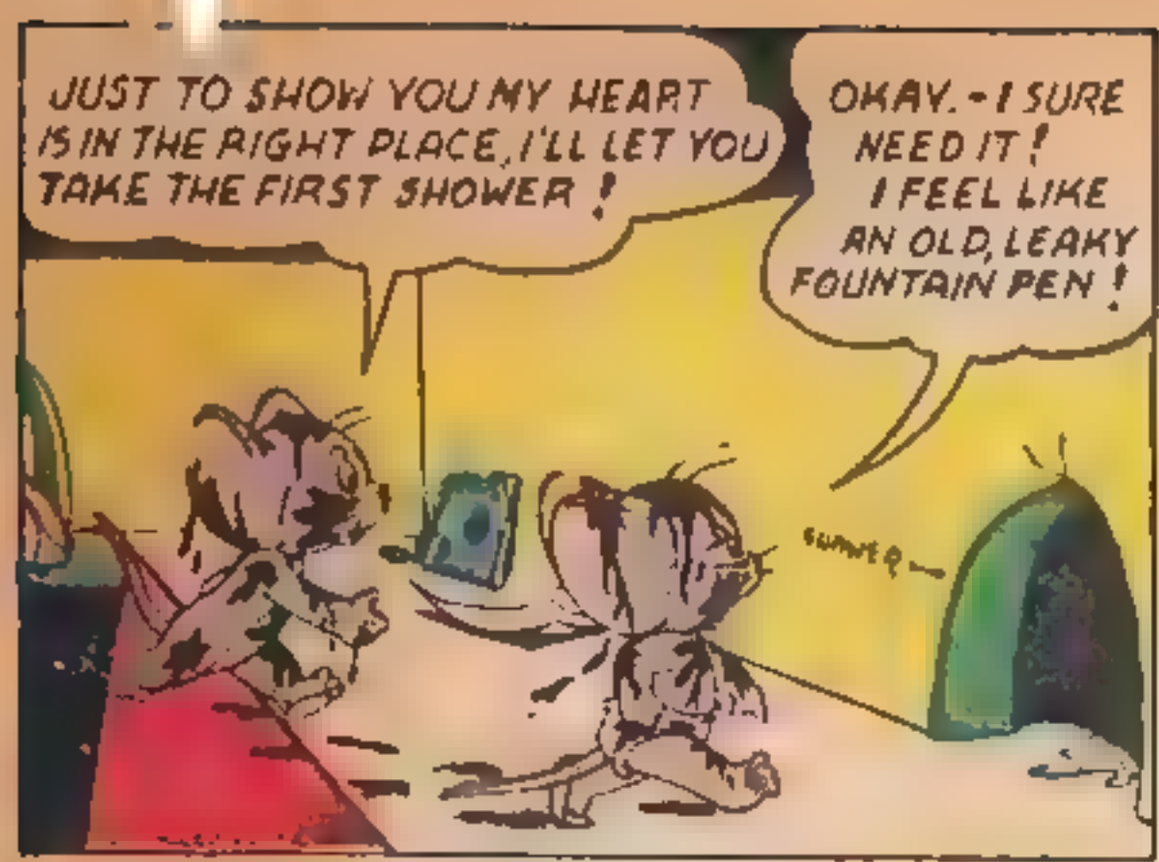

AH-CHOOOo-

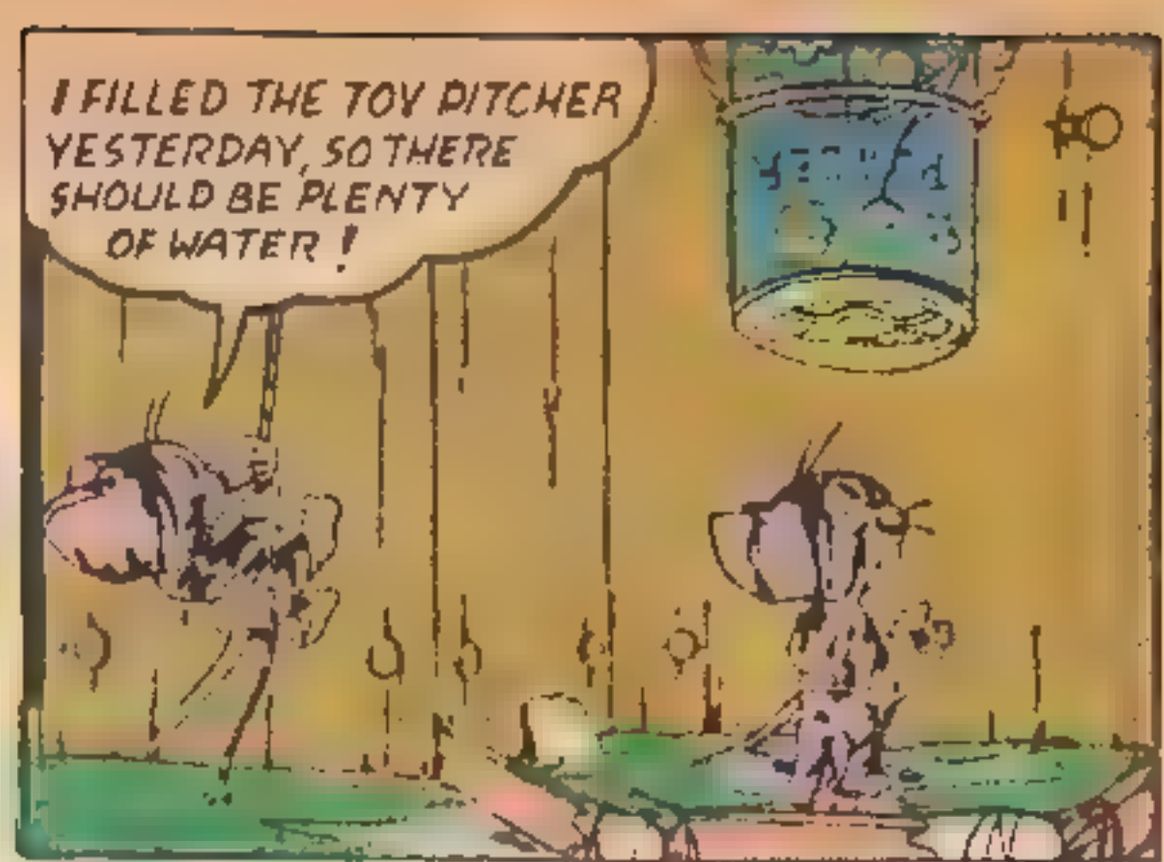

CHOO-

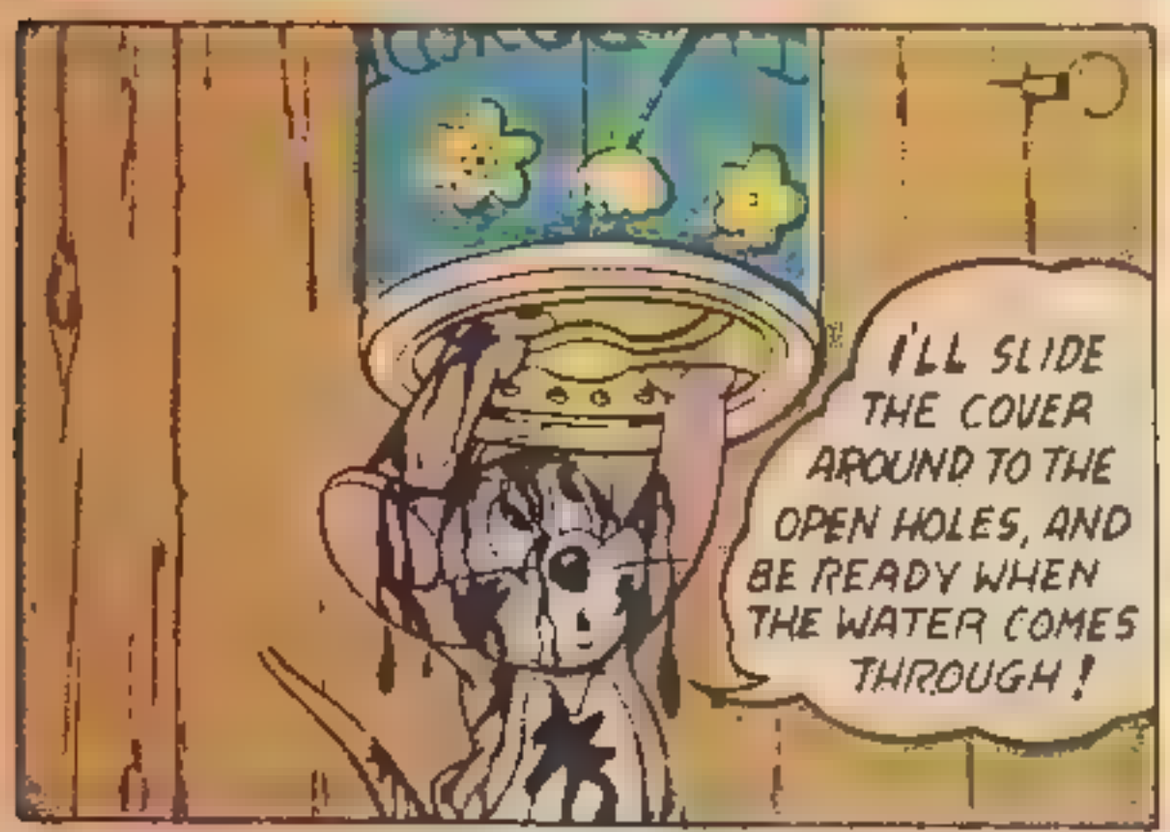


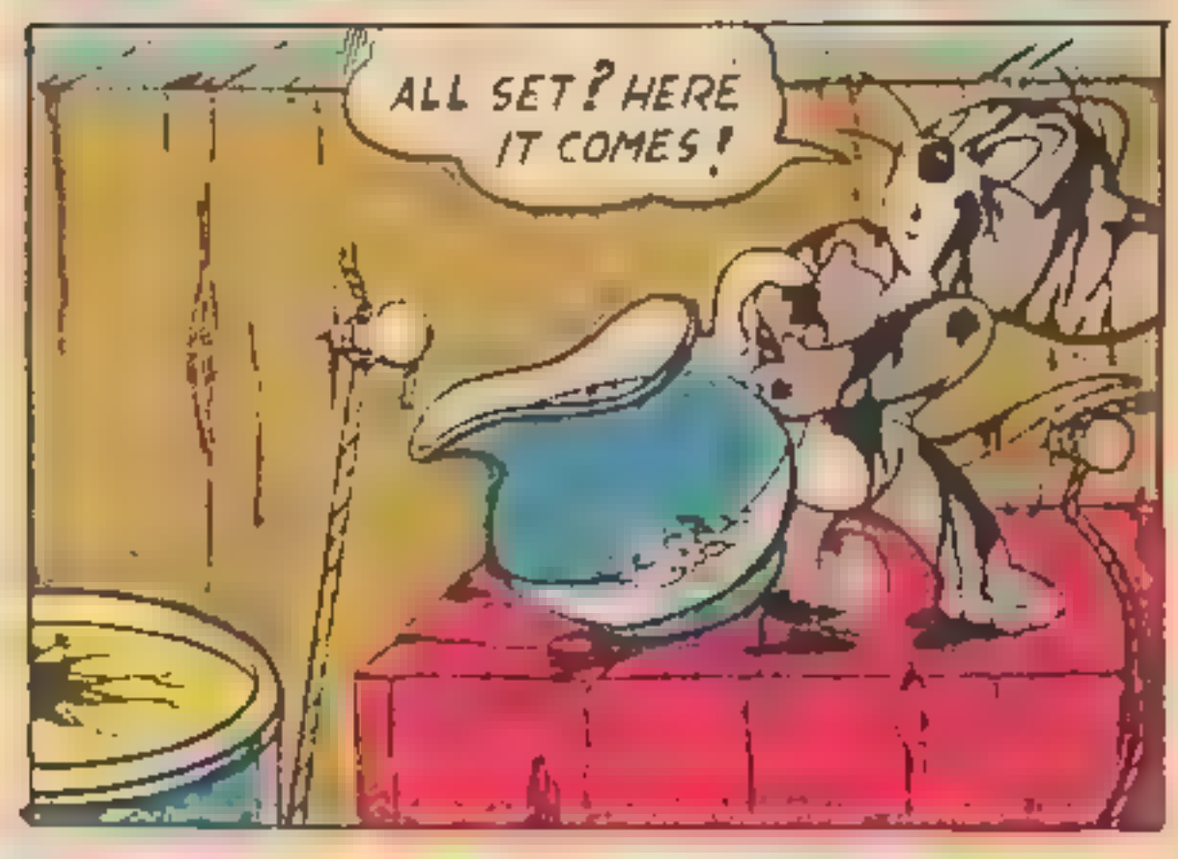

WELL, MR. WISE GUY! LOOK AT US! YOU DIDN'T FIGURE THAT ONE RIGHT!
YEH, WELL I CERTAINLY COULDN'T FORESEE A HURRICANE LIKE THAT!


SNIFF - SNIFF - DOT A BAB COLB! I NEBER HAB ANY LUCK!

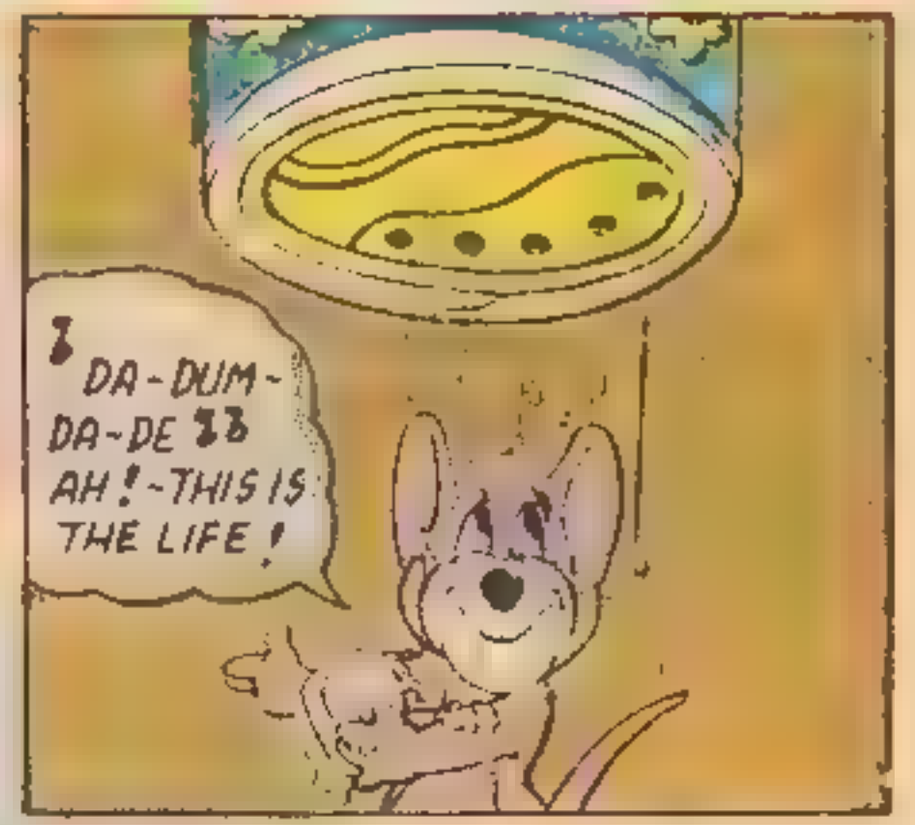

JUST TO SHOW YOU MY HEART IS IN THE RIGHT PLACE, I'LL LET YOU TAKE THE FIRST SHOWER !
OKAY. - I SURE NEED IT ! I FEEL LIKE AN OLD, LEAKY FOUNTAIN PEN !

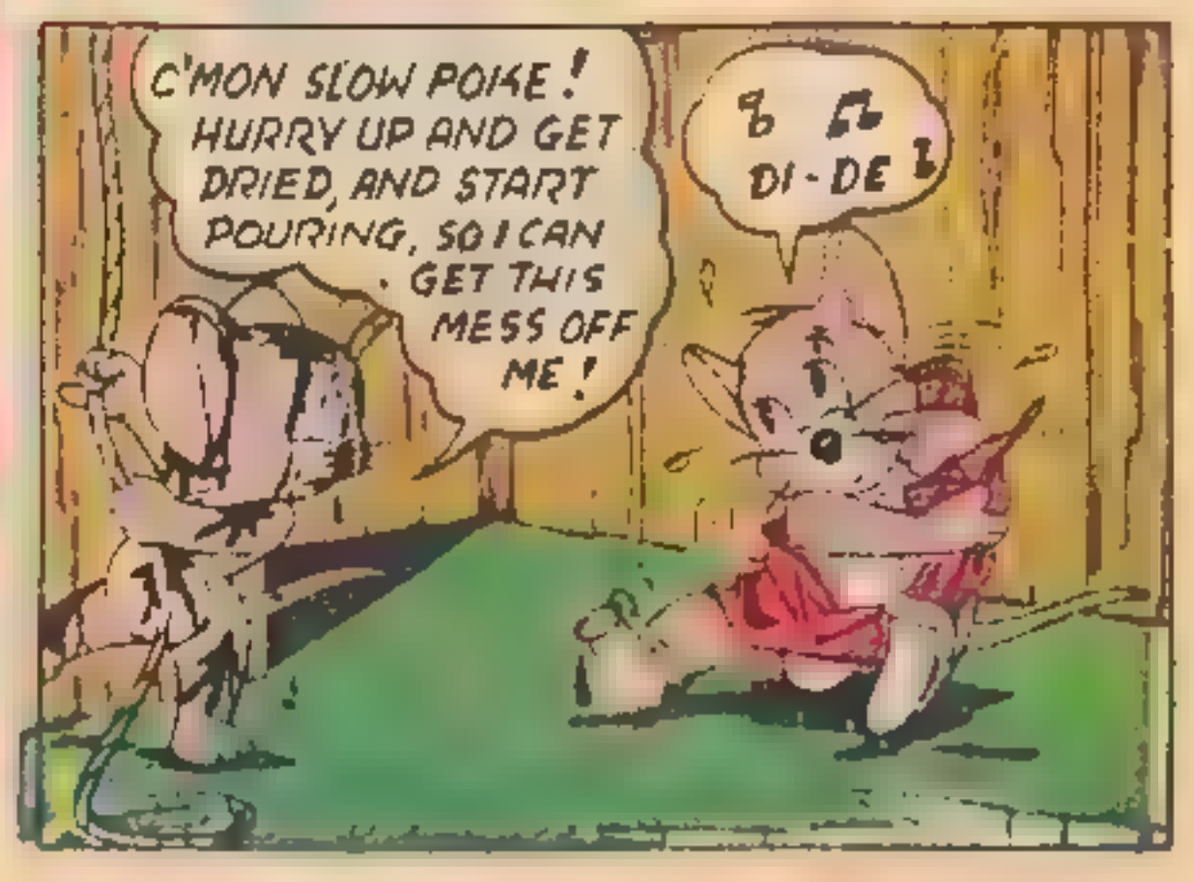

I FILLED THE TOY PITCHER YESTERDAY, SO THERE SHOULD BE PLENTY OF WATER !

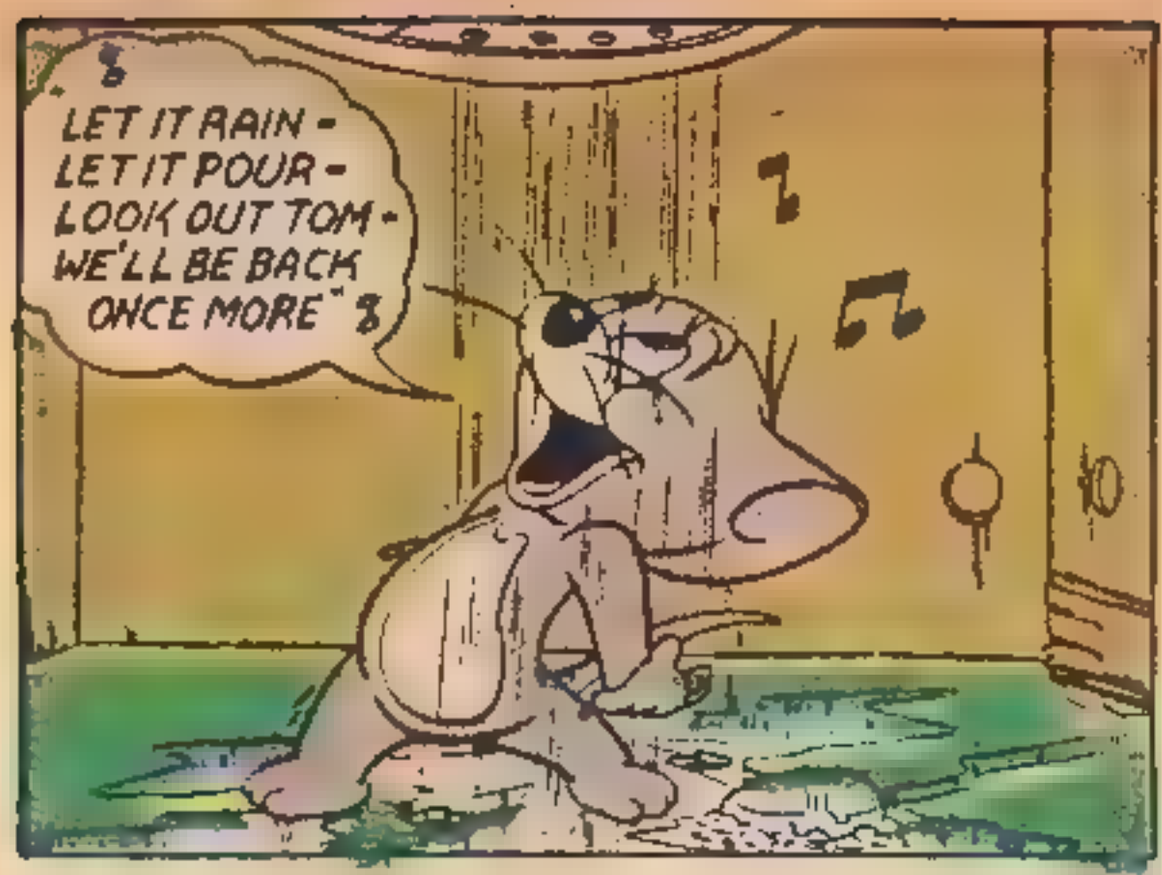

I'LL SLIDE THE COVER AROUND TO THE OPEN HOLES, AND BE READY WHEN THE WATER COMES THROUGH !

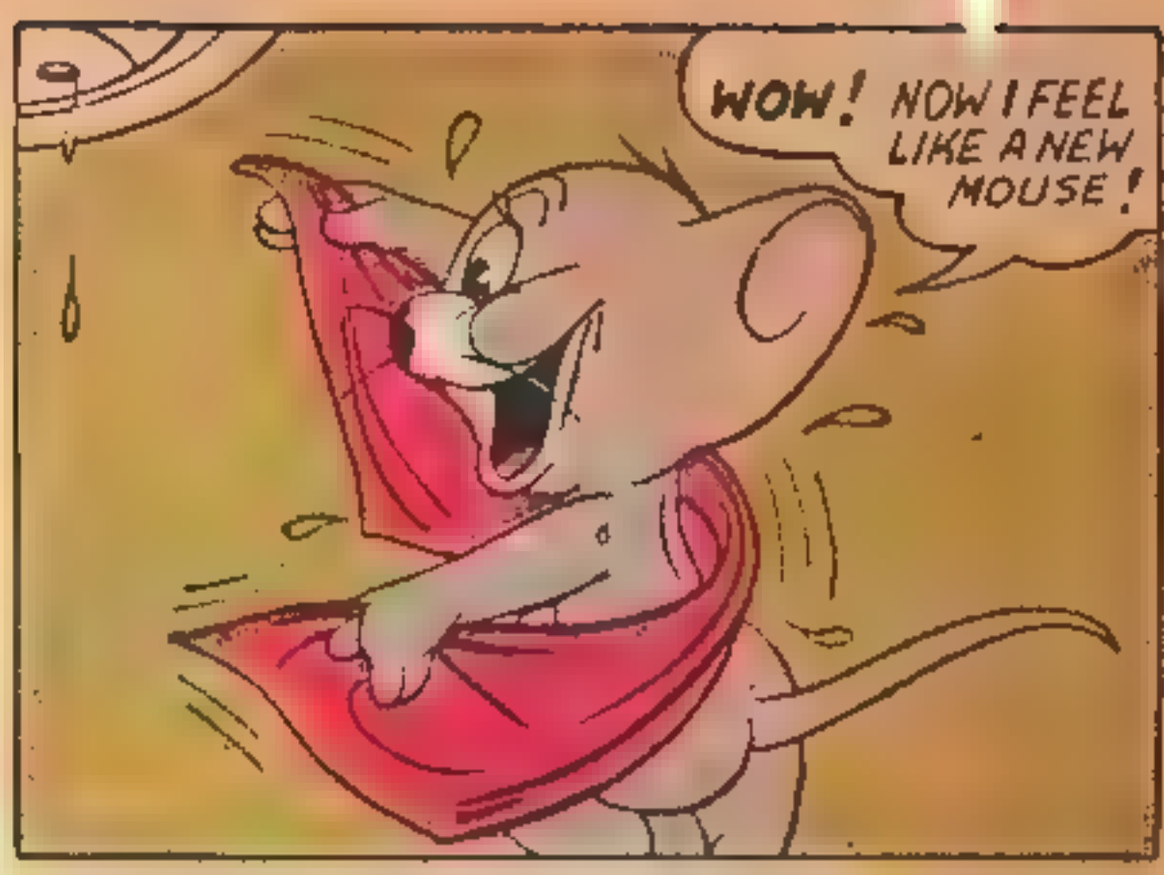

ALL SET ? HERE IT COMES !

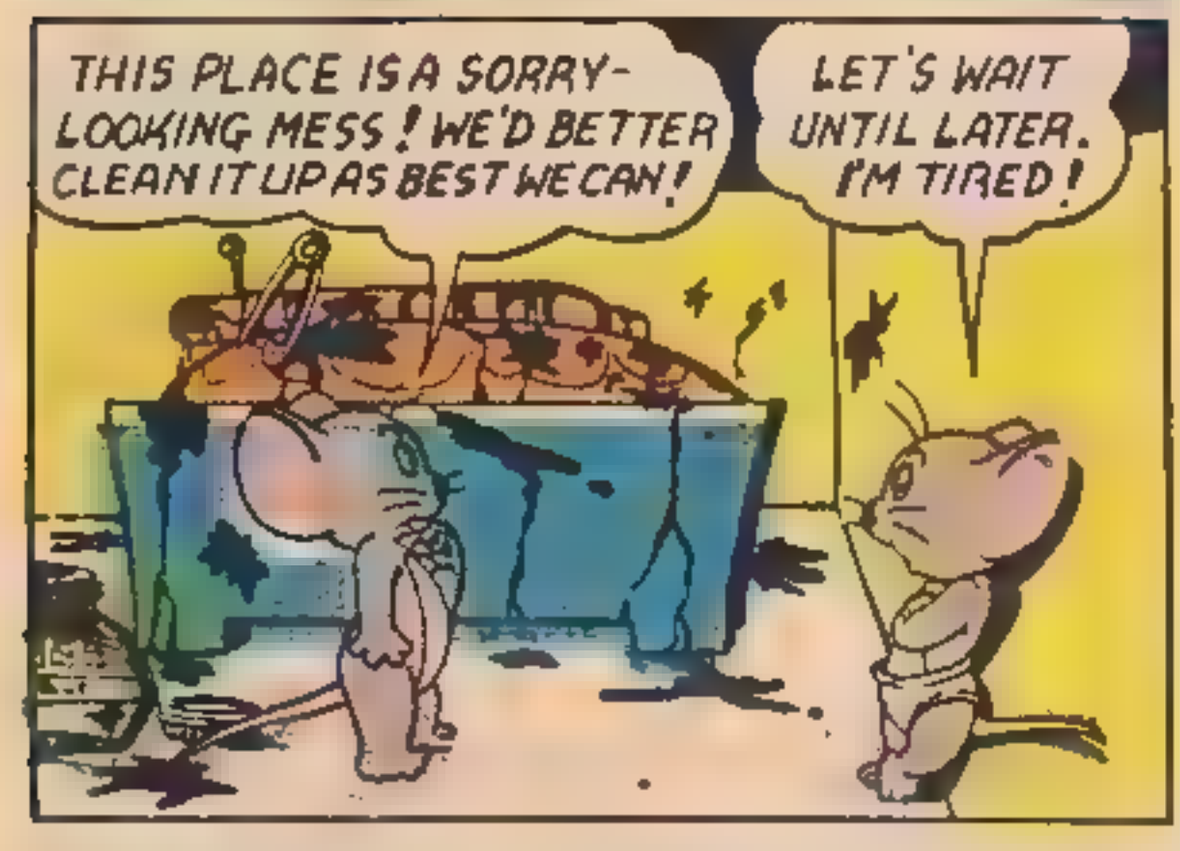
AHH !

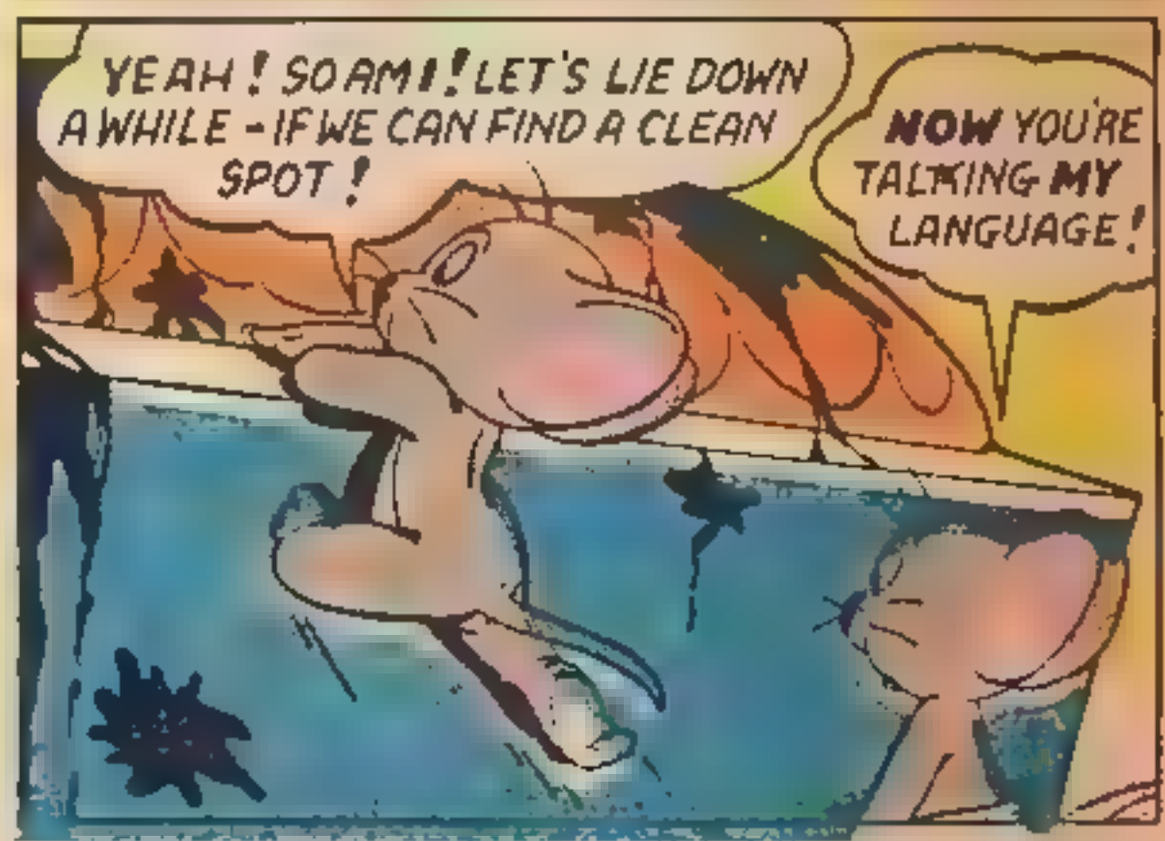

♪ DA - DUM - DA - DE ♪♪ AH ! - THIS IS THE LIFE !

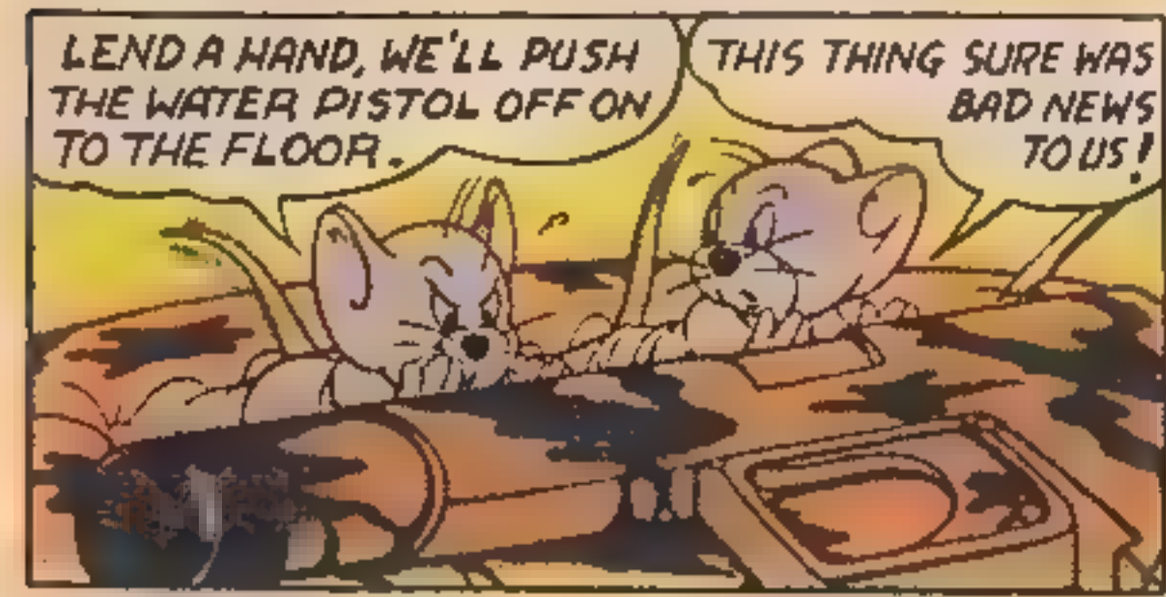

C'MON SLOW POKE ! HURRY UP AND GET DRIED, AND START POURING, SO I CAN GET THIS MESS OFF ME !
♪ ♫ DI - DE ♪

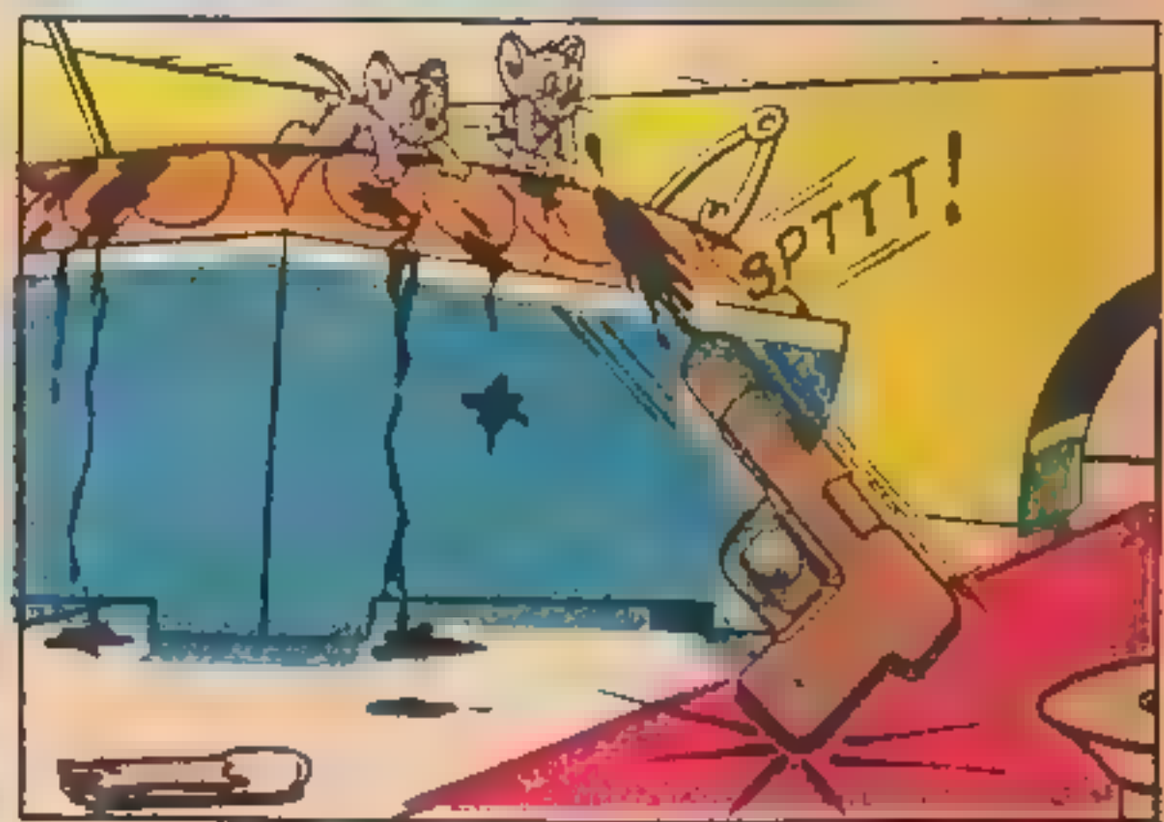


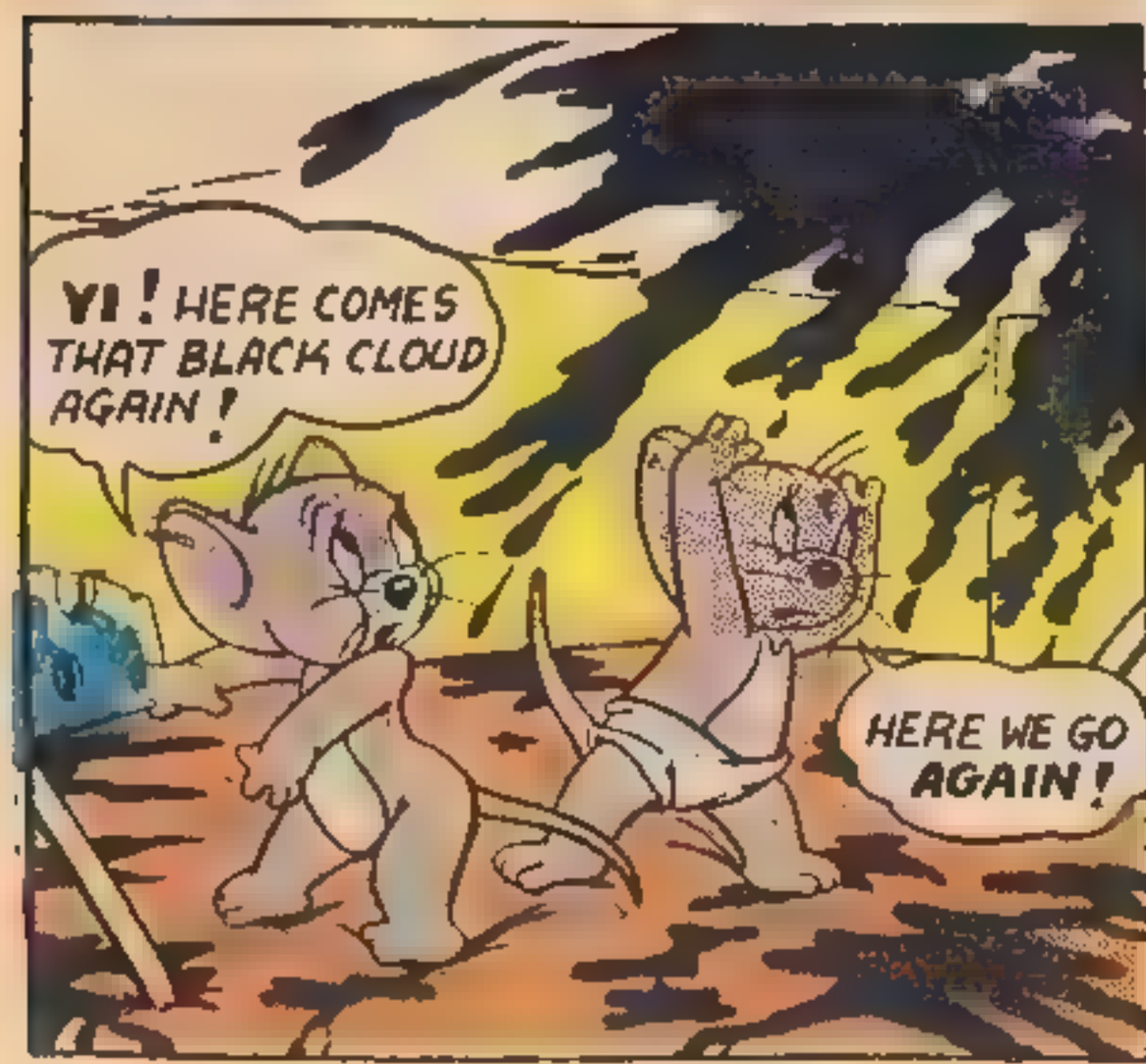


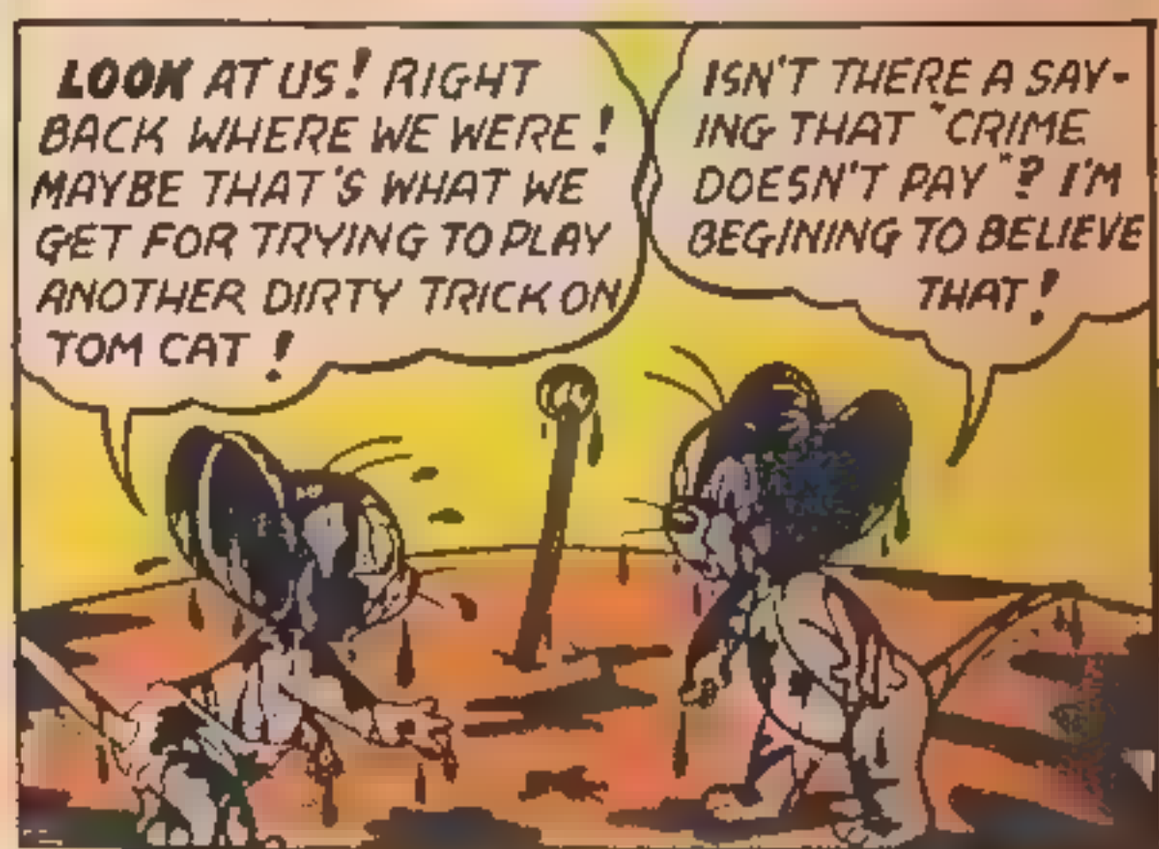












M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

MR. CUCKOO MOVES IN

Copr., 1966, by Oskar Lebeck

Mother Robin scolded Father Robin severely.

"Shame on you," she said. "Never have I heard of such a thing. Letting another bird rob us of our nest. And after we've worked so hard to complete it in time. Now you just go tell him to get right out of it at once."

"But, m'dear," said Father Robin weakly. "Chester Cuckoo is a much bigger bird than I am."

"I can't help that. You never should have left the nest in the first place. I don't know where I'll hatch these eggs. Now get right over there and don't come back till he's out."

So Father Robin flew sadly away, trying to think of some way to get Chester Cuckoo out of their nest. All of a sudden he had an idea—Great Uncle Owl, the wisest bird of the forest, would know a way. And so he flew through the trees until he came to the Great Oak where the old bird lived.

Father Robin pulled on the bell until he heard a deep voice saying, "Who-o-o. Who is it?"

"It's Father Robin, Great Uncle. I have a problem."

"Come in, come in, my son. Tell me what I can do for you."

Father Robin went through the little door and peered into the dark room.

"You must excuse the darkness, my son," said Great Uncle Owl. "My eyes are getting bad. Old age, you know. Now, tell me what you came for."

"Well, Great Uncle, it's this way. Mother Robin and I worked very hard to build our nest in a very choice location we chanced upon—an old abandoned bird bath in a forgotten garden. It was just the right size and everything, and we were all set to put the eggs into it, when Chester Cuckoo moved in while we were away. Of course, with him in there, there's no room for us. Now, Mother Robin insists I make him leave, and I just don't know how I'm going to do it."

Great Uncle Owl nodded his head wisely. "Um-hum. Yes, I've had quite a bit of trouble with Chester about moving into other people's nests. It's about time we taught him a lesson. Suppose I call a meeting of the council and see what suggestion they have to offer."

And that's what he did. That evening a group of the forest birds met at the edge of the old garden to discuss the problem of Chester Cuckoo.

"Let's have the fireflies set fire to the nest," suggested the mourning dove.

"An excellent idea," said Great Uncle Owl, so they did. That very night.

Quietly, after Chester had gone to

sleep, the council gathered in the trees to watch the fireflies. Their little tail-lights shimmered and glowed in the dark, as they each took turns sitting on the nest for a moment. Finally after what seemed an endless wait, the twigs began to catch fire. Chester stirred in his sleep, and the council held their breath as a few wisps of smoke curled up around Chester's head. And then, just as he had lifted his head from beneath his wing to sniff the air sleepily, a little thunder cloud, on its way home, decided to get rid of its load of rain drops, and down they fell—right on the bird bath and Chester, putting out the fire on the nest.

"Oh dear, we'll have to think of something else," said Father Robin, when the fireflies had returned to report the failure.

"Wait a minute," said Great Uncle Owl. "That rain gave me an idea, and he gathered all the birds about him, and spoke quietly to them.

All the birds agreed it was an excellent idea that he had, and so the next night found them all quietly waiting again in the garden, while Great Uncle Owl talked to Mortimer Mole.

"You understand what you are to do?"

Mortimer nodded and quickly set to work. First he dug a hole near the bird

bath and disappeared down it. The birds watched and waited while he dug a long tunnel. All this time Cuckoo slept peacefully on—all unawares of the suppressed excitement going on about him.

Then Mortimer appeared in the hole again and said to Great Uncle, "The tunnel's dug. Shall I turn the water valve on now?"

Great Uncle nodded, and Mortimer disappeared once more. Suddenly out of the bird bath there sprang a great jet of water, so high that it carried the bird bath clear up into the air with it.

All the birds danced and shouted with merriment, as Mole appeared and jumped out of the little hole.

"Did it work?"

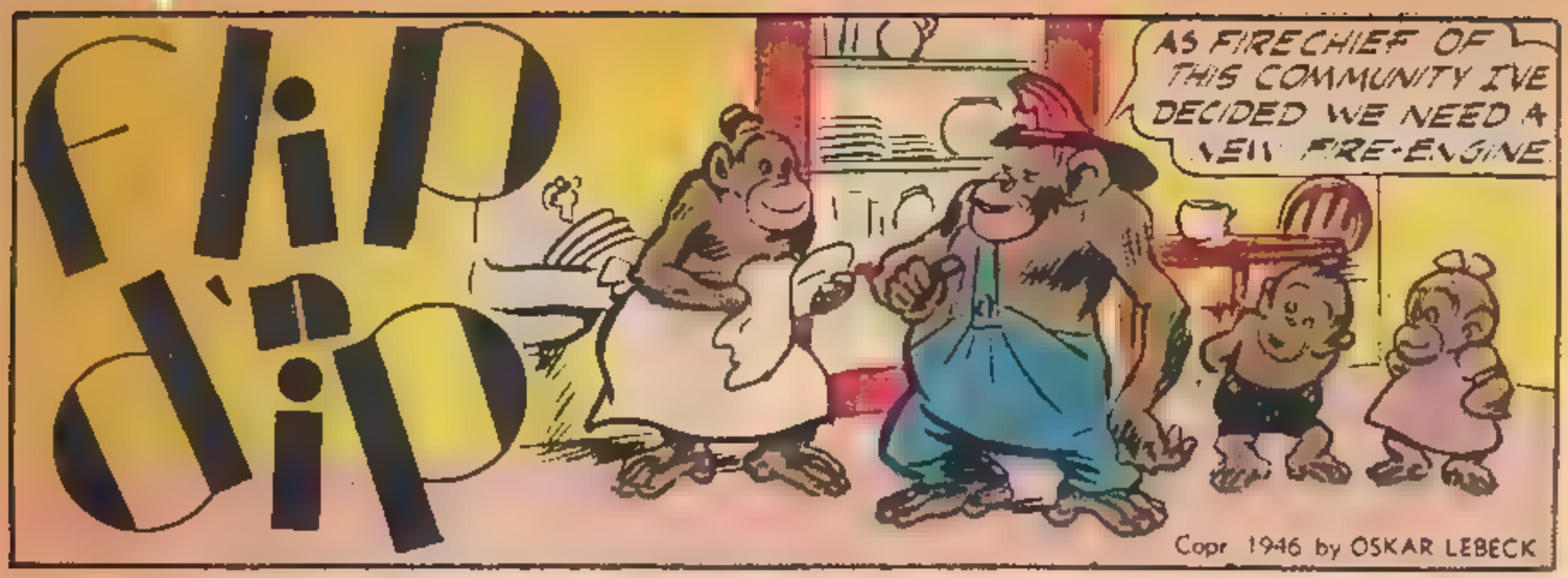
"I'll say it did. Look at him!"

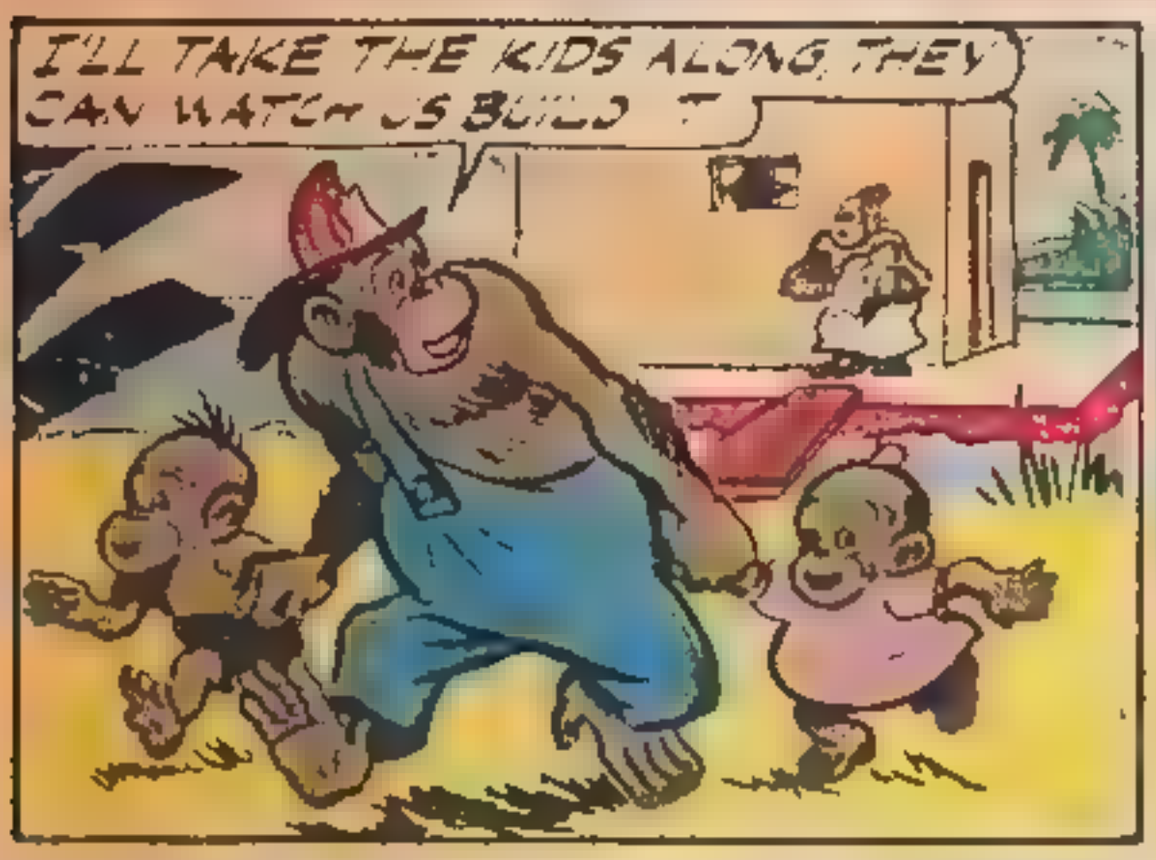
For Cuckoo was so surprised at finding himself riding the crest of a water spout that he flew out of the nest and disappeared from view.

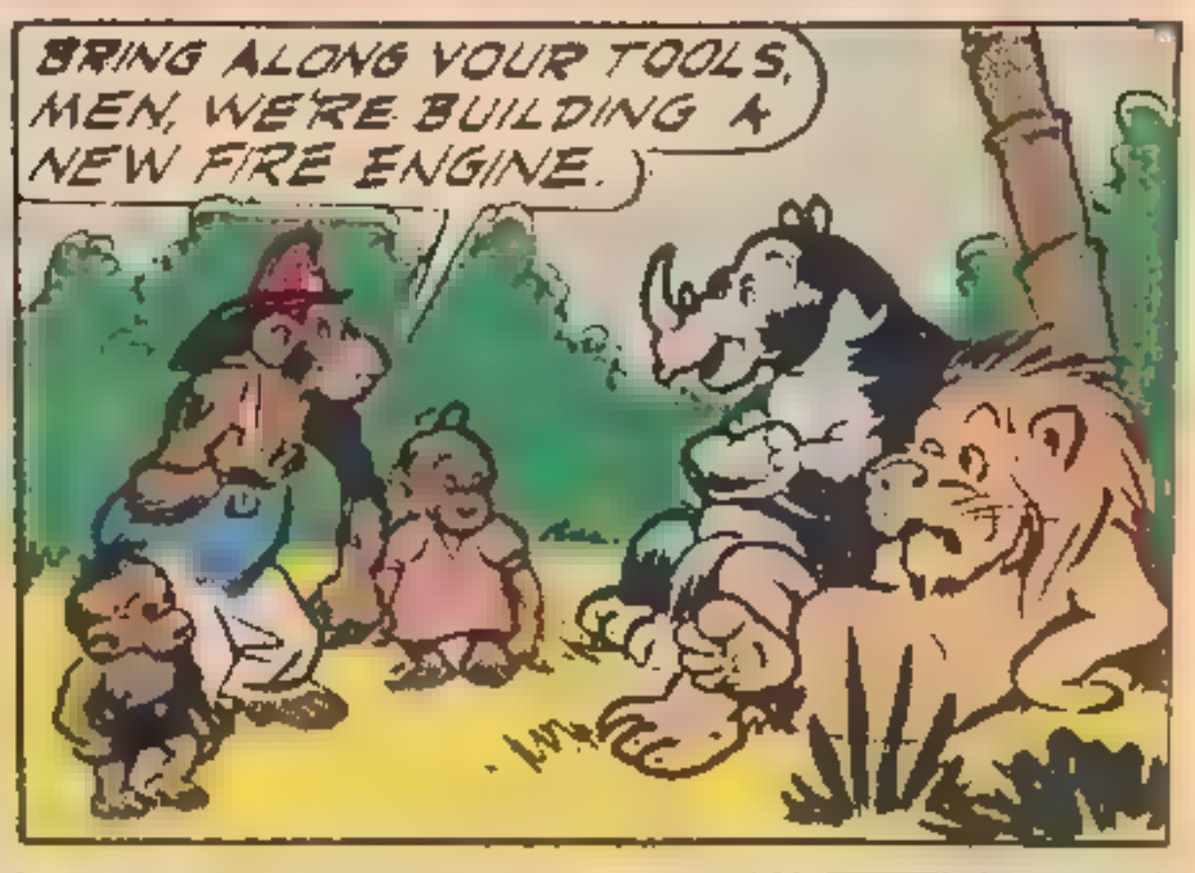
"Go turn the valve off now, Mole," said Great Uncle Owl. "But gently, so the nest won't fall."

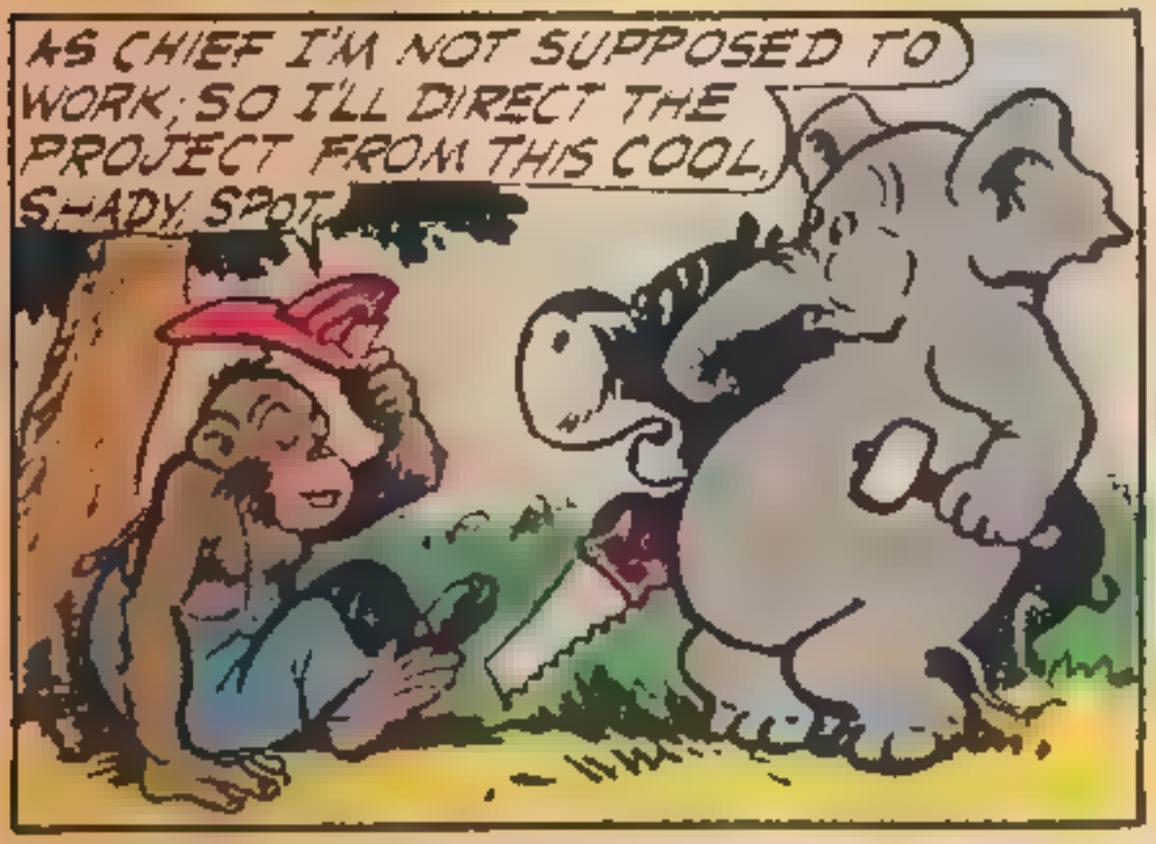
And so it was that Mother and Father Robin were able to move back into their nest, after it had been carefully dried, and stayed there to raise a fine family of babies. As for Cuckoo? Well, he never dared show his face around there again, he was so ashamed, and I think it taught him a lesson, don't you?

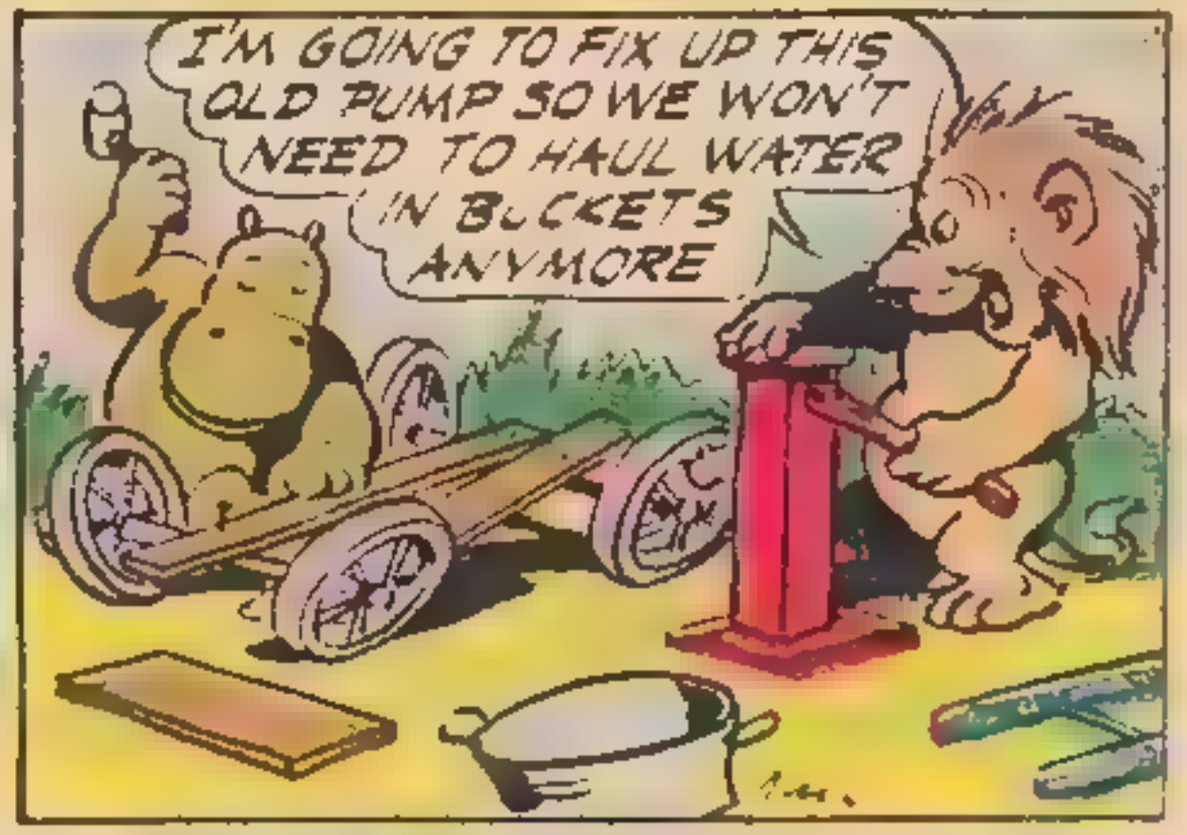
Flip d'Dip

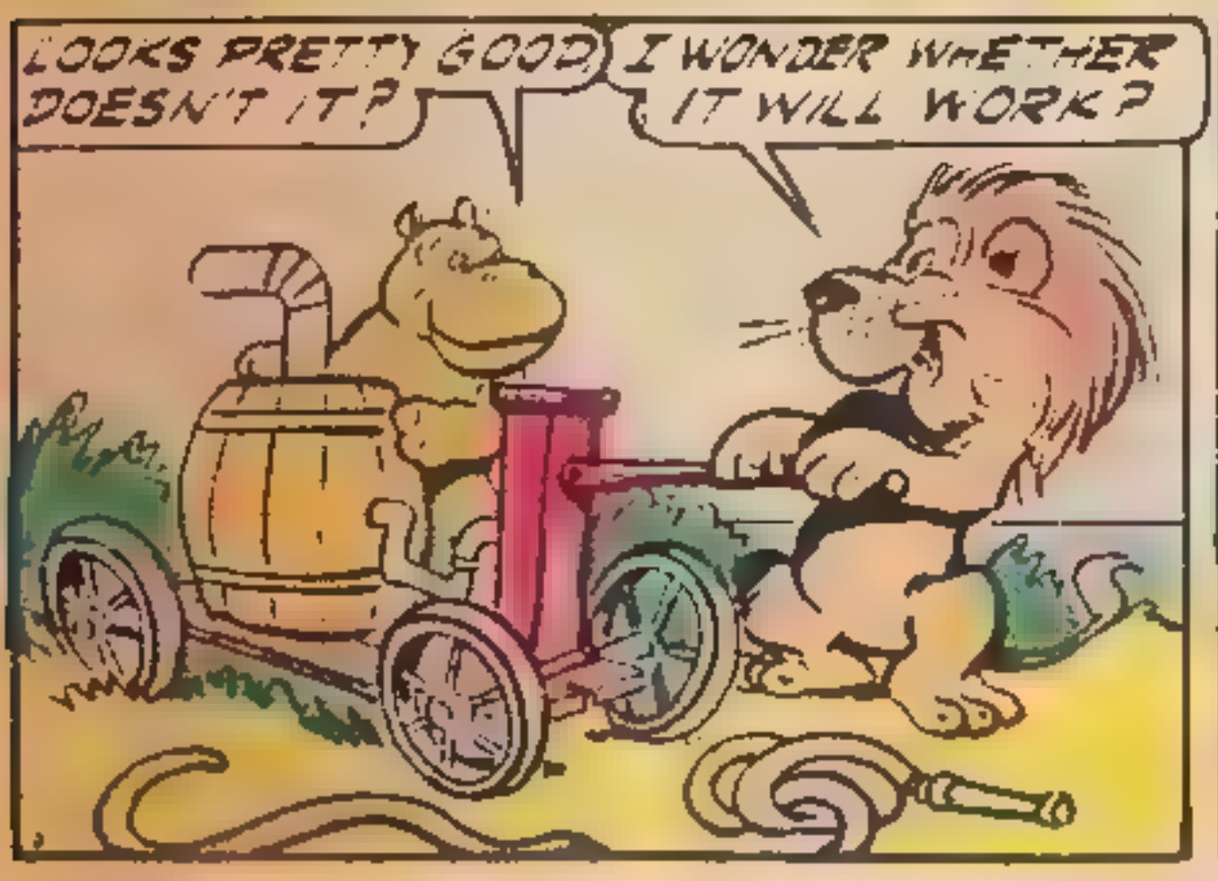

AS FIRECHIEF OF THIS COMMUNITY I'VE DECIDED WE NEED A NEW FIRE-ENGINE.
Copr 1946 by OSKAR LEBECK

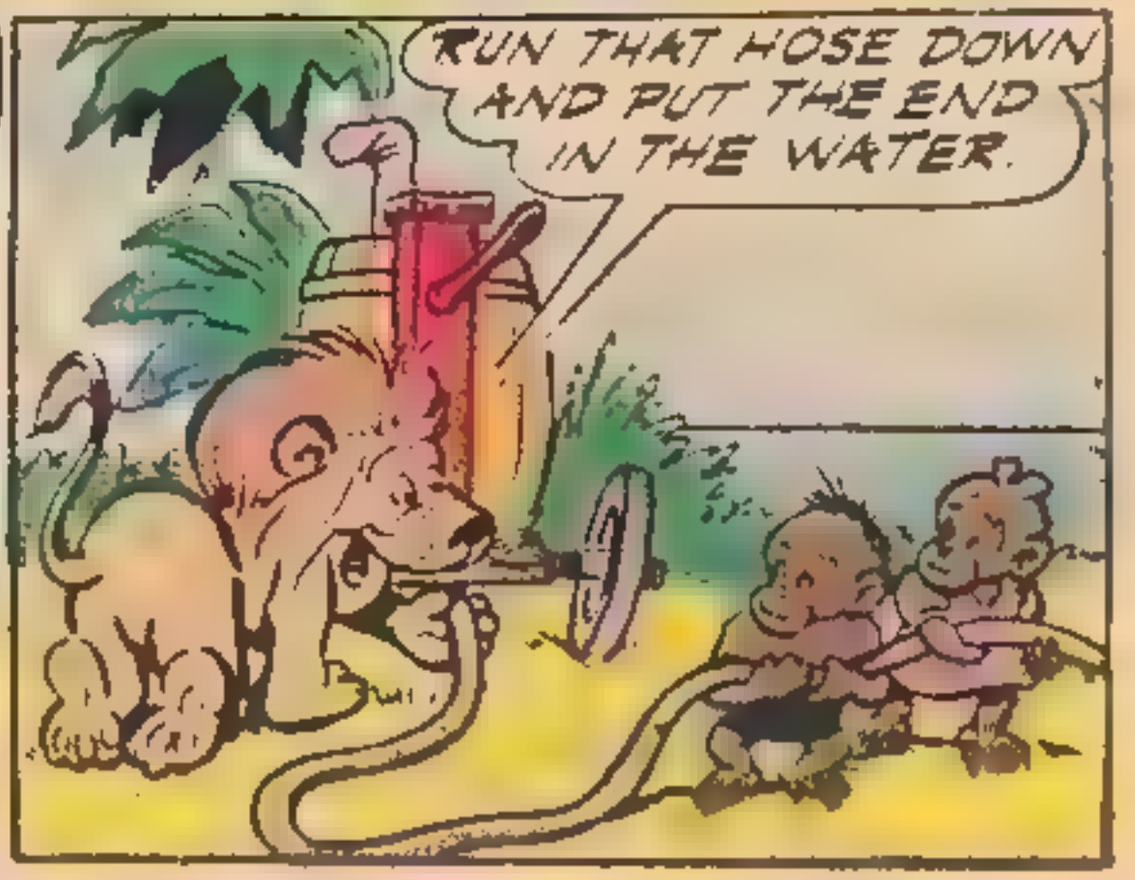

I'LL TAKE THE KIDS ALONG. THEY CAN WATCH US BUILD IT

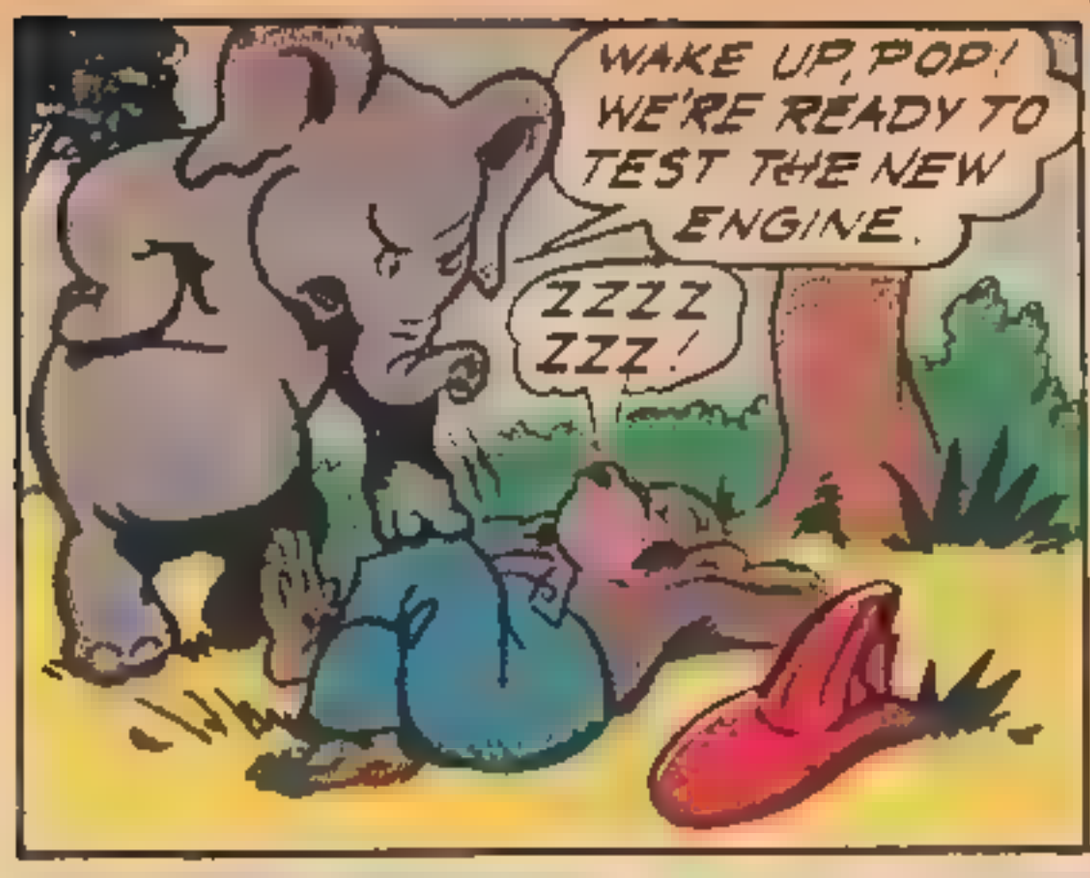

BRING ALONG YOUR TOOLS, MEN, WE'RE BUILDING A NEW FIRE ENGINE.

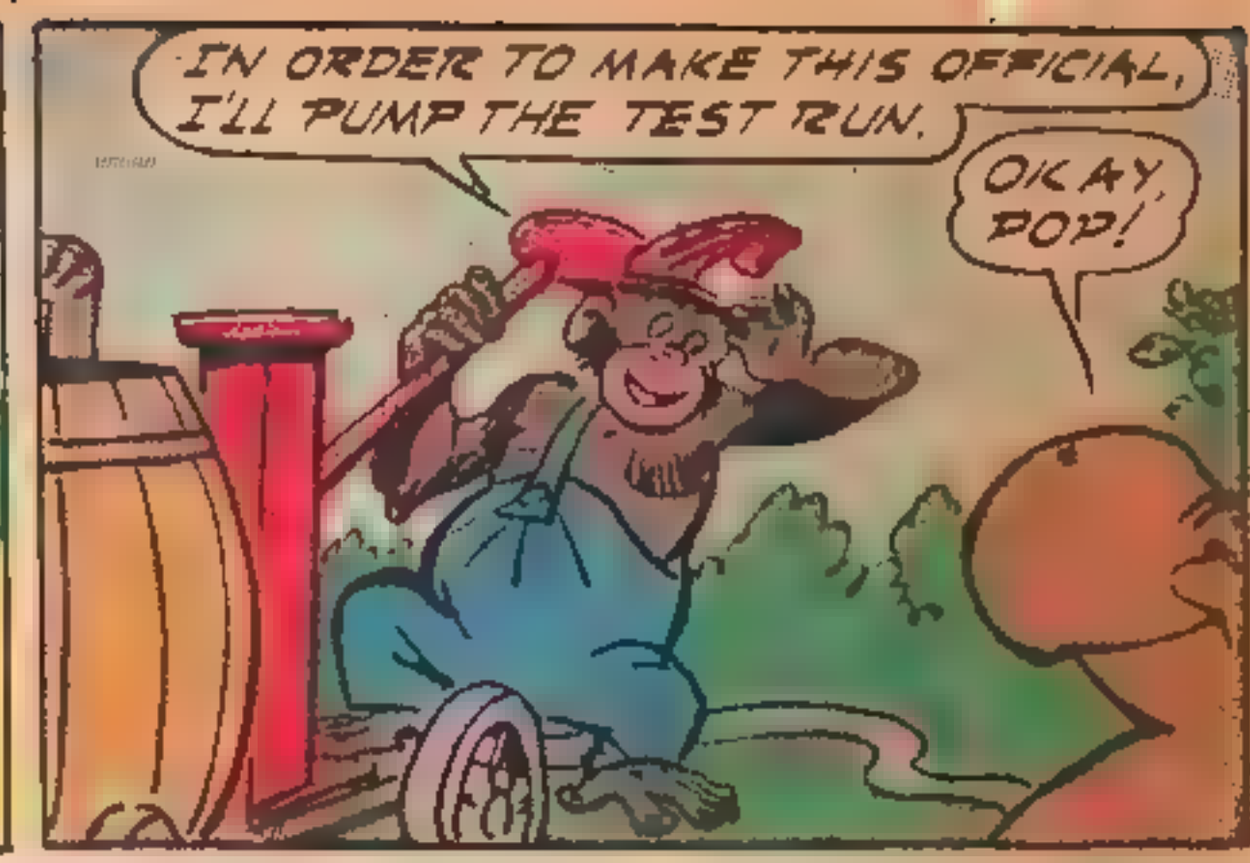

AS CHIEF I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO WORK; SO I'LL DIRECT THE PROJECT FROM THIS COOL, SHADY SPOT.

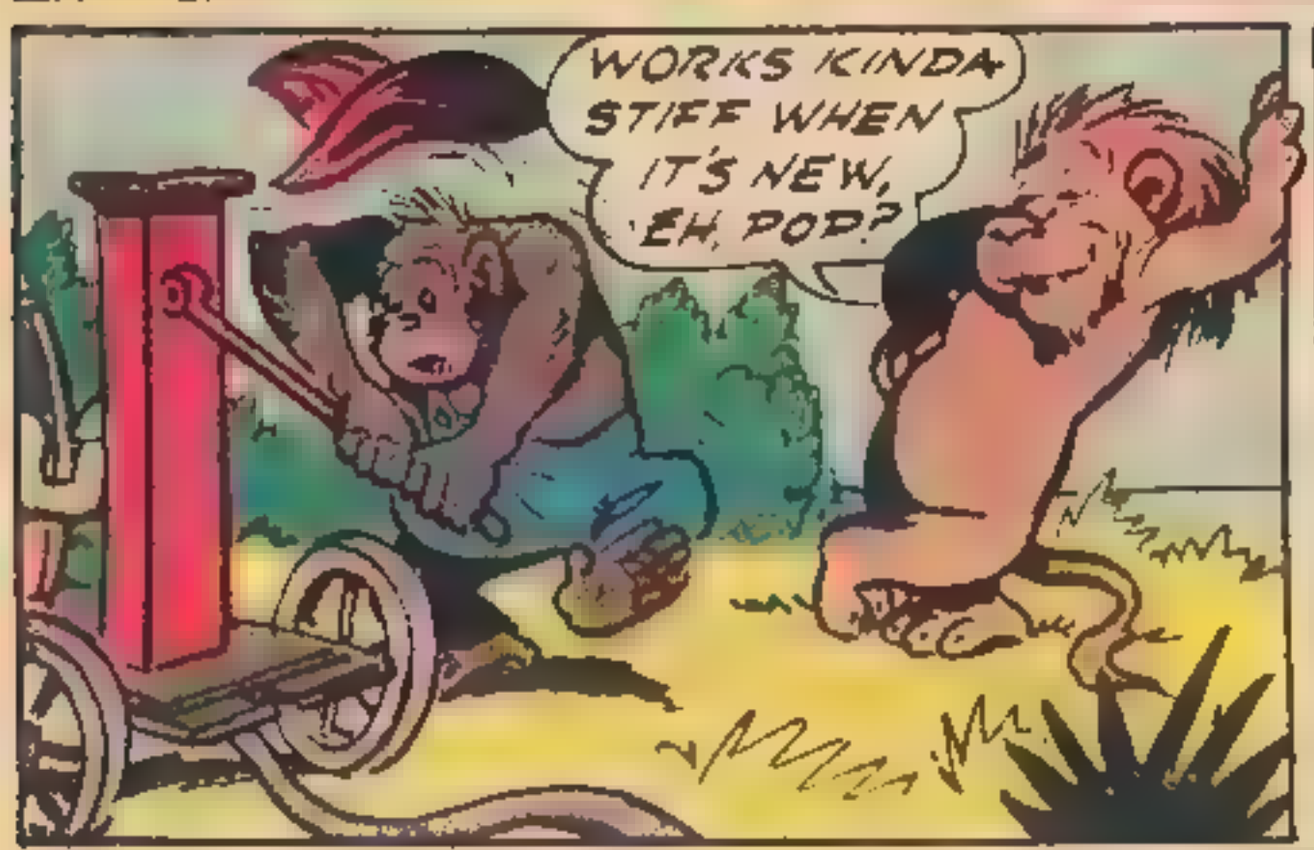

I'M GOING TO FIX UP THIS OLD PUMP SO WE WON'T NEED TO HAUL WATER IN BUCKETS ANYMORE

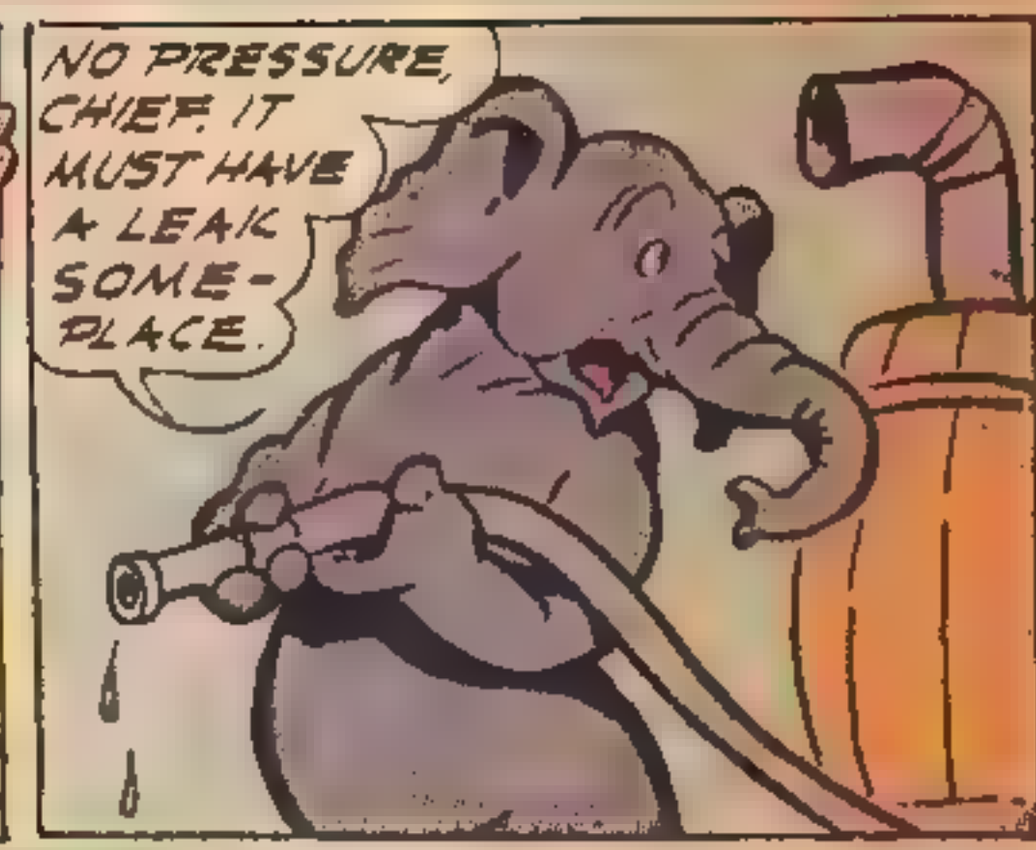

LOOKS PRETTY GOOD, DOESN'T IT?
I WONDER WHETHER IT WILL WORK?

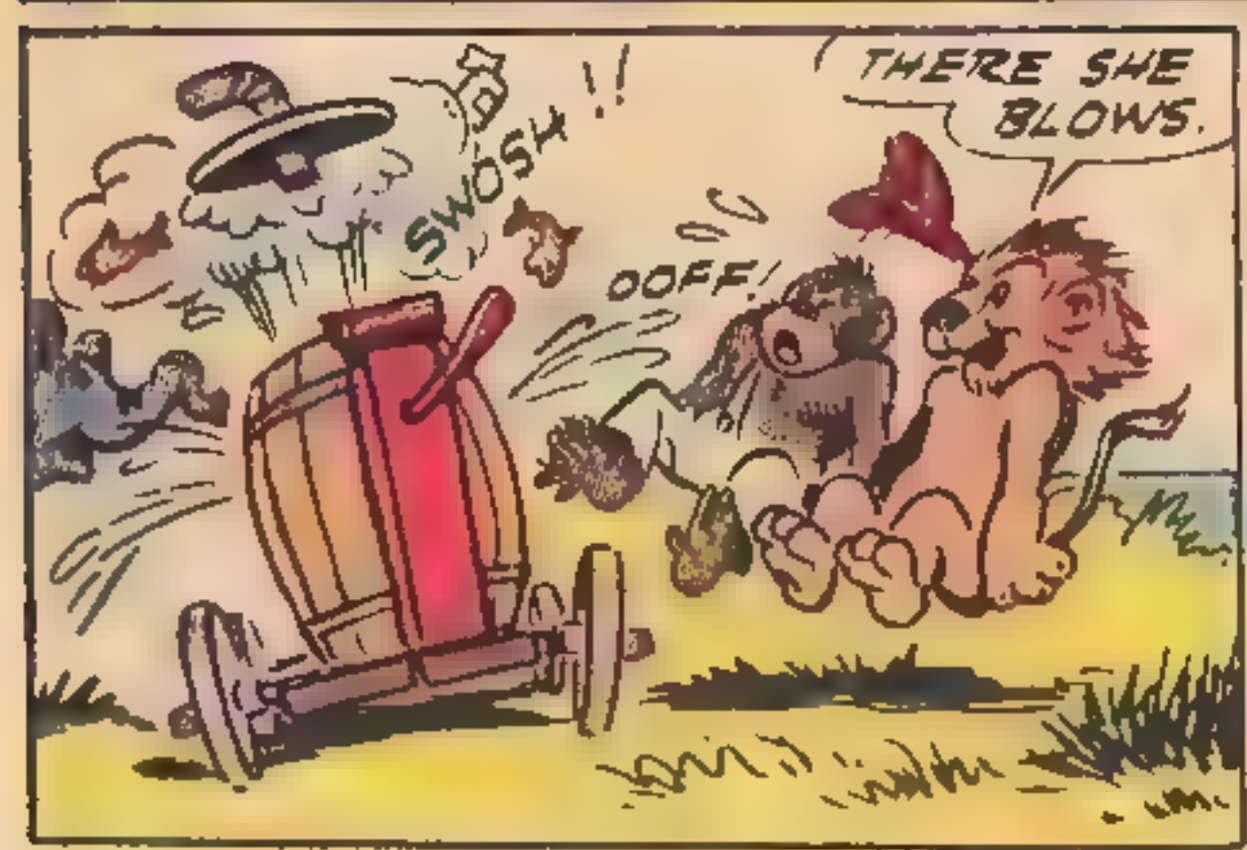

RUN THAT HOSE DOWN AND PUT THE END IN THE WATER.

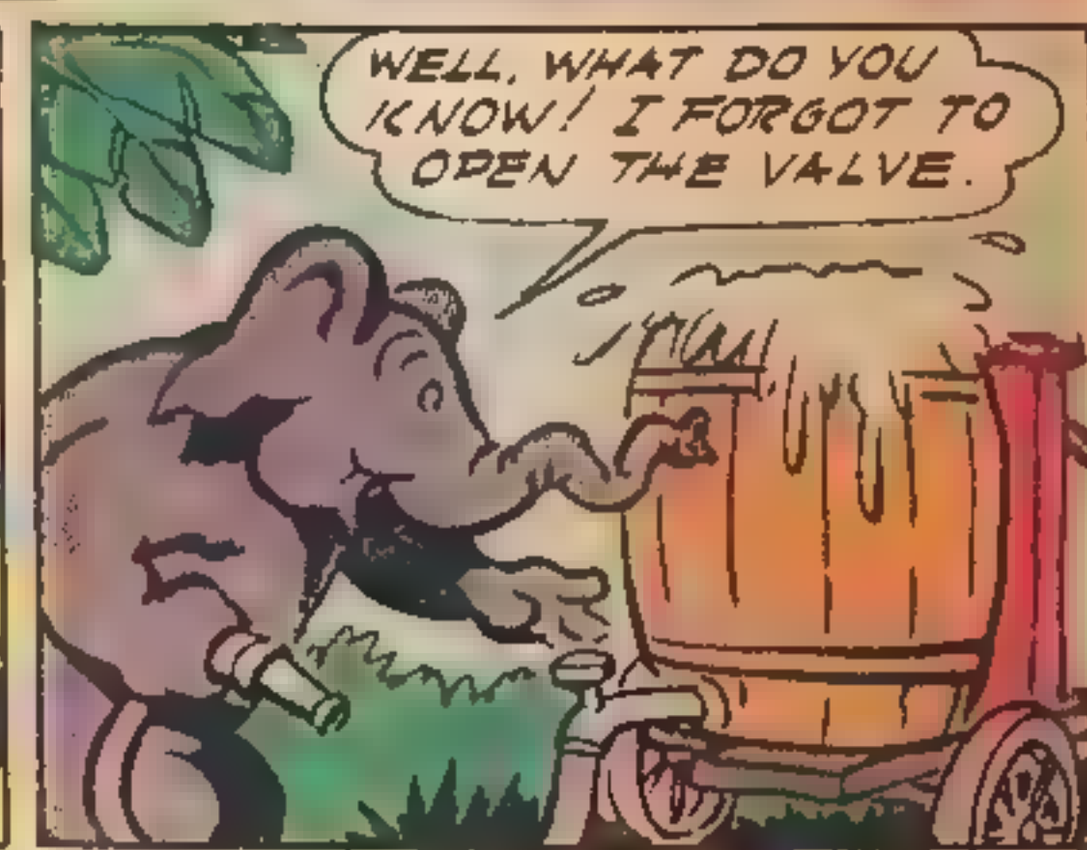

WAKE UP, POP! WE'RE READY TO TEST THE NEW ENGINE.
ZZZZ ZZZ!

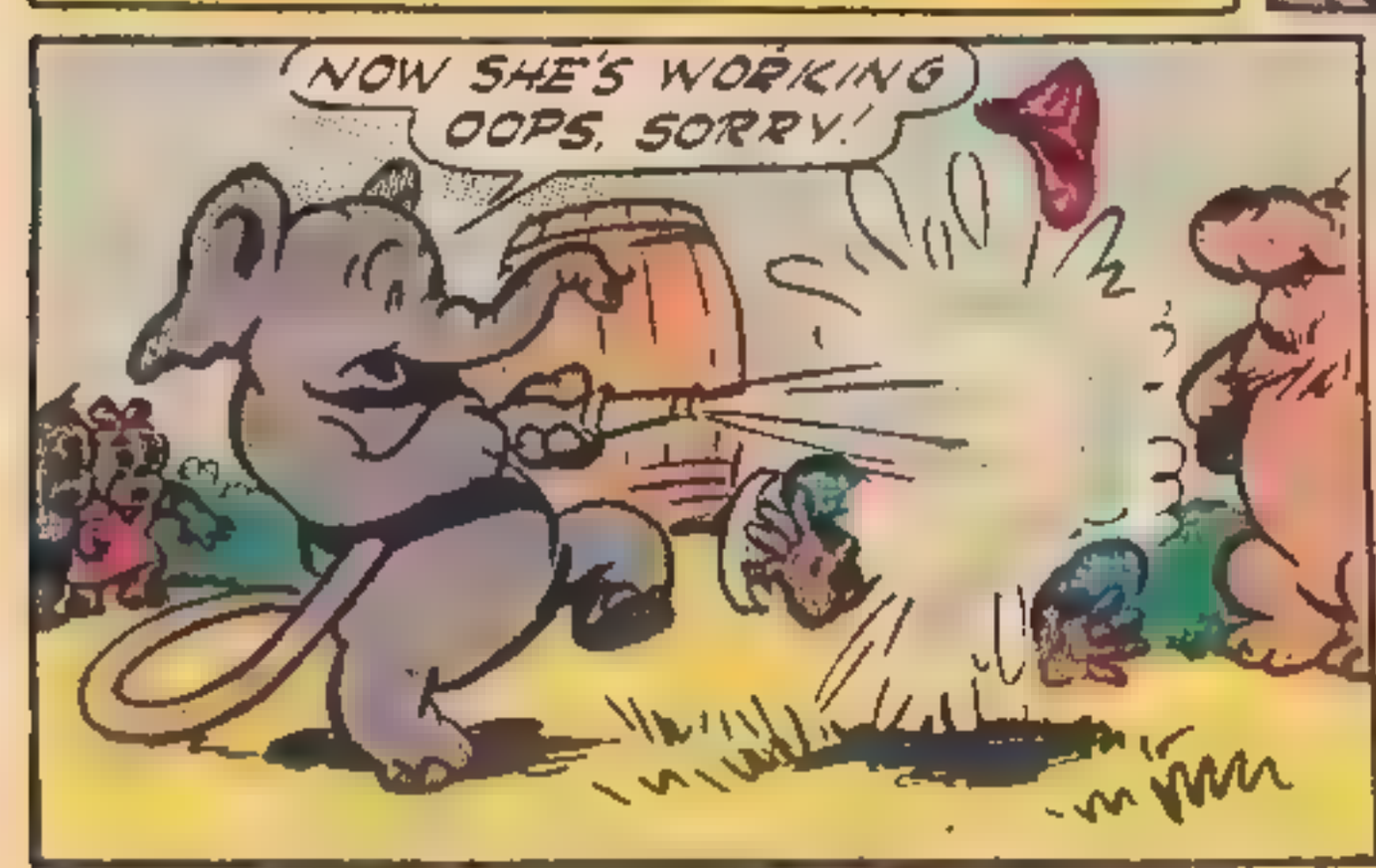

IN ORDER TO MAKE THIS OFFICIAL, I'LL PUMP THE TEST RUN.
OKAY, POP!

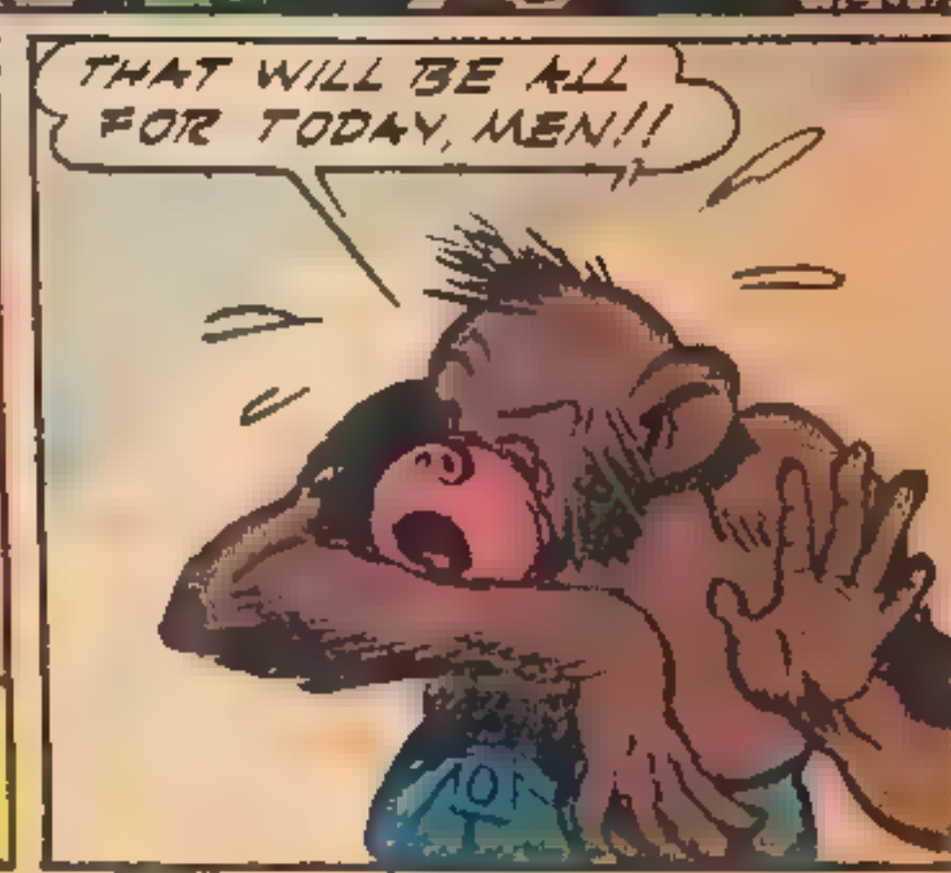

WORKS KINDA STIFF WHEN IT'S NEW, EH, POP?

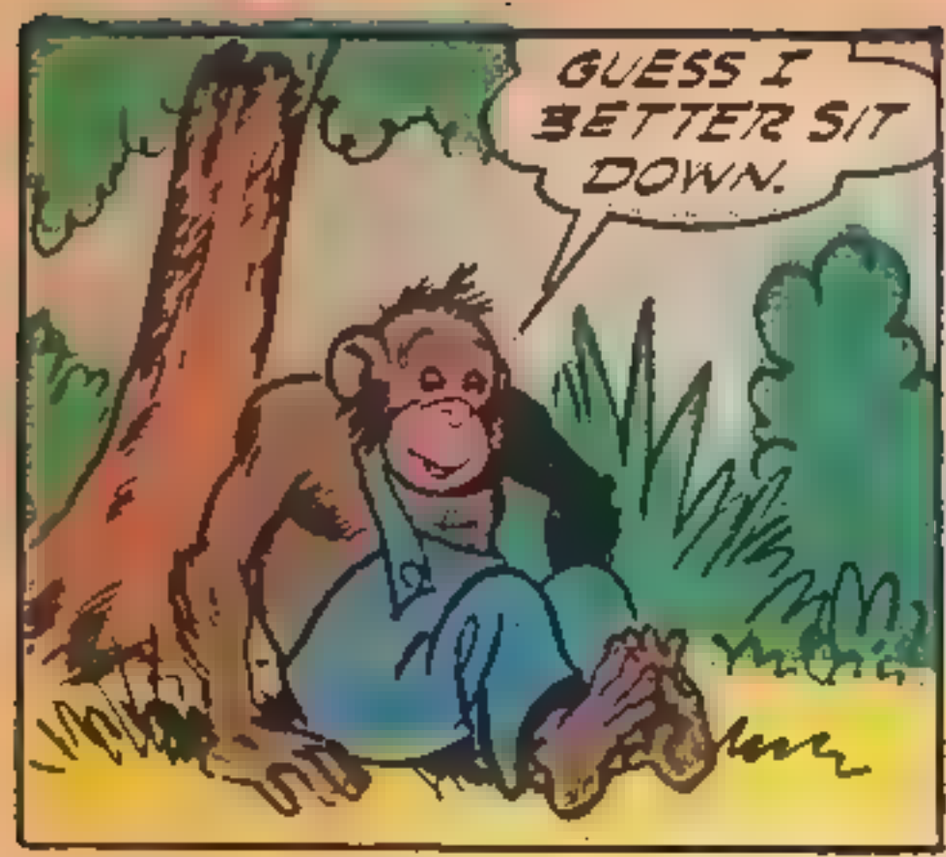

NO PRESSURE, CHIEF. IT MUST HAVE A LEAK SOME-PLACE.

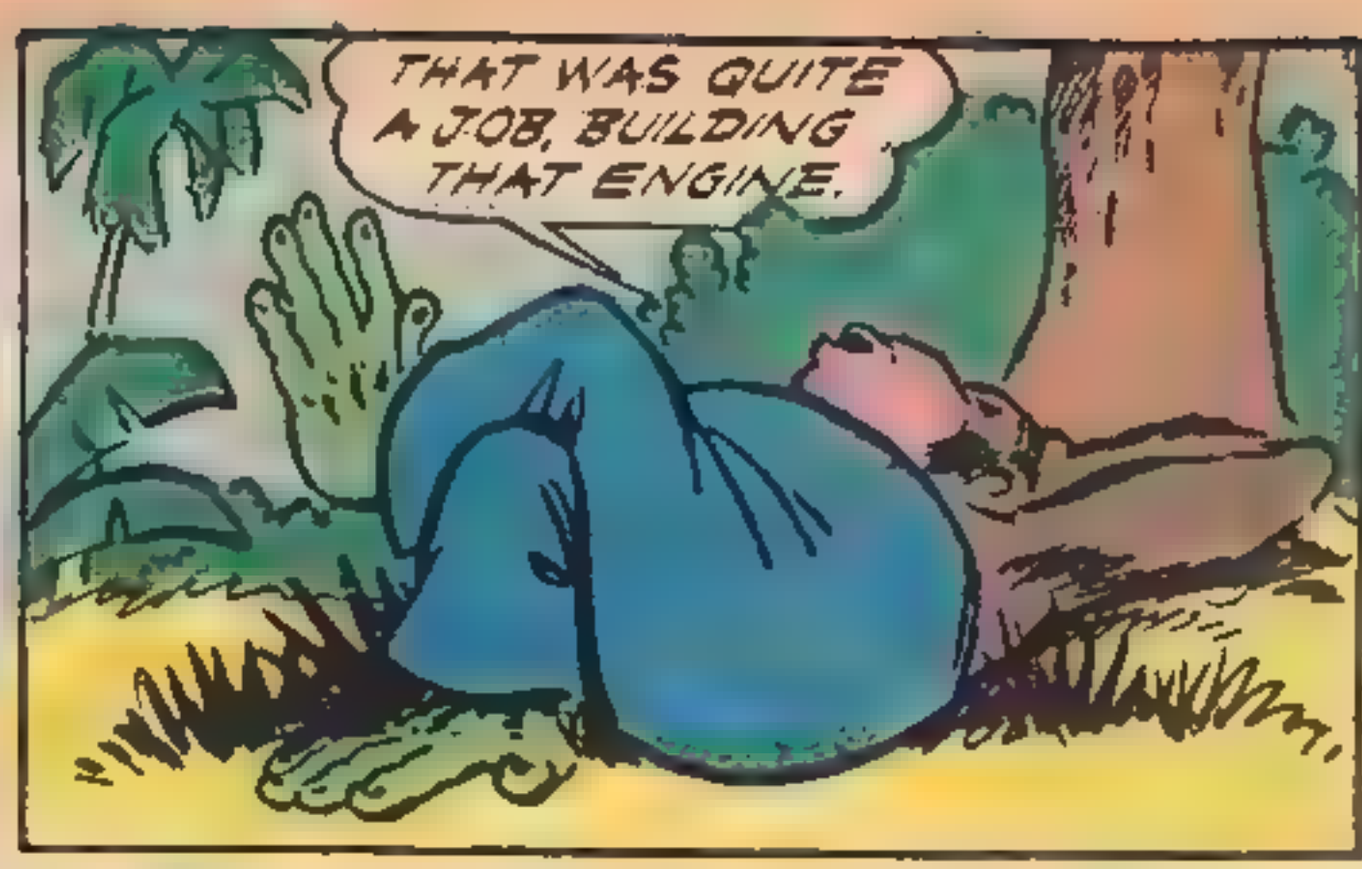

SWOSH!!
THERE SHE BLOWS.
OOFF!

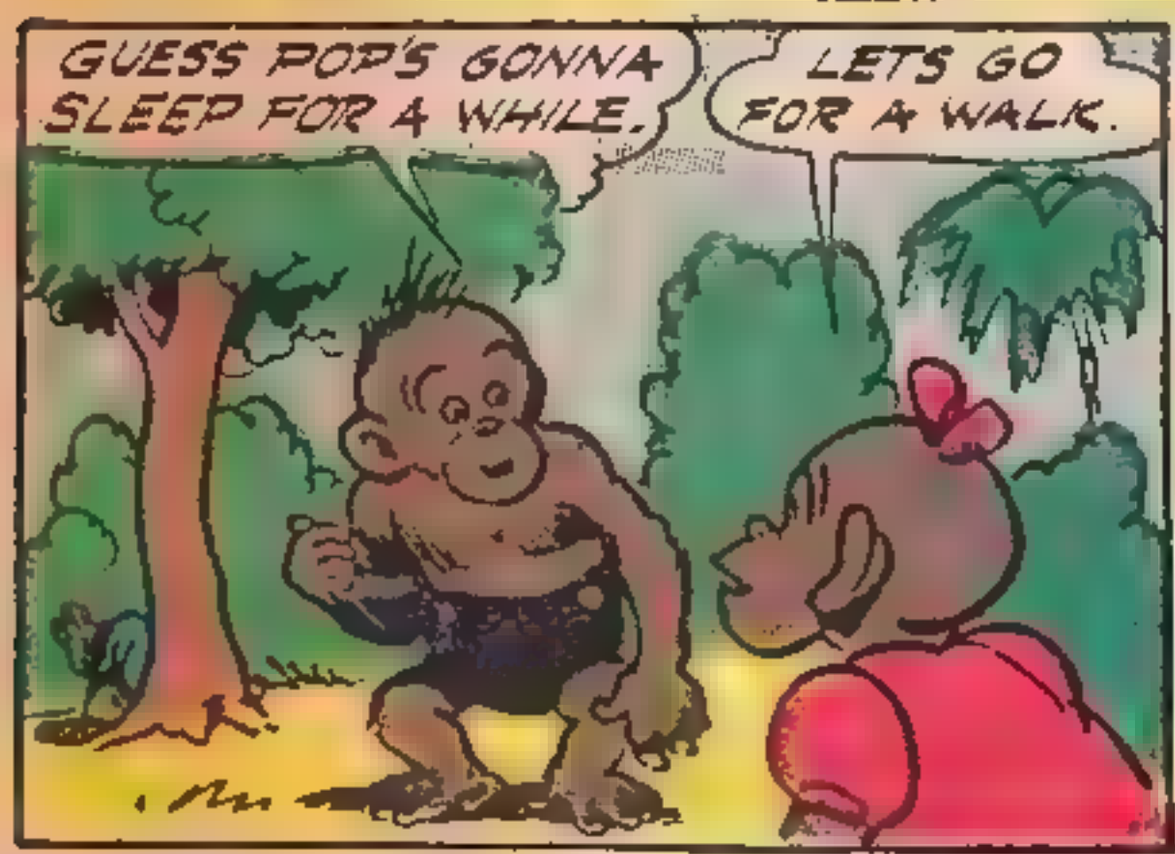

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW! I FORGOT TO OPEN THE VALVE.

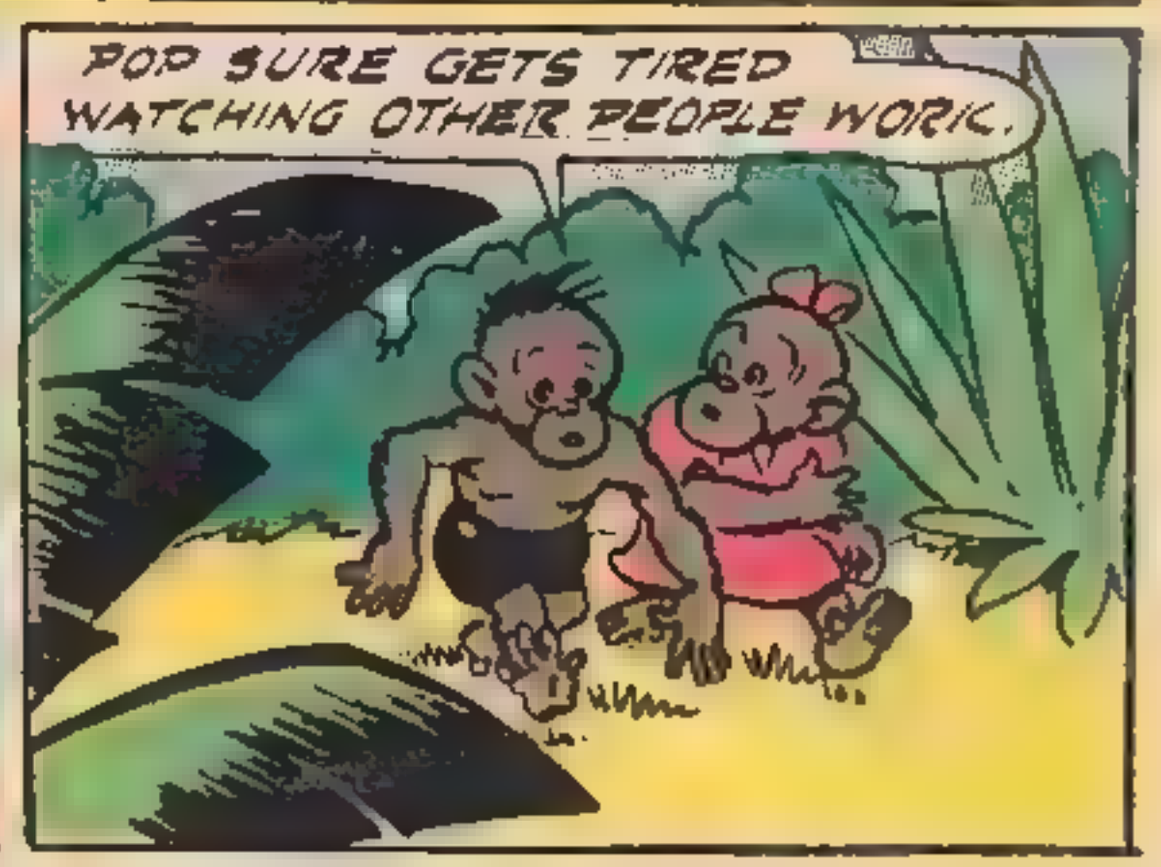

NOW SHE'S WORKING OOPS, SORRY!

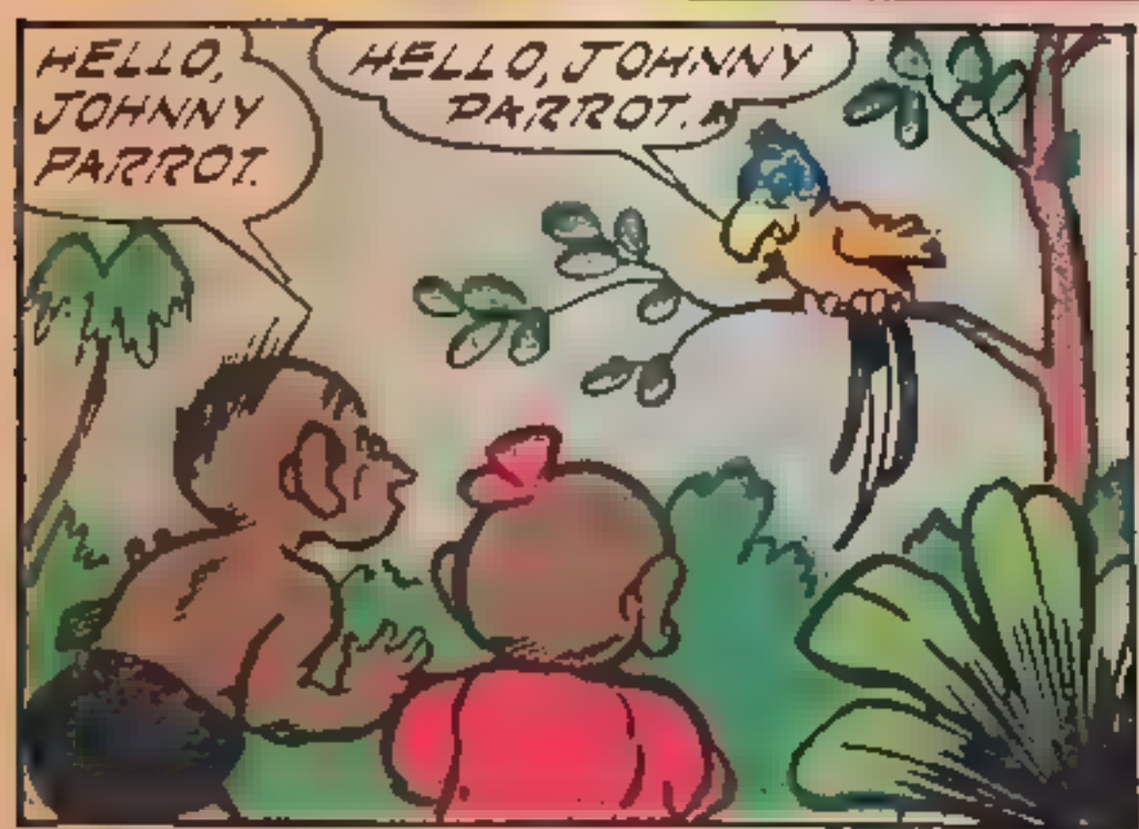

THAT WILL BE ALL FOR TODAY, MEN!!


GUESS I BETTER SIT DOWN.

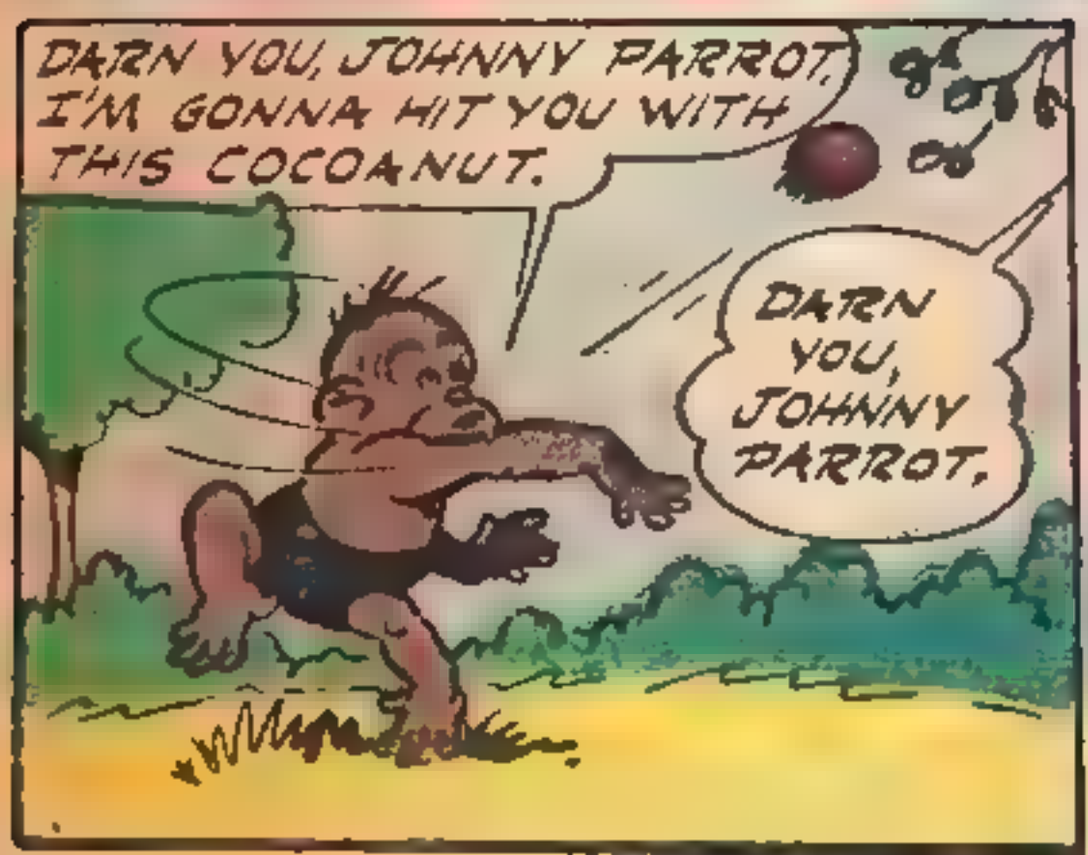

THAT WAS QUITE A JOB, BUILDING THAT ENGINE.

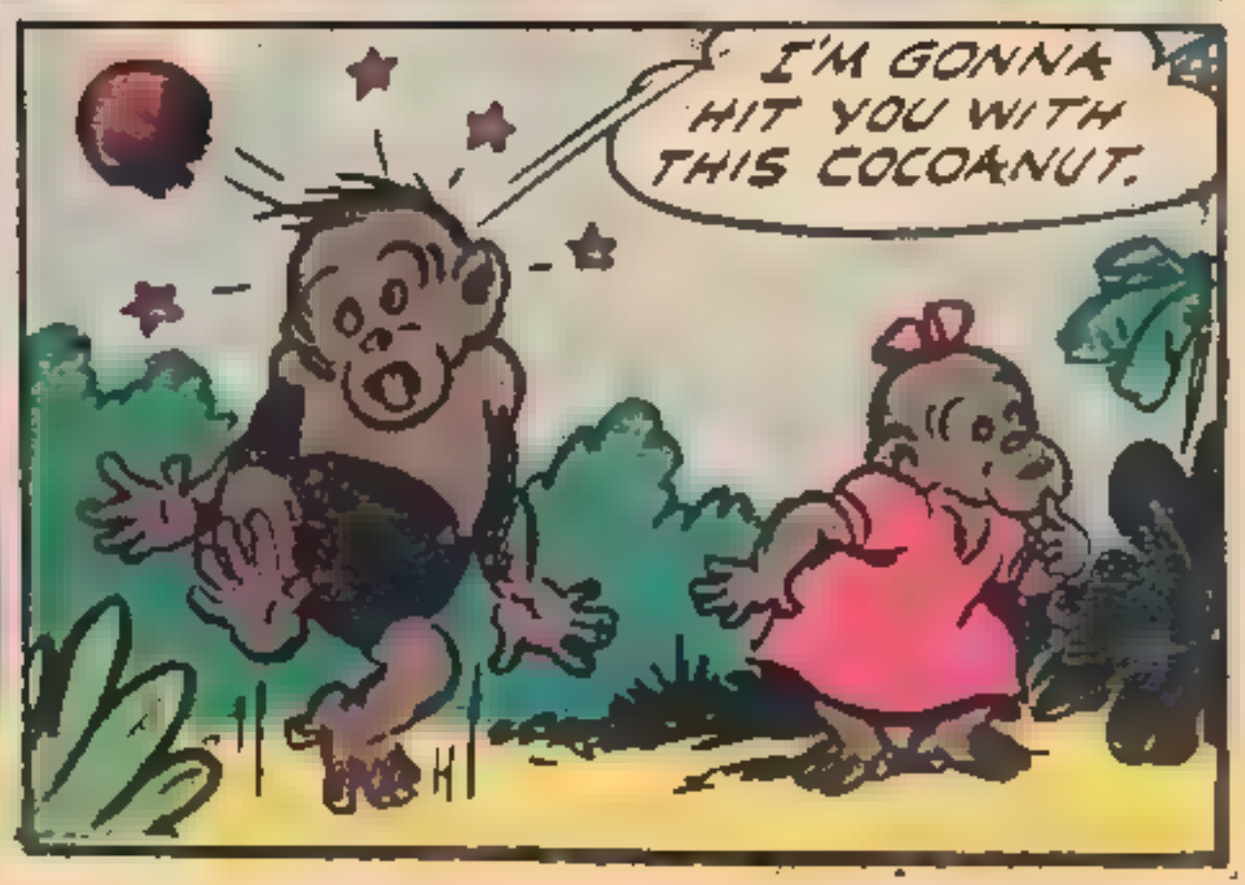

GUESS POP'S GONNA SLEEP FOR A WHILE.
LETS GO FOR A WALK.

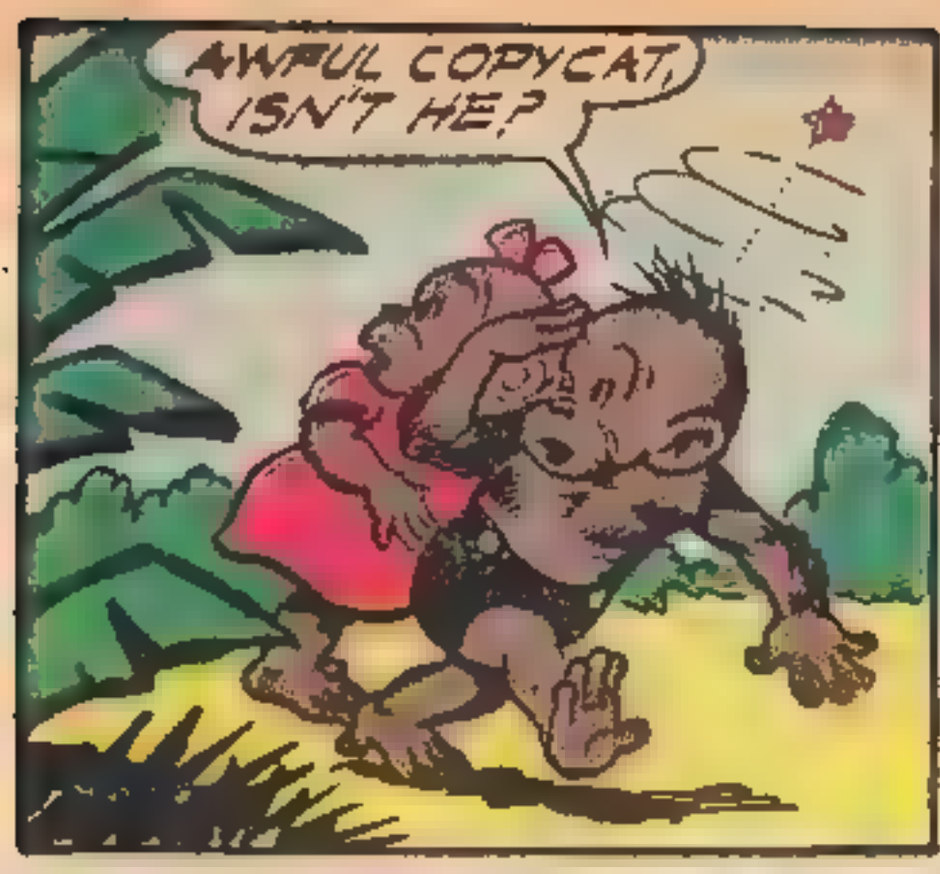

POP SURE GETS TIRED WATCHING OTHER PEOPLE WORK.

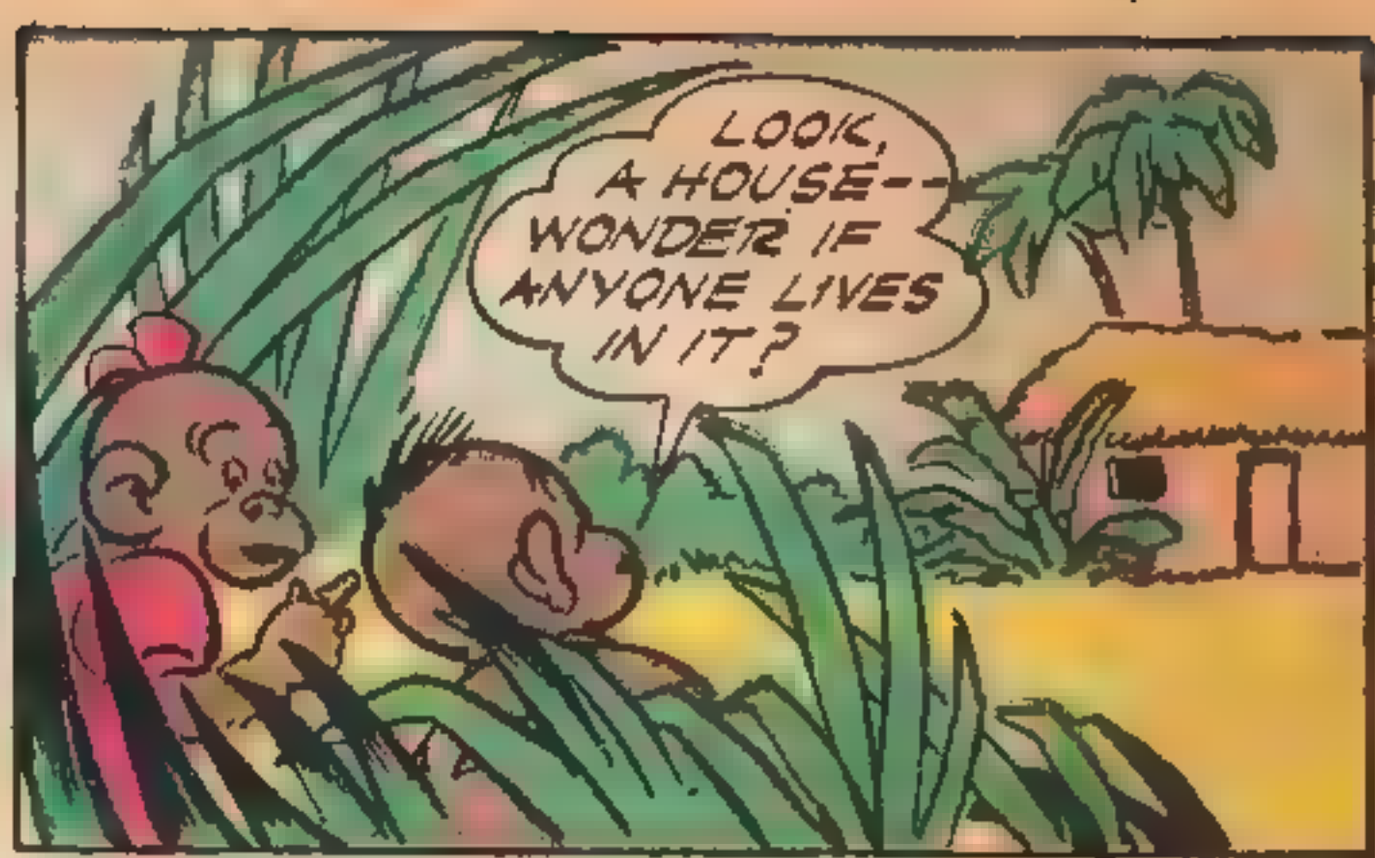

HELLO, JOHNNY PARROT.
HELLO, JOHNNY PARROT.

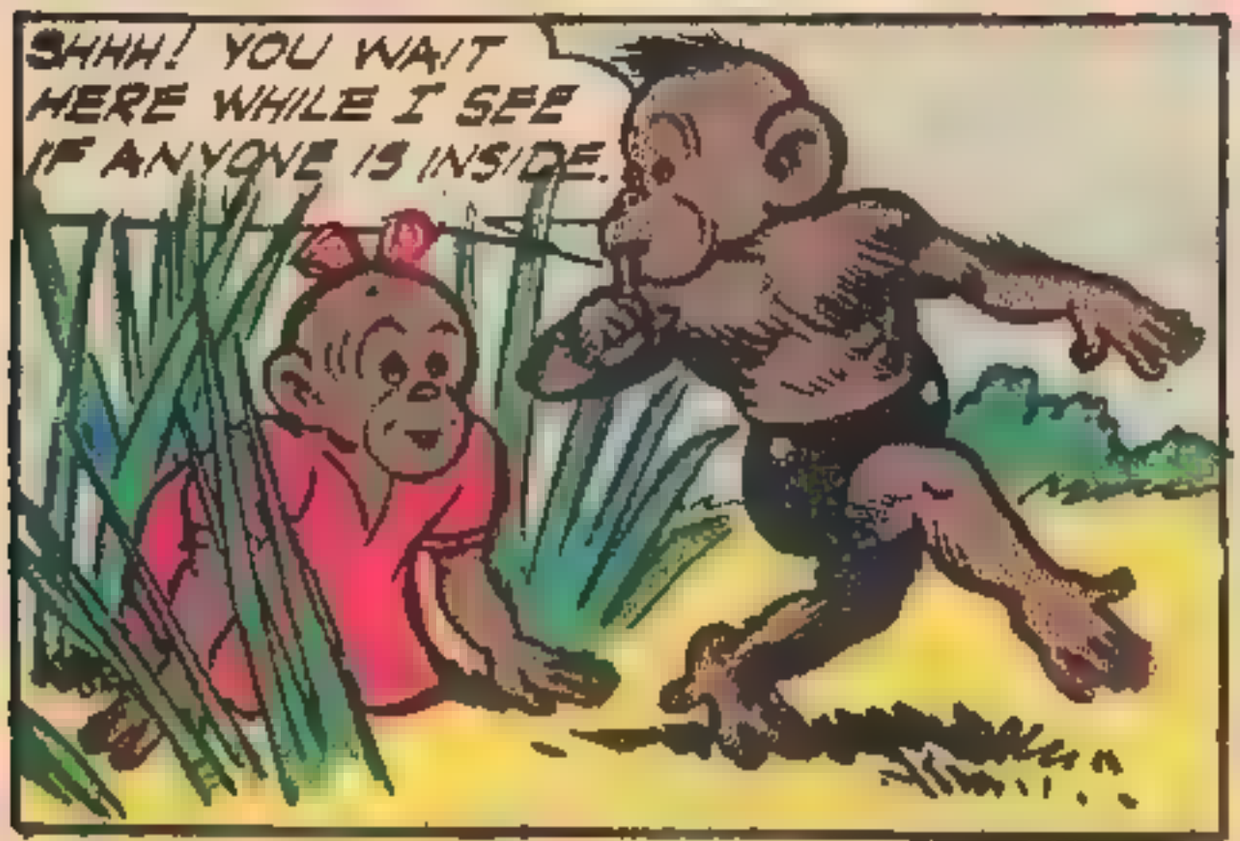
CANT YOU SAY NOTHING FOR YOURSELF?
NOTHING FOR YOUR-SELF.

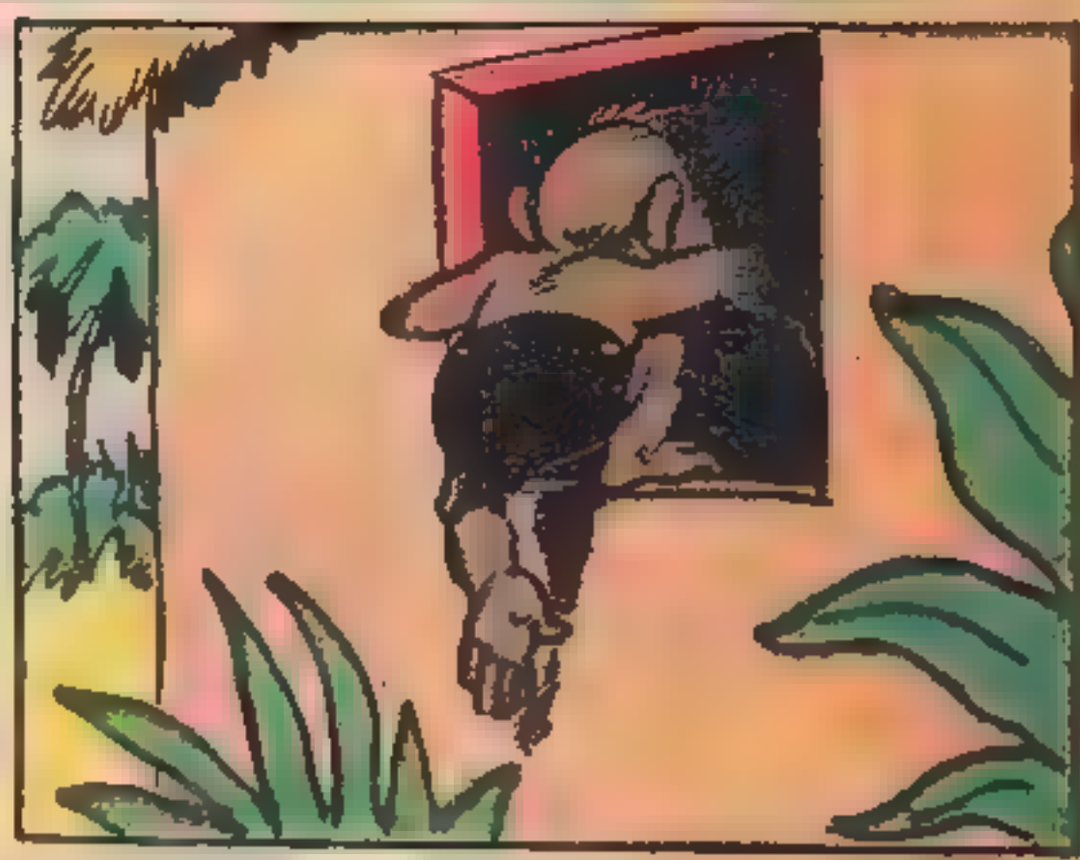

DARN YOU, JOHNNY PARROT, I'M GONNA HIT YOU WITH THIS COCOANUT.
DARN YOU, JOHNNY PARROT.

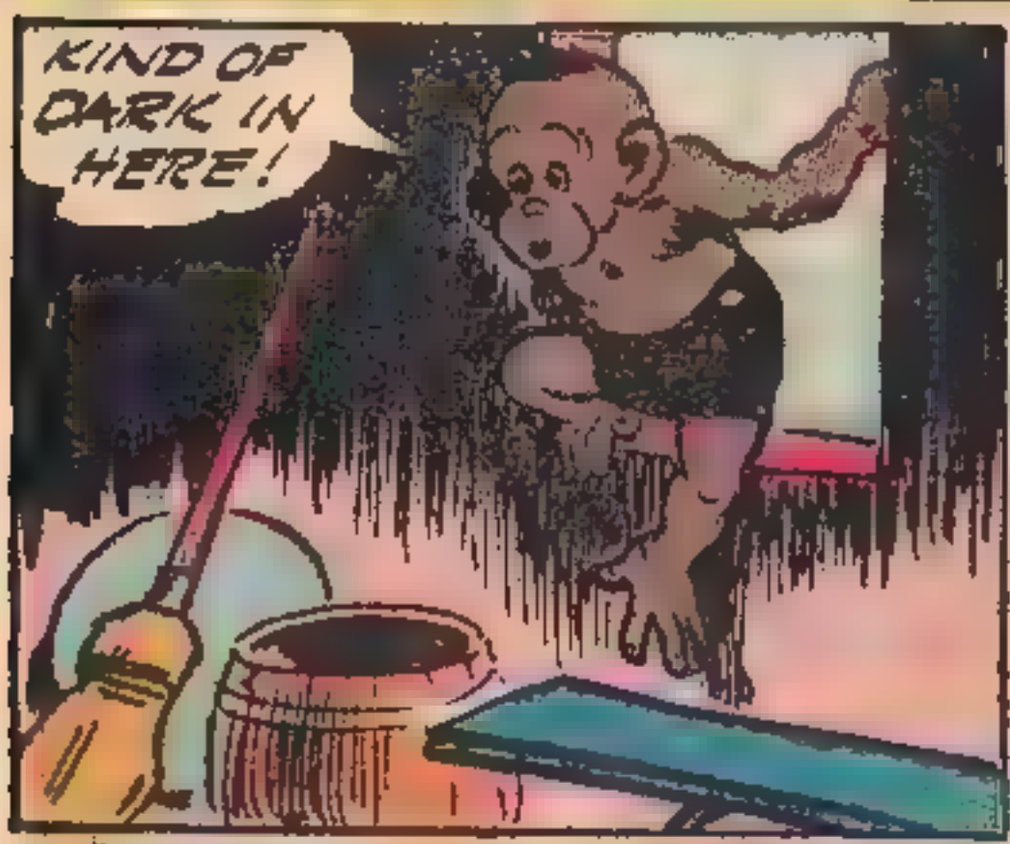

I'M GONNA HIT YOU WITH THIS COCOANUT.

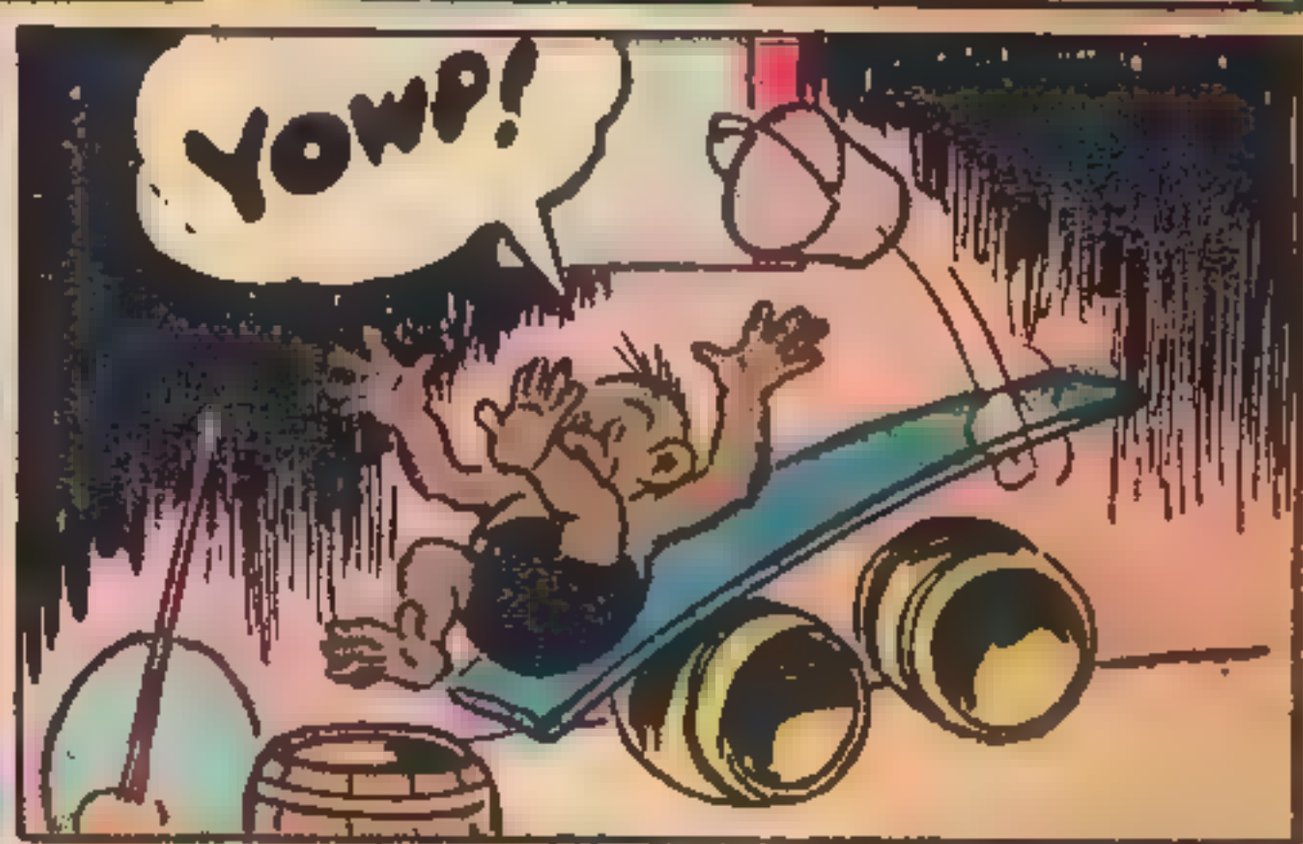

AWFUL COPYCAT, ISN'T HE?

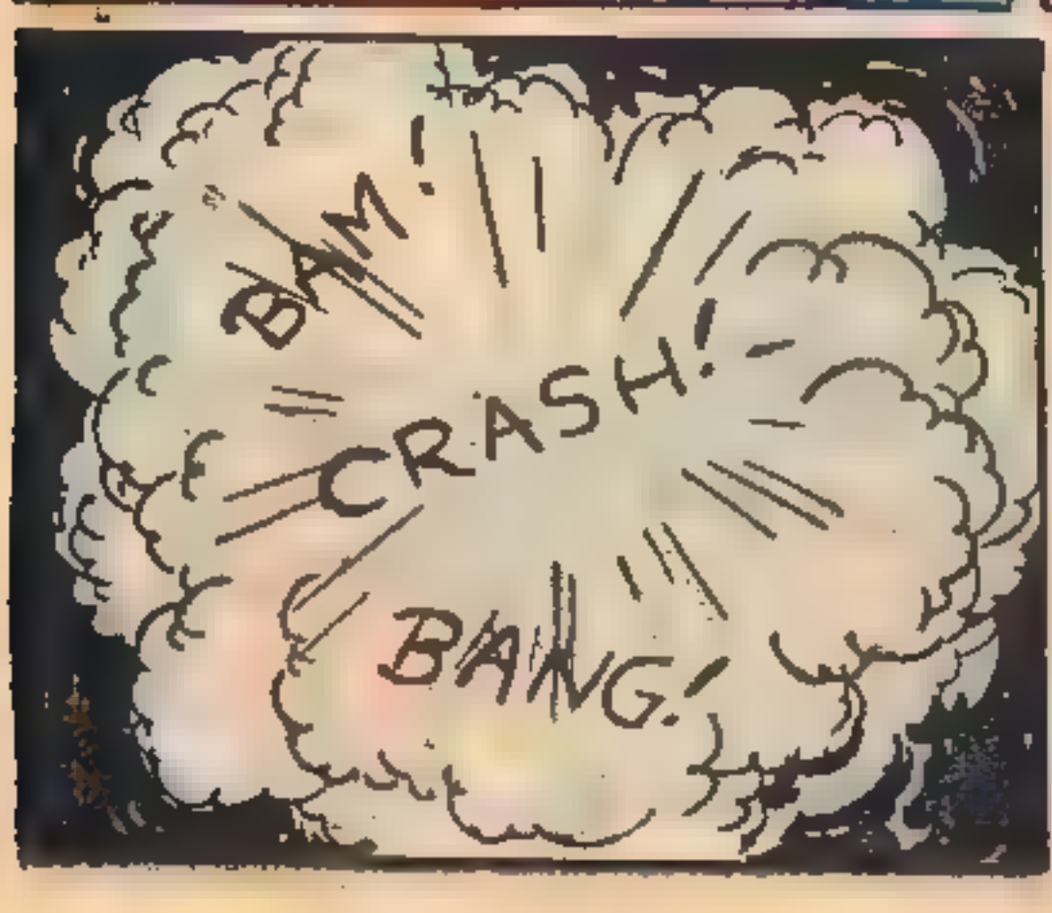

LOOK, A HOUSE-- WONDER IF ANYONE LIVES IN IT?

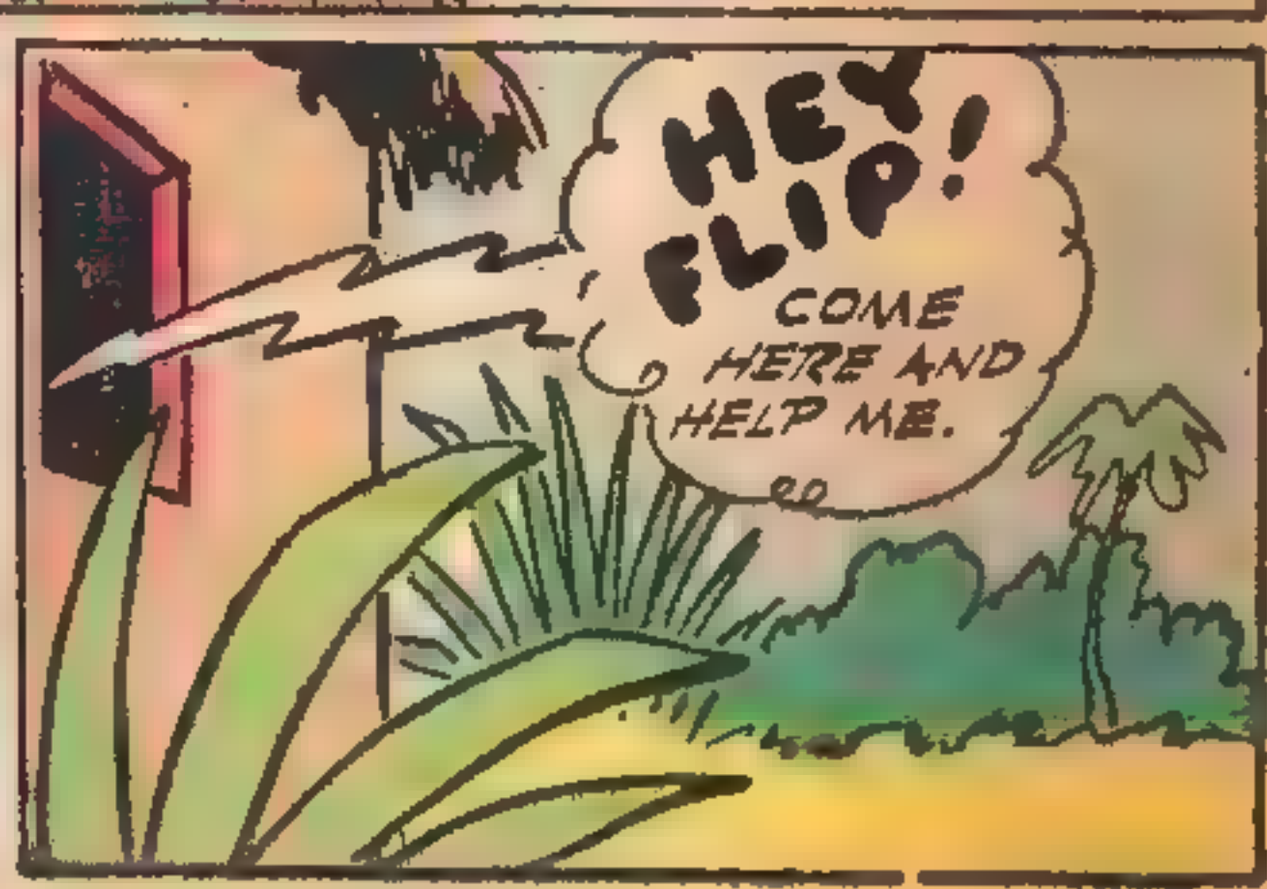

SHHH! YOU WAIT HERE WHILE I SEE IF ANYONE IS INSIDE.

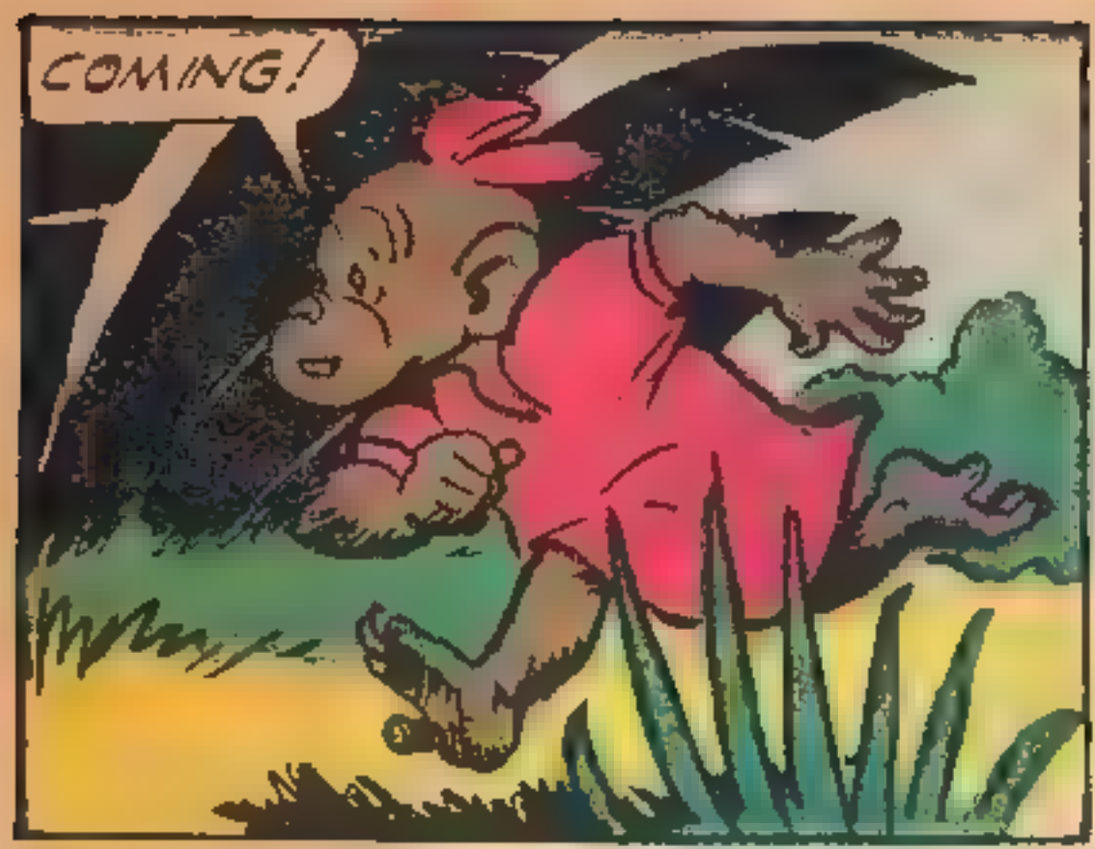


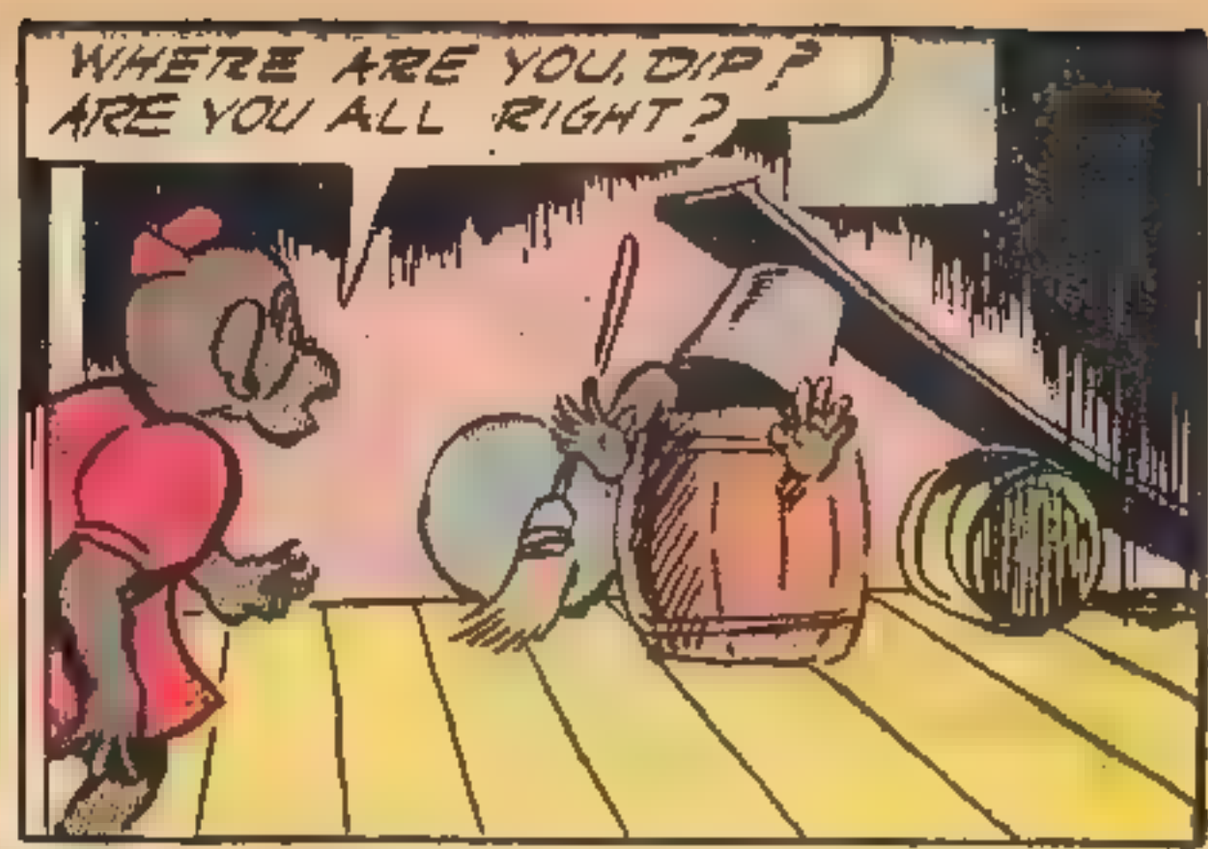

KIND OF DARK IN HERE!

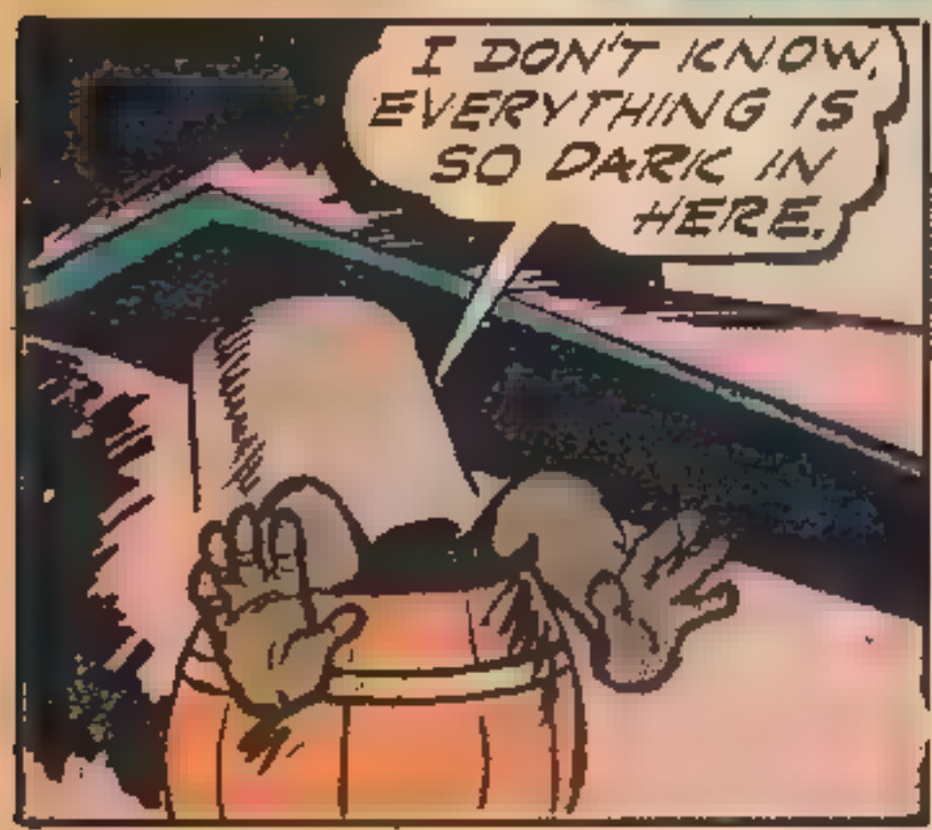

YOWP!


BAM!
CRASH!
BANG!

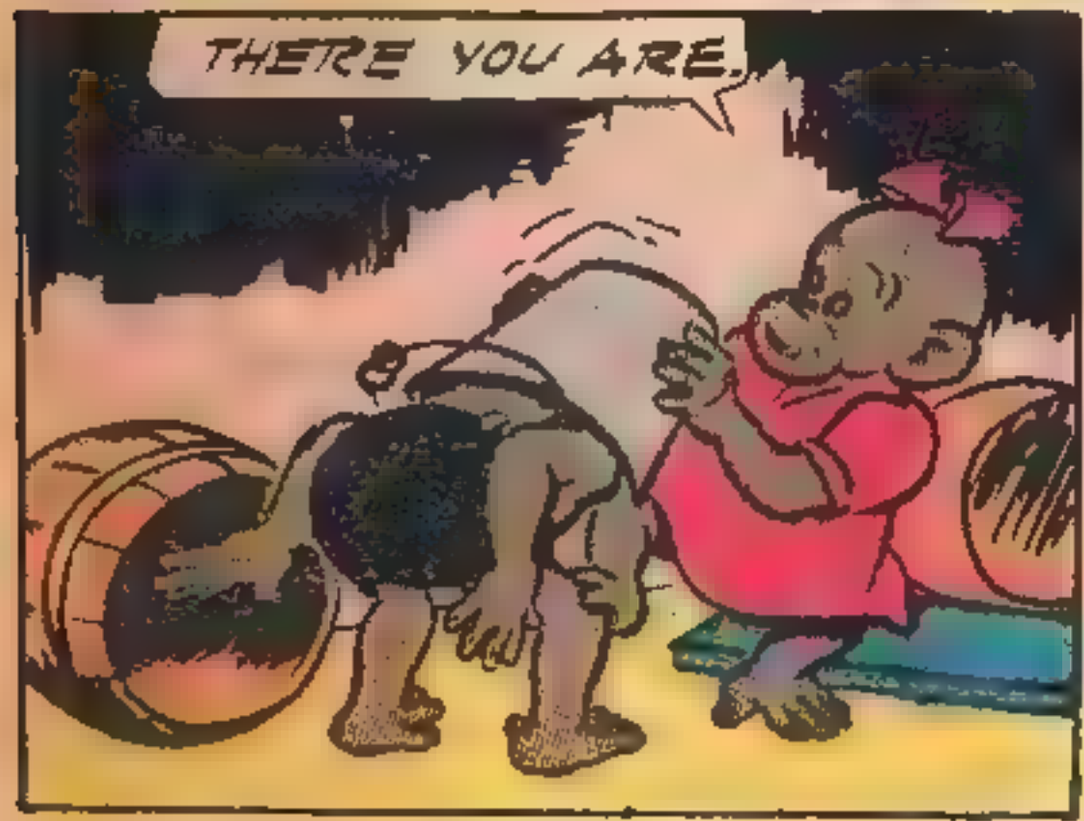

HEY FLIP!
COME HERE AND HELP ME.

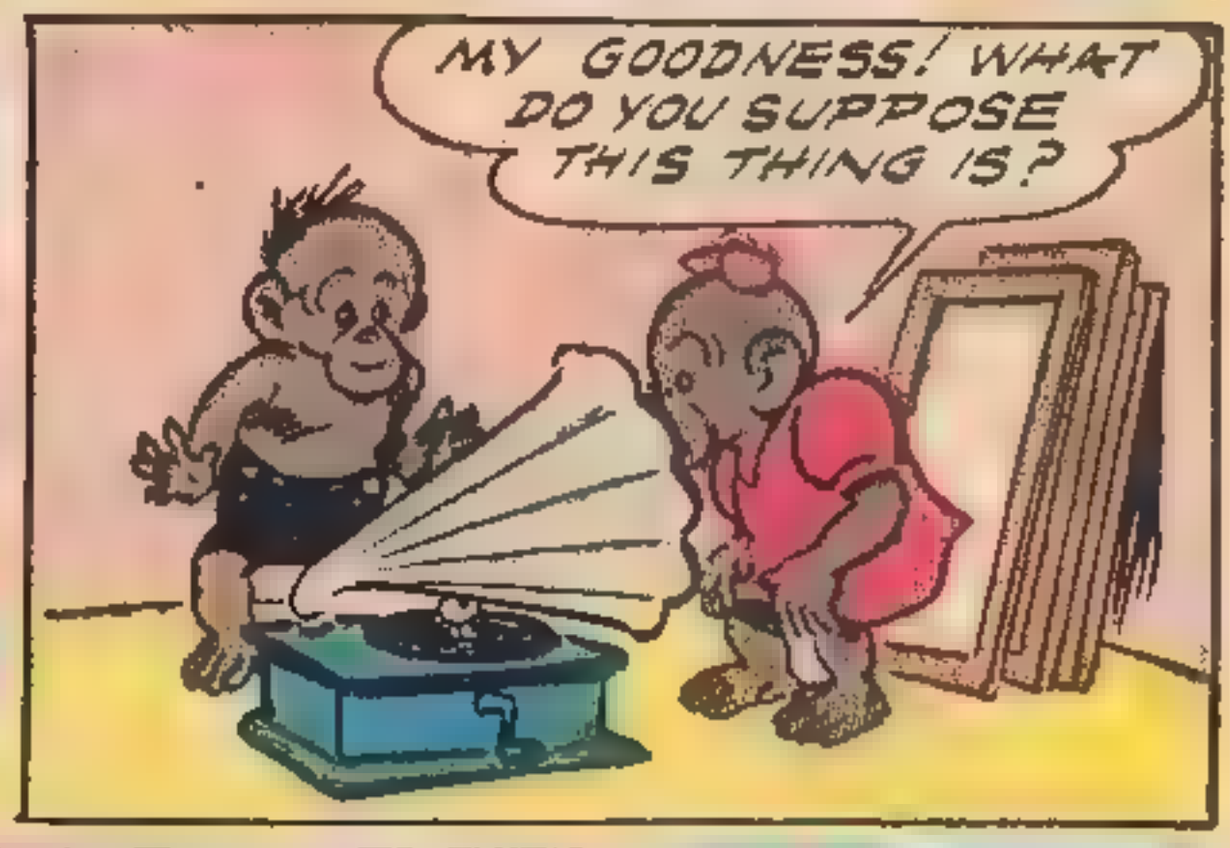

COMING!

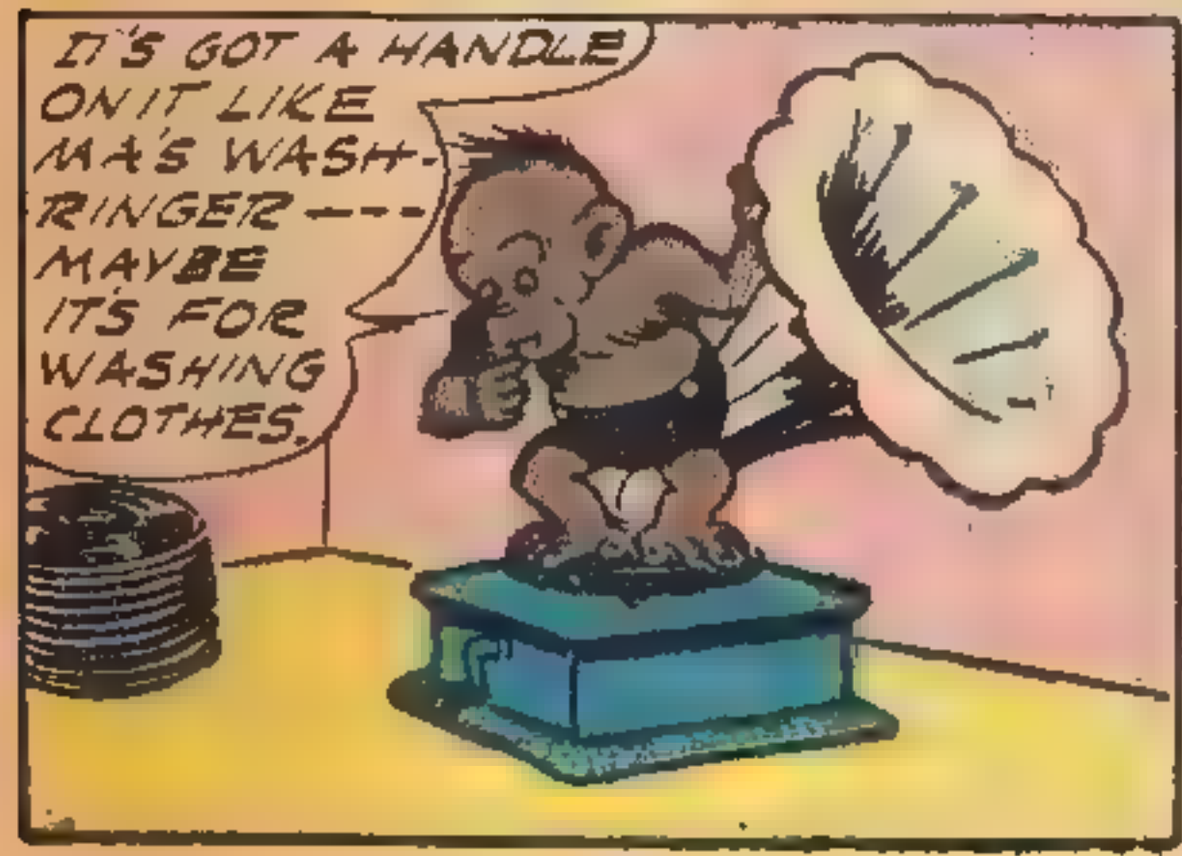

WHERE ARE YOU, DIP? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

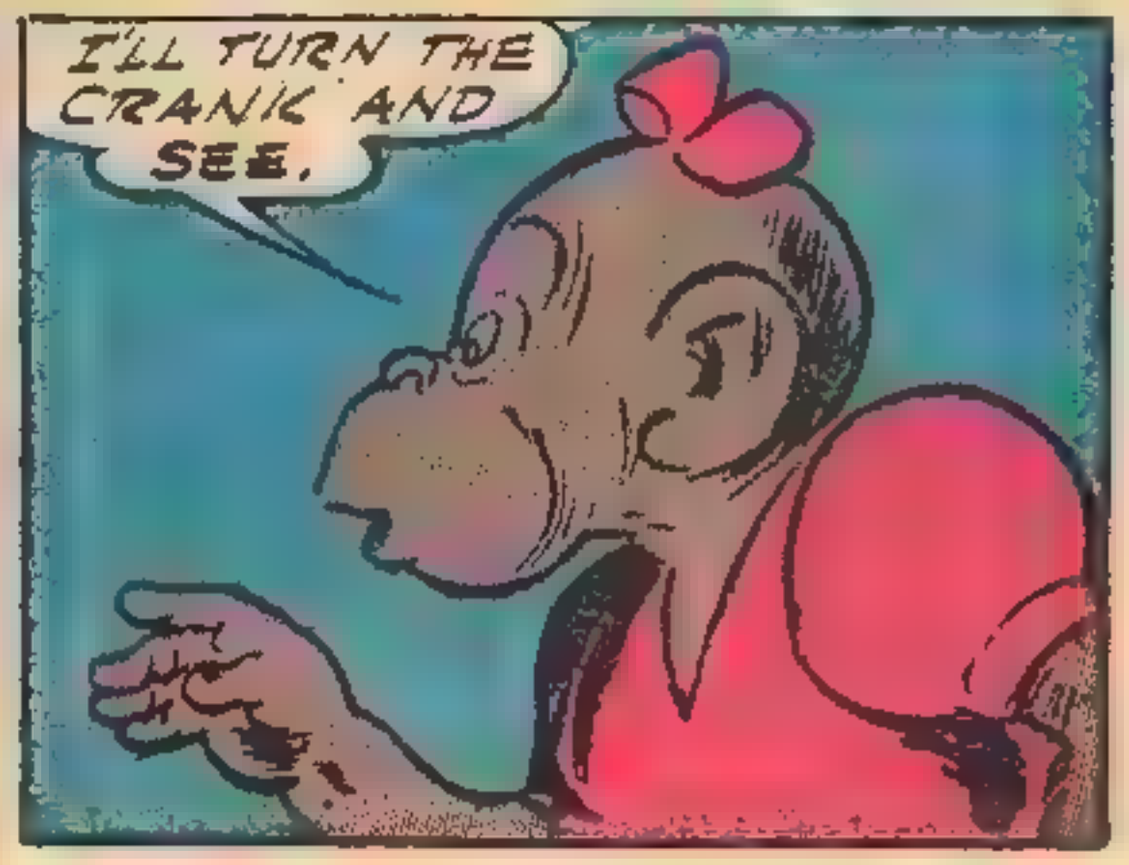

I DON'T KNOW, EVERYTHING IS SO DARK IN HERE.

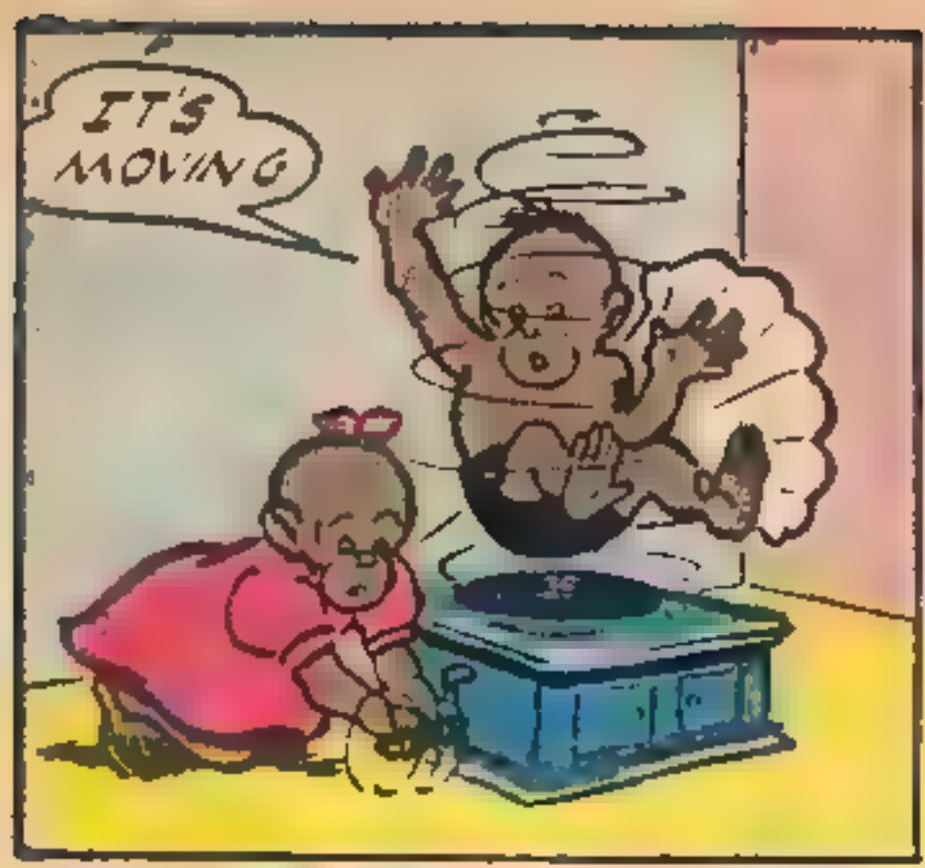
YOU'LL SEE THE LIGHT IN A MINUTE.

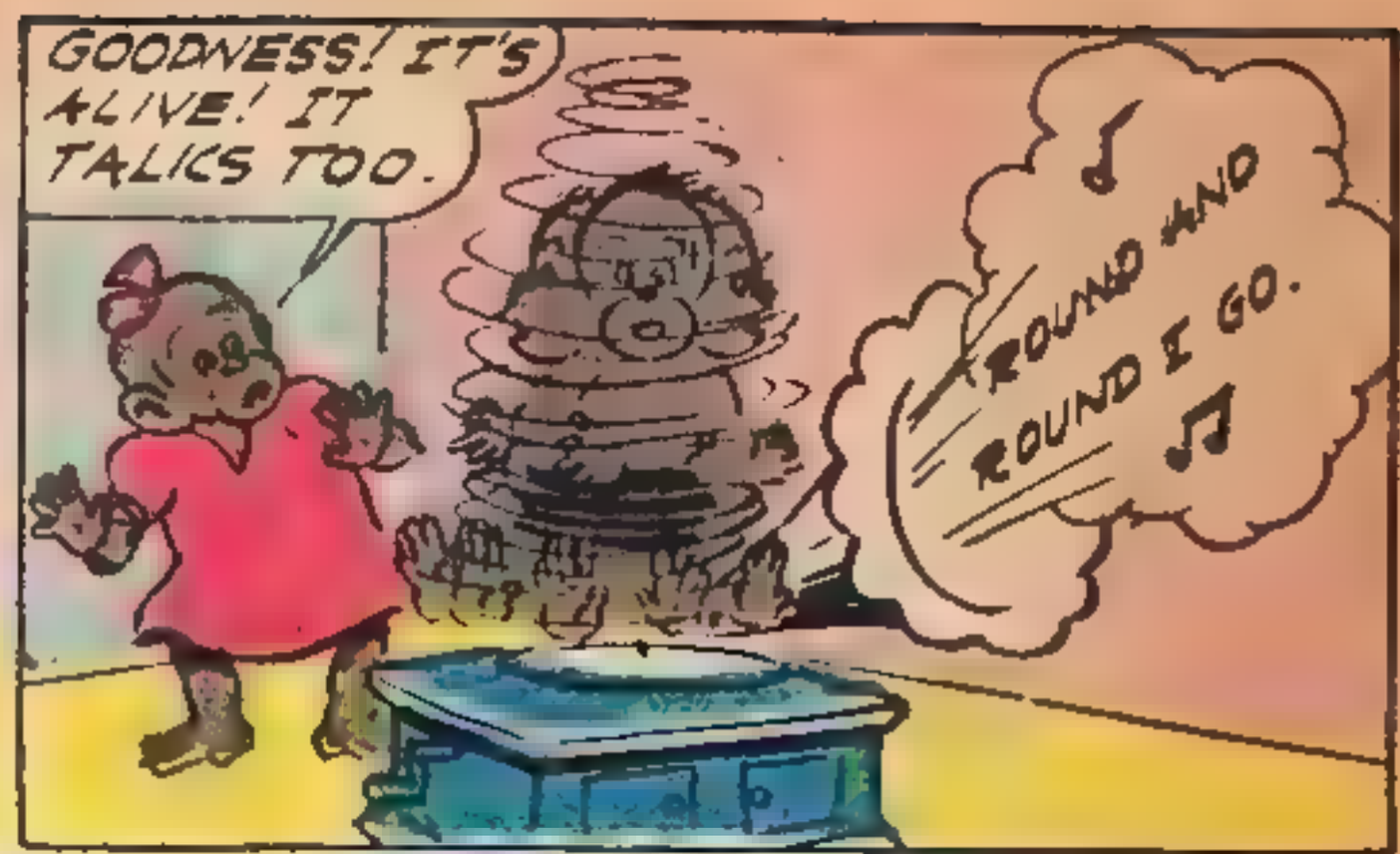

THERE YOU ARE.

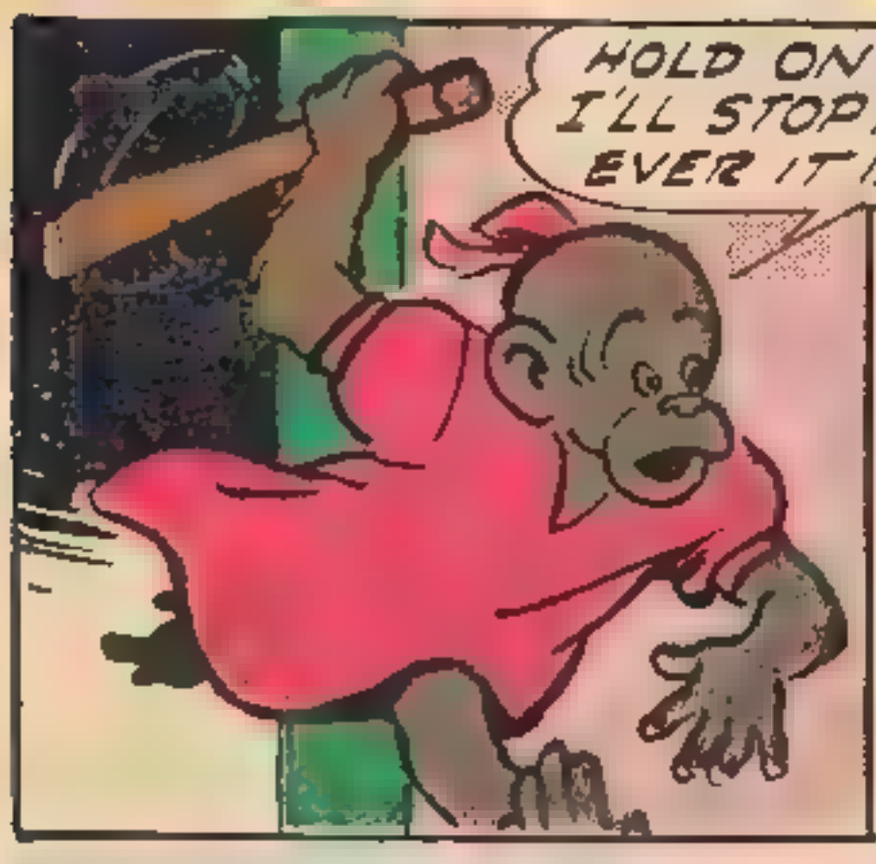

MY GOODNESS! WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THIS THING IS?

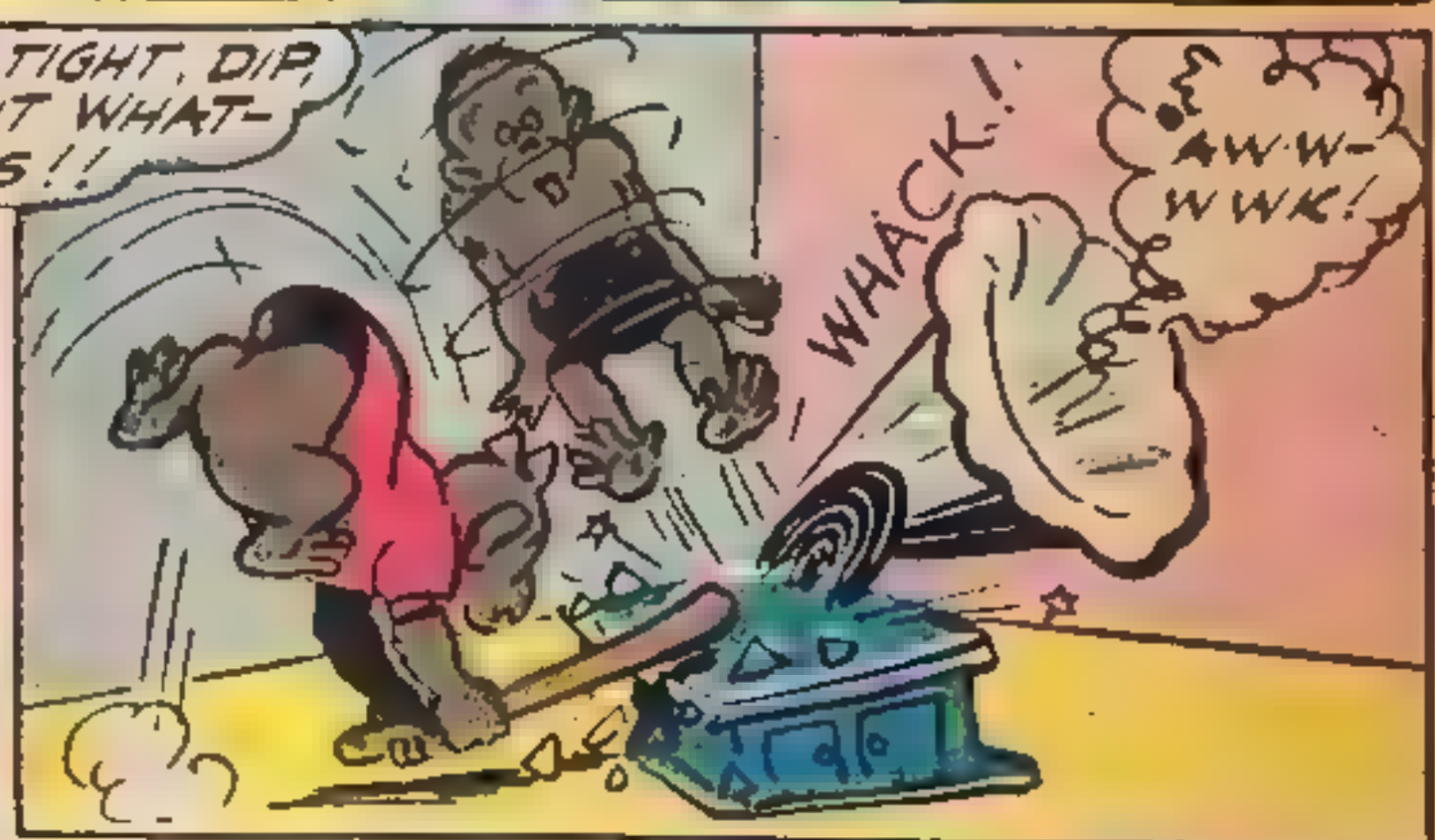

IT'S GOT A HANDLE ON IT LIKE MA'S WASH-RINGER --- MAYBE IT'S FOR WASHING CLOTHES.

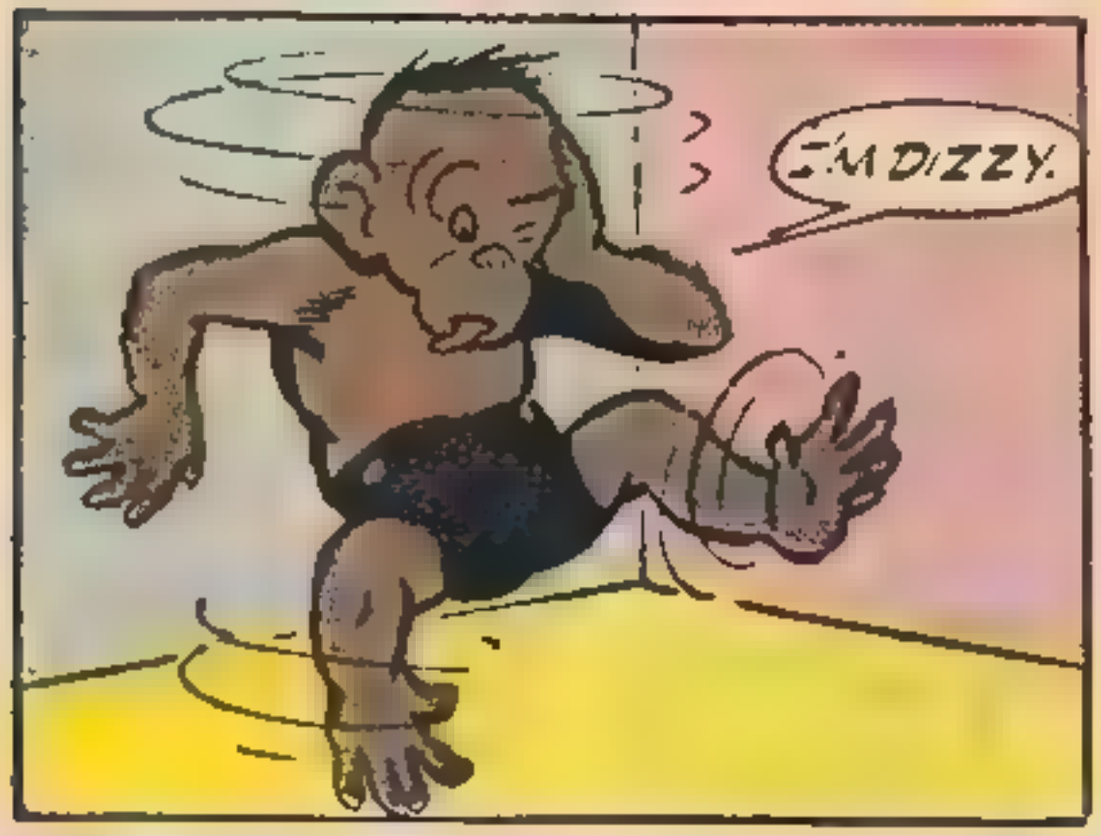

I'LL TURN THE CRANK AND SEE.

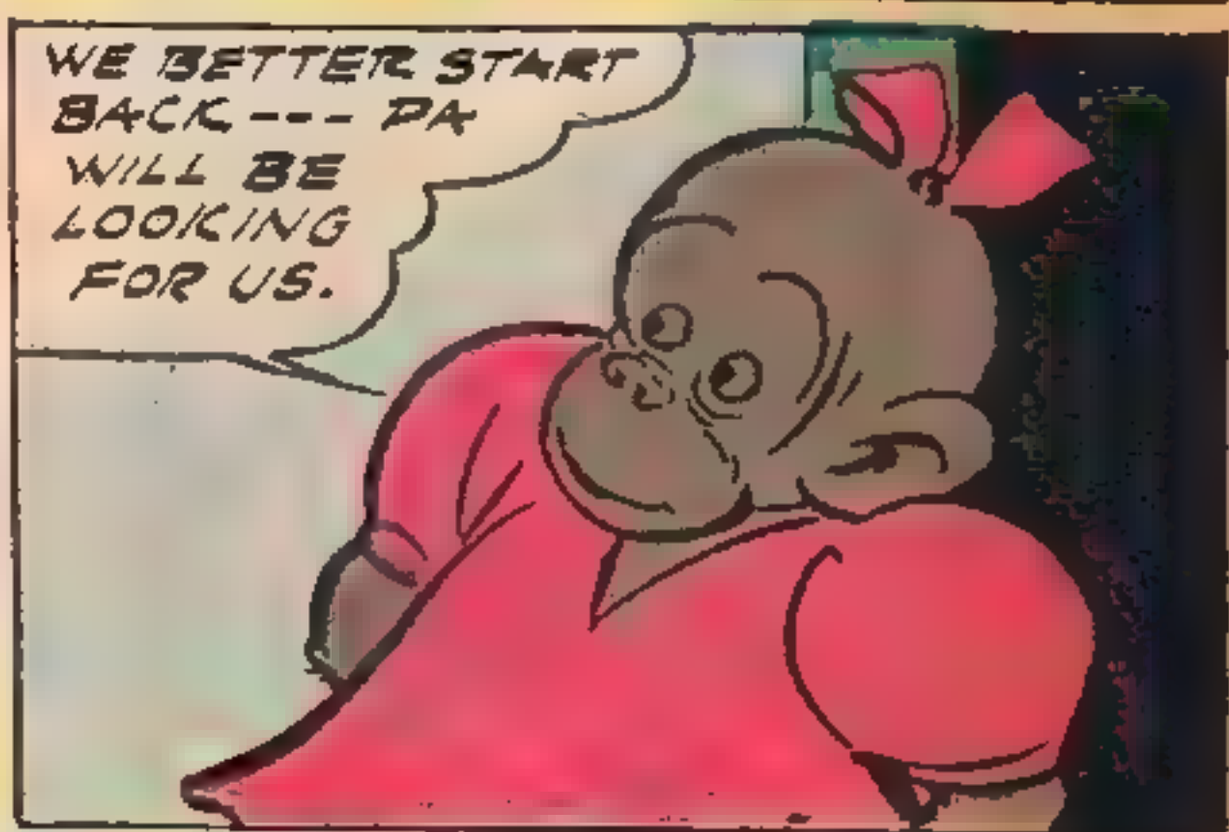

IT'S MOVING

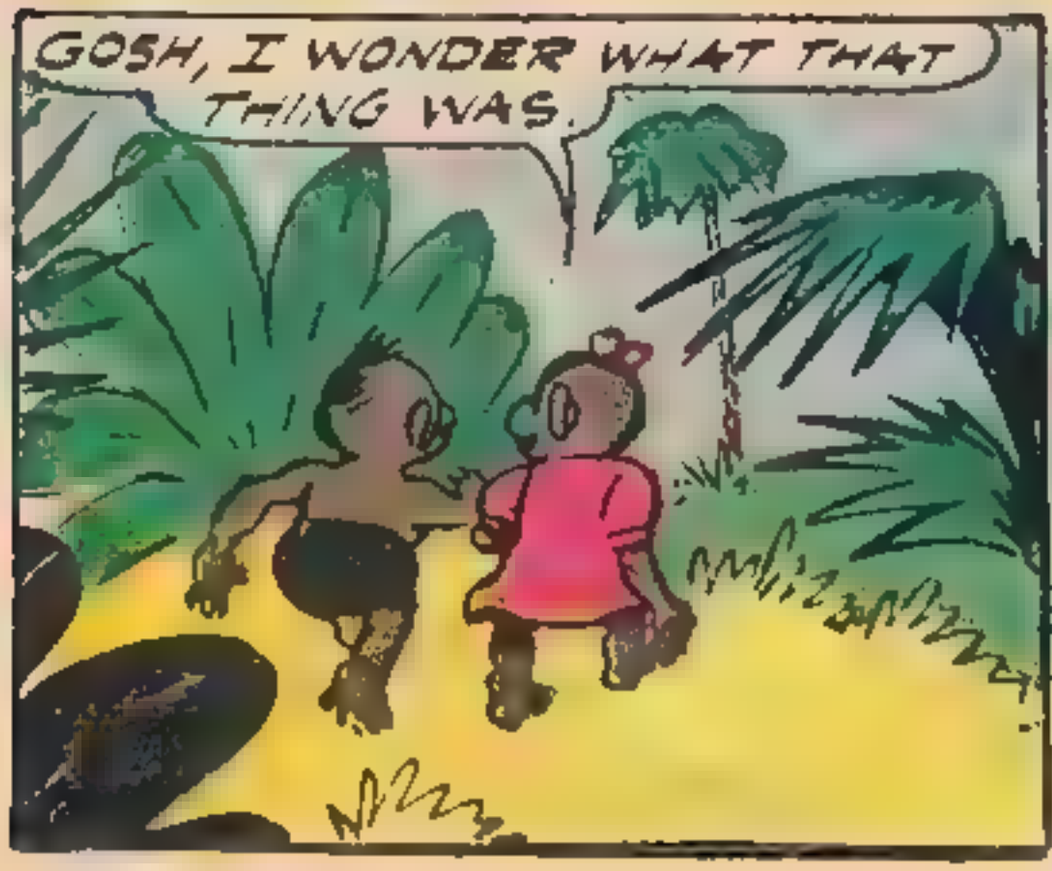

GOODNESS! IT'S ALIVE! IT TALKS TOO.
ROUND AND ROUND I GO.

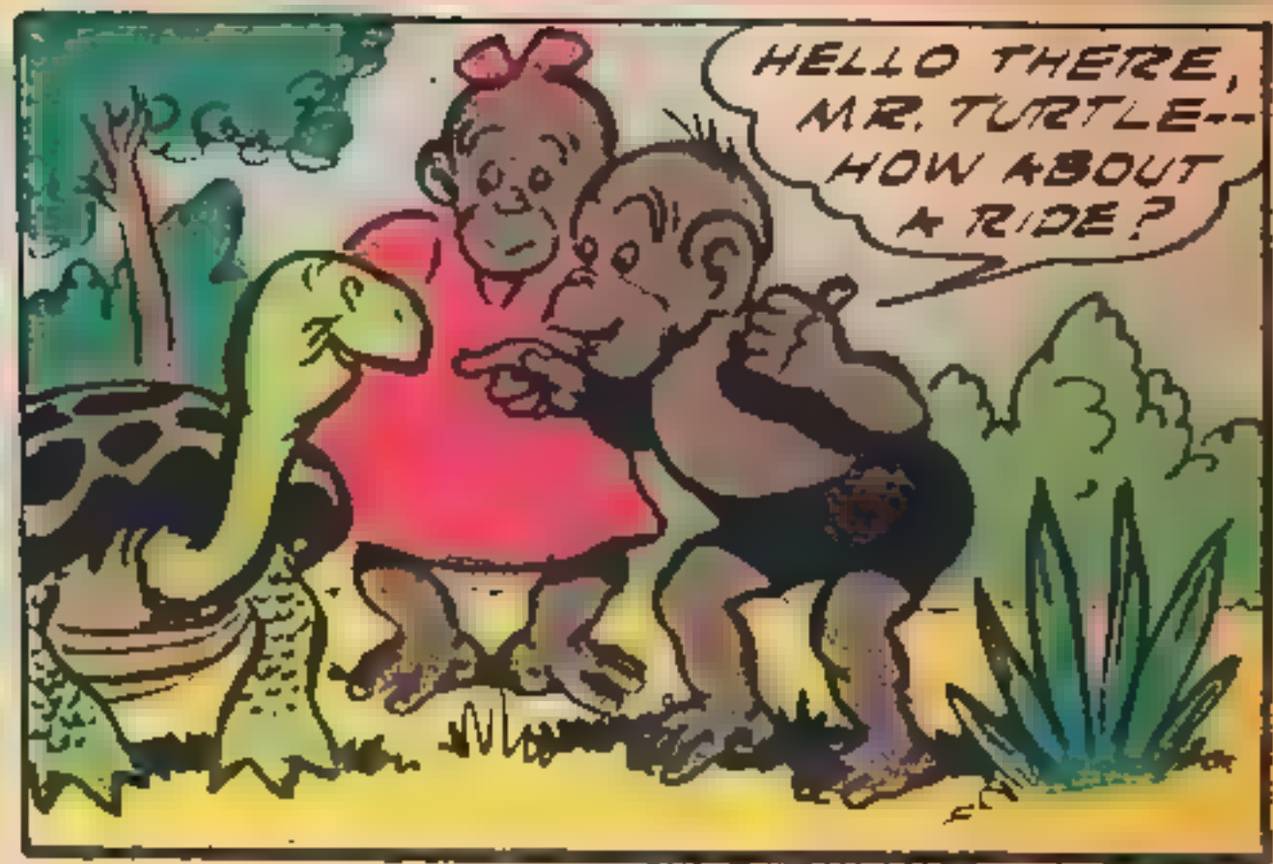

HOLD ON TIGHT, DIP, I'LL STOP IT WHAT-EVER IT IS!!

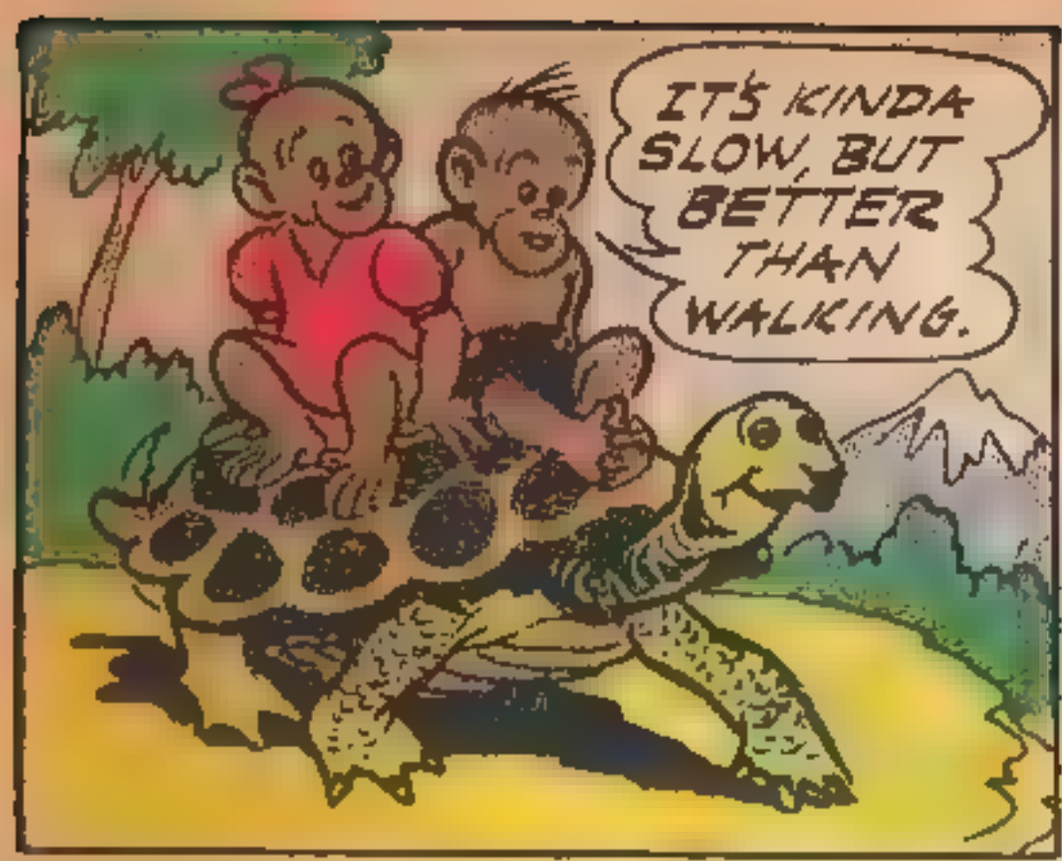

WHACK!
AW-W-WWK!

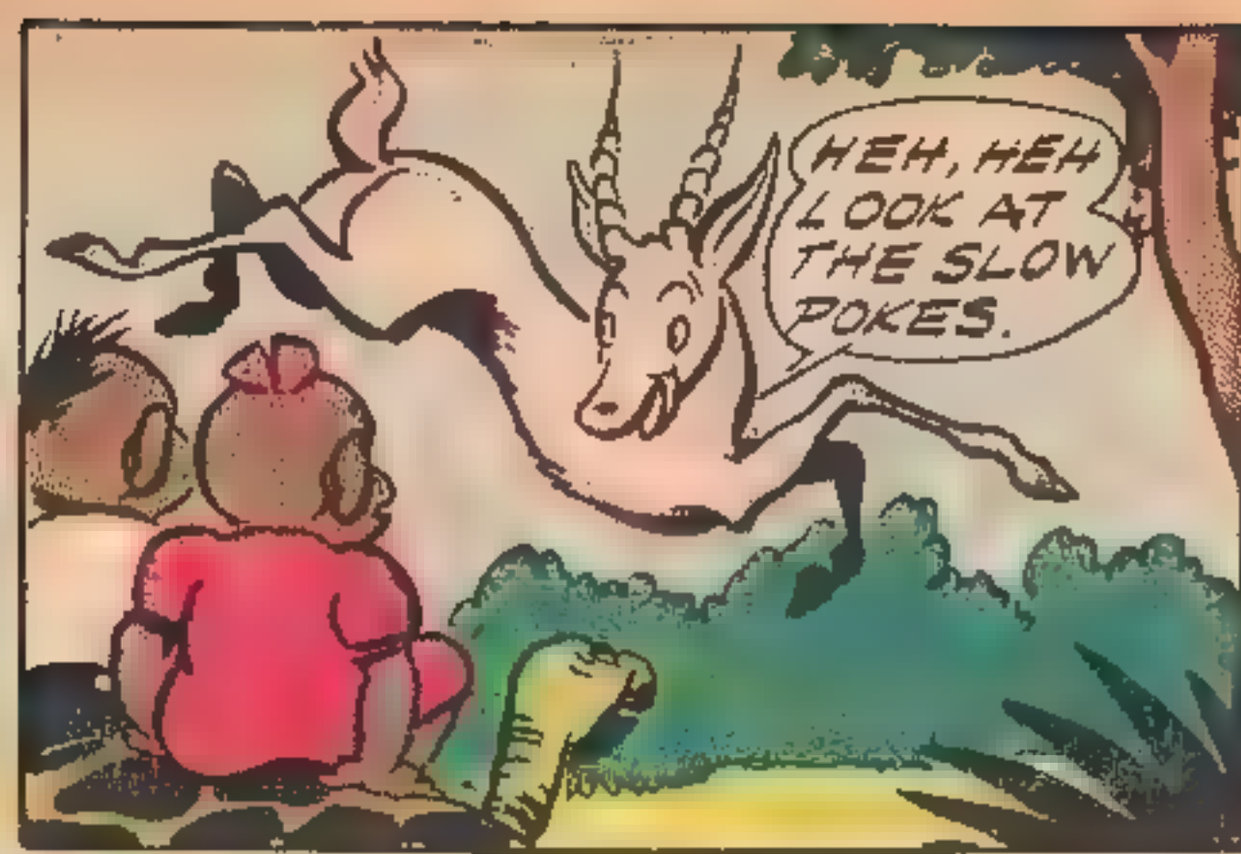

I'M DIZZY.


WE BETTER START BACK --- PA WILL BE LOOKING FOR US.

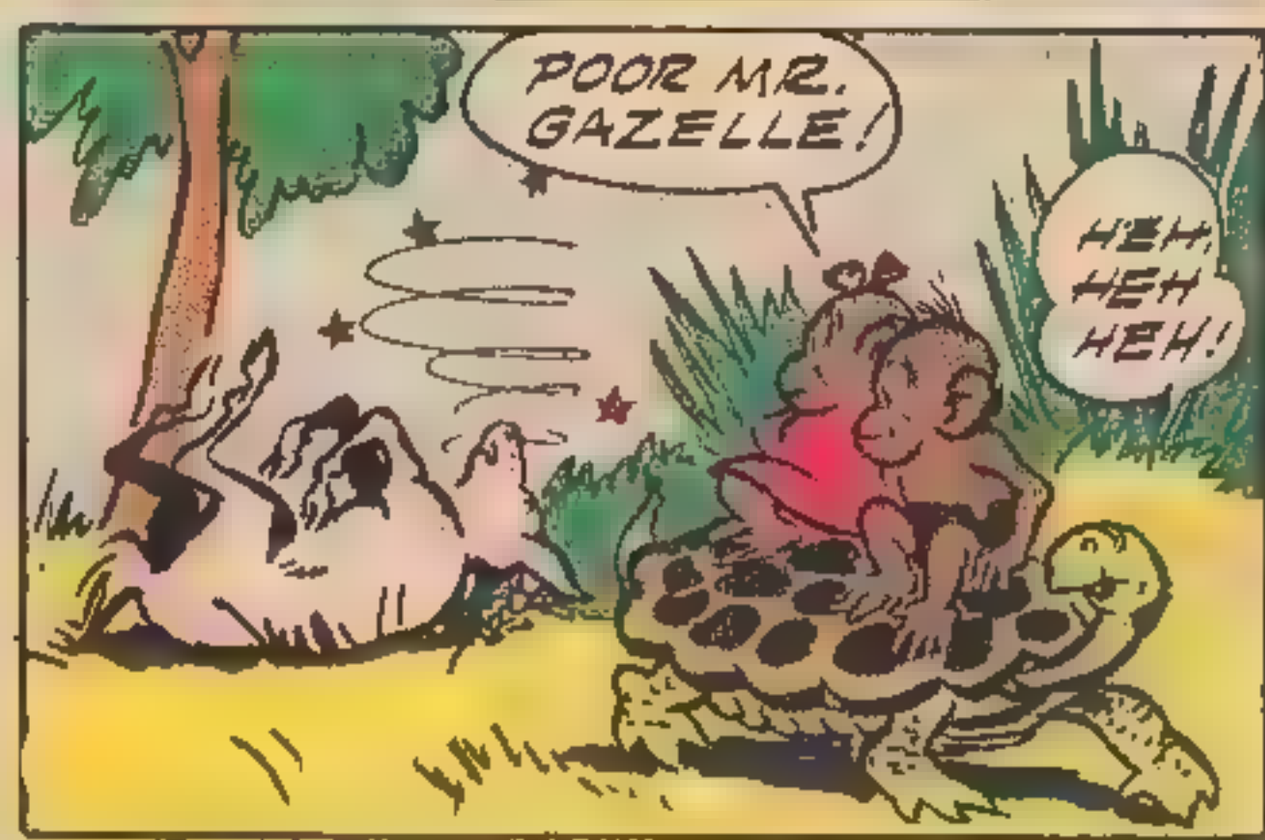

GOSH, I WONDER WHAT THAT THING WAS.

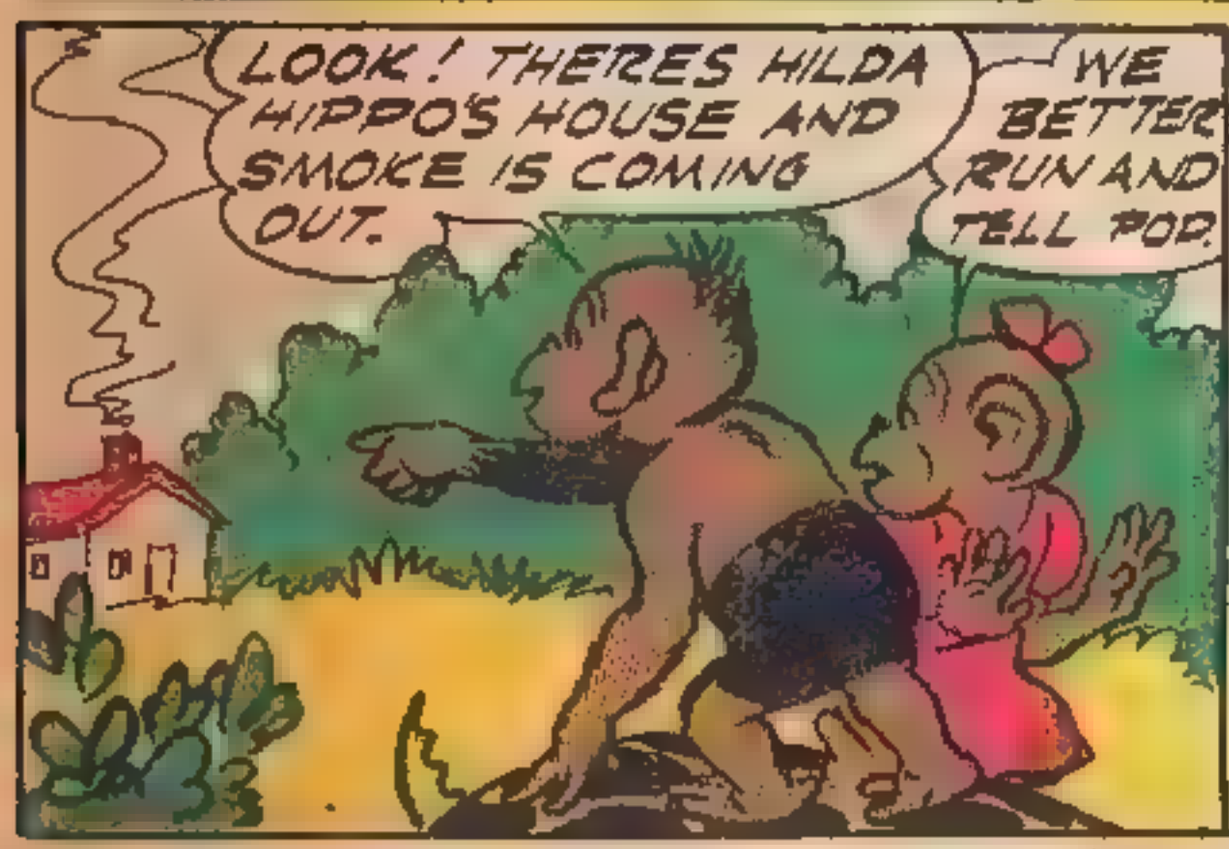

HELLO THERE, MR. TURTLE-- HOW ABOUT A RIDE?

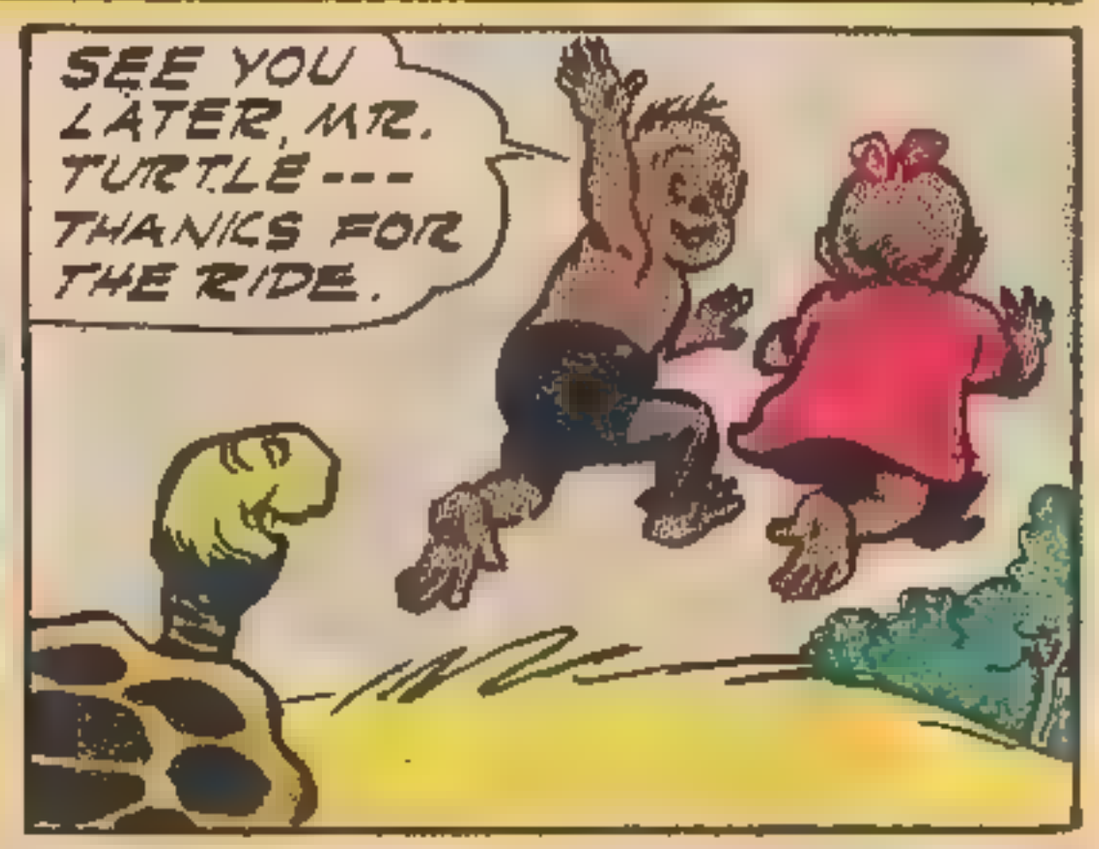

IT'S KINDA SLOW, BUT BETTER THAN WALKING.

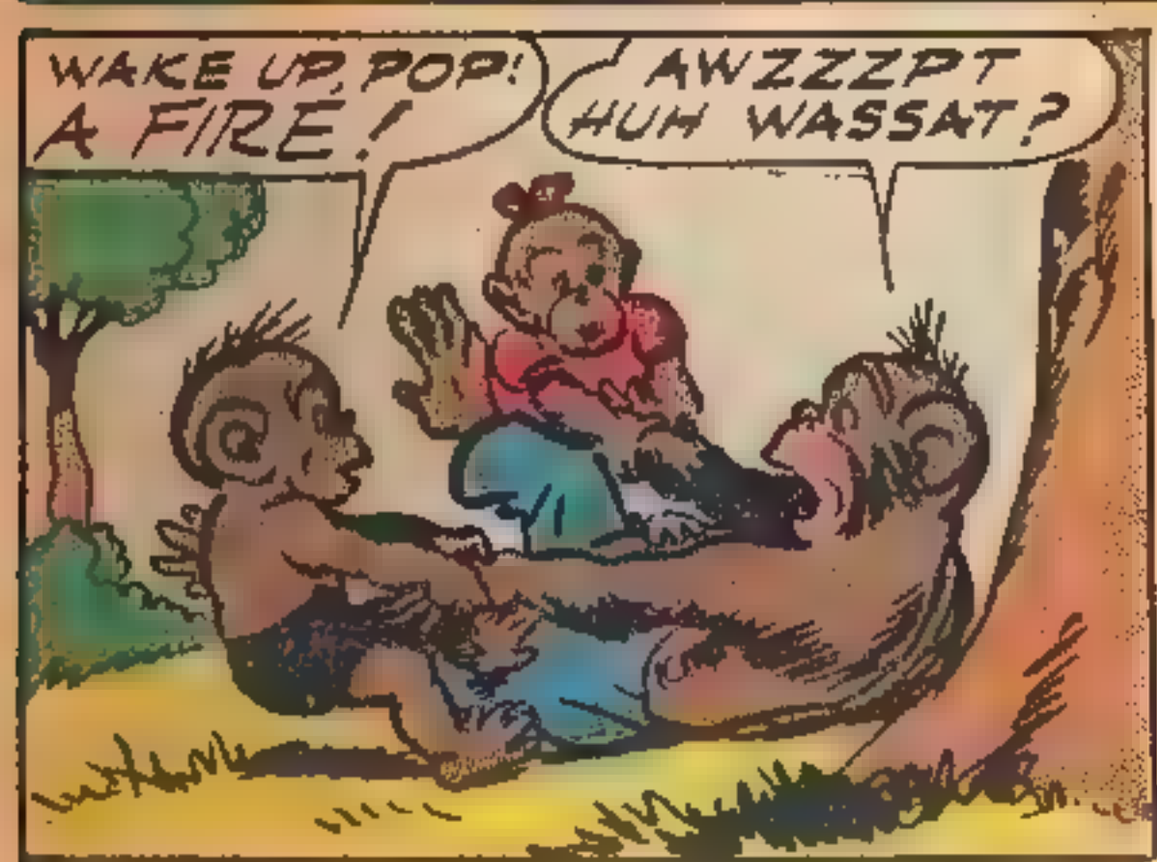

HEH, HEH LOOK AT THE SLOW POKES.

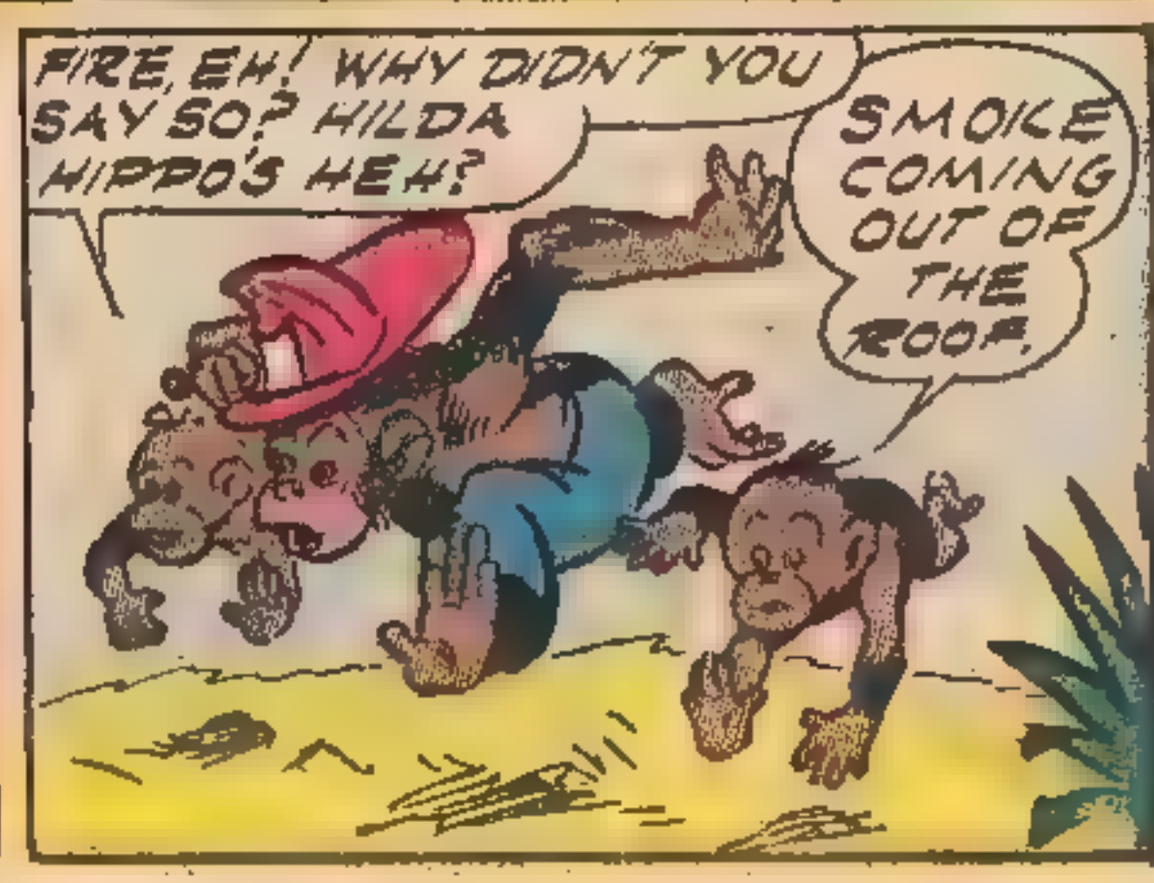
WHAM!

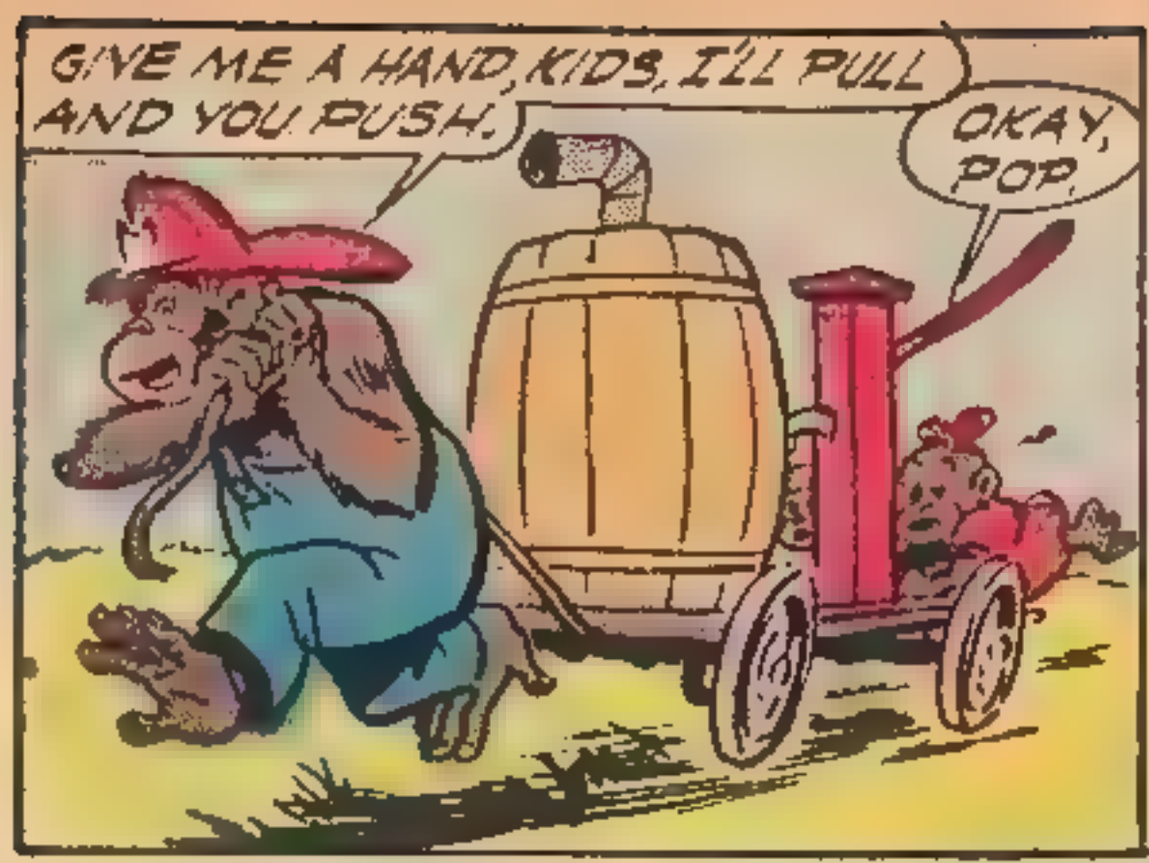

POOR MR. GAZELLE!
HEH, HEH HEH!

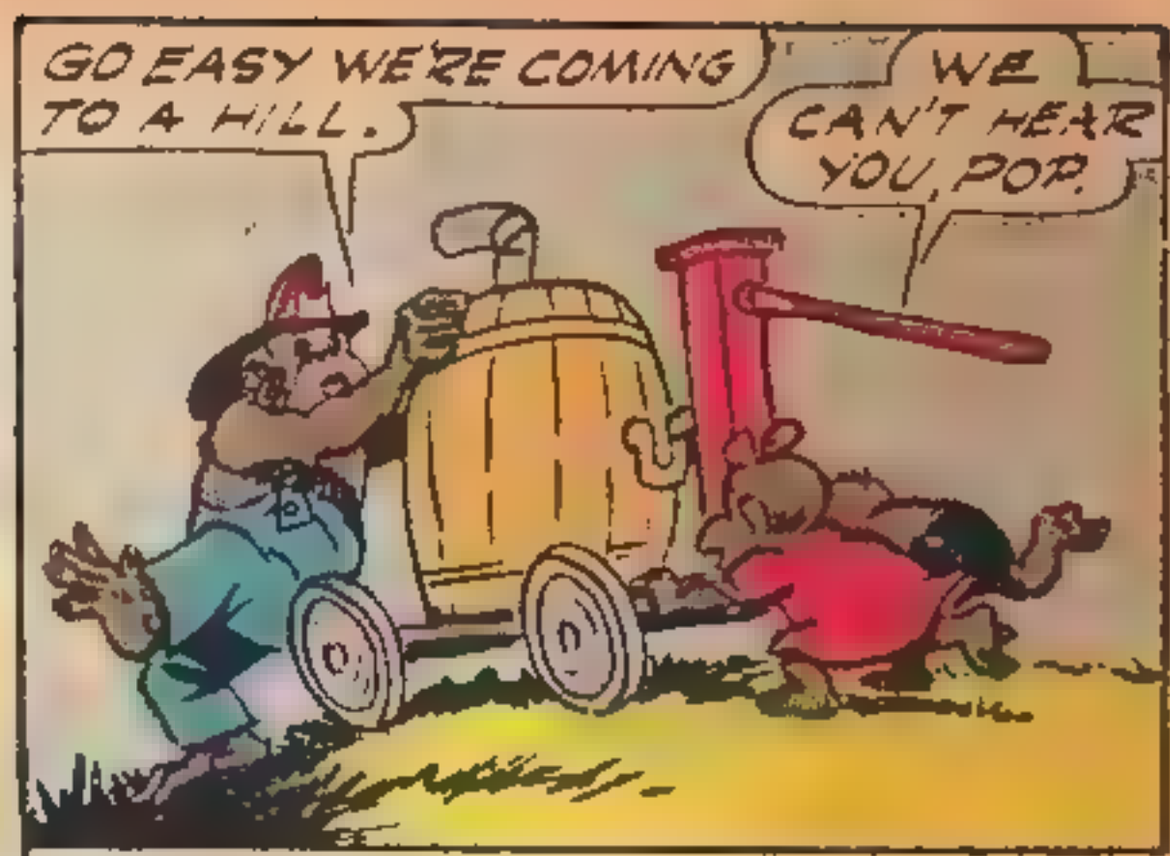

LOOK! THERES HILDA HIPPO'S HOUSE AND SMOKE IS COMING OUT.
WE BETTER RUN AND TELL POP.

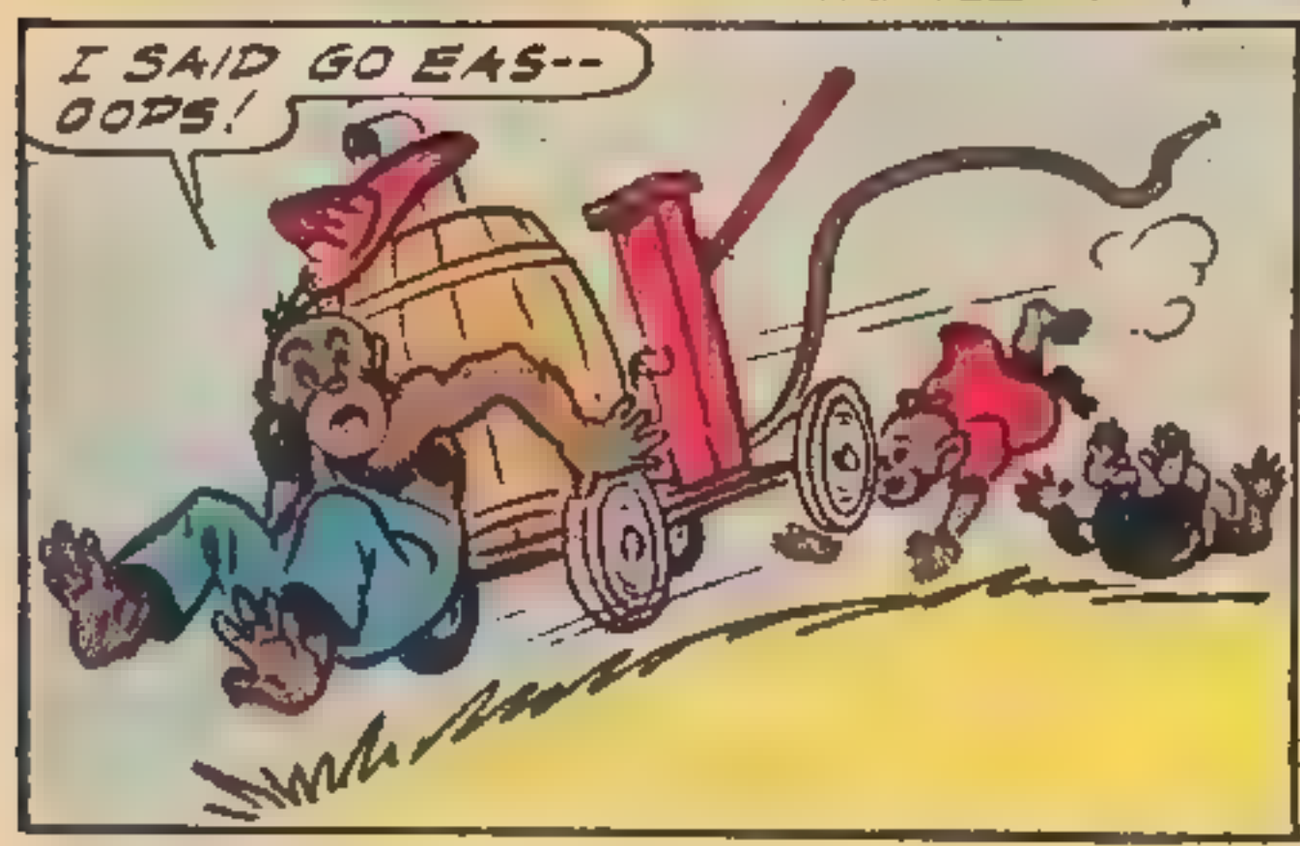

SEE YOU LATER, MR. TURTLE --- THANKS FOR THE RIDE.

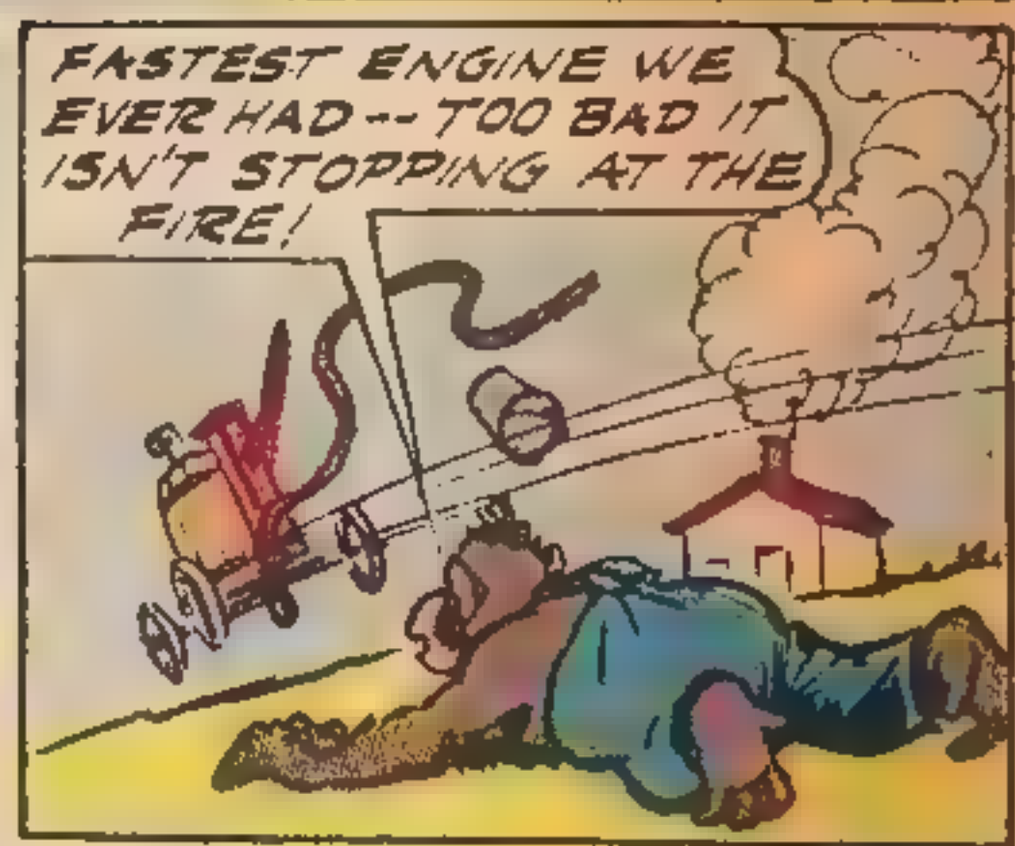

WAKE UP, POP! A FIRE!
AWZZZPT HUH WASSAT?


FIRE, EH! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? HILDA HIPPO'S HEH?
SMOKE COMING OUT OF THE ROOF.

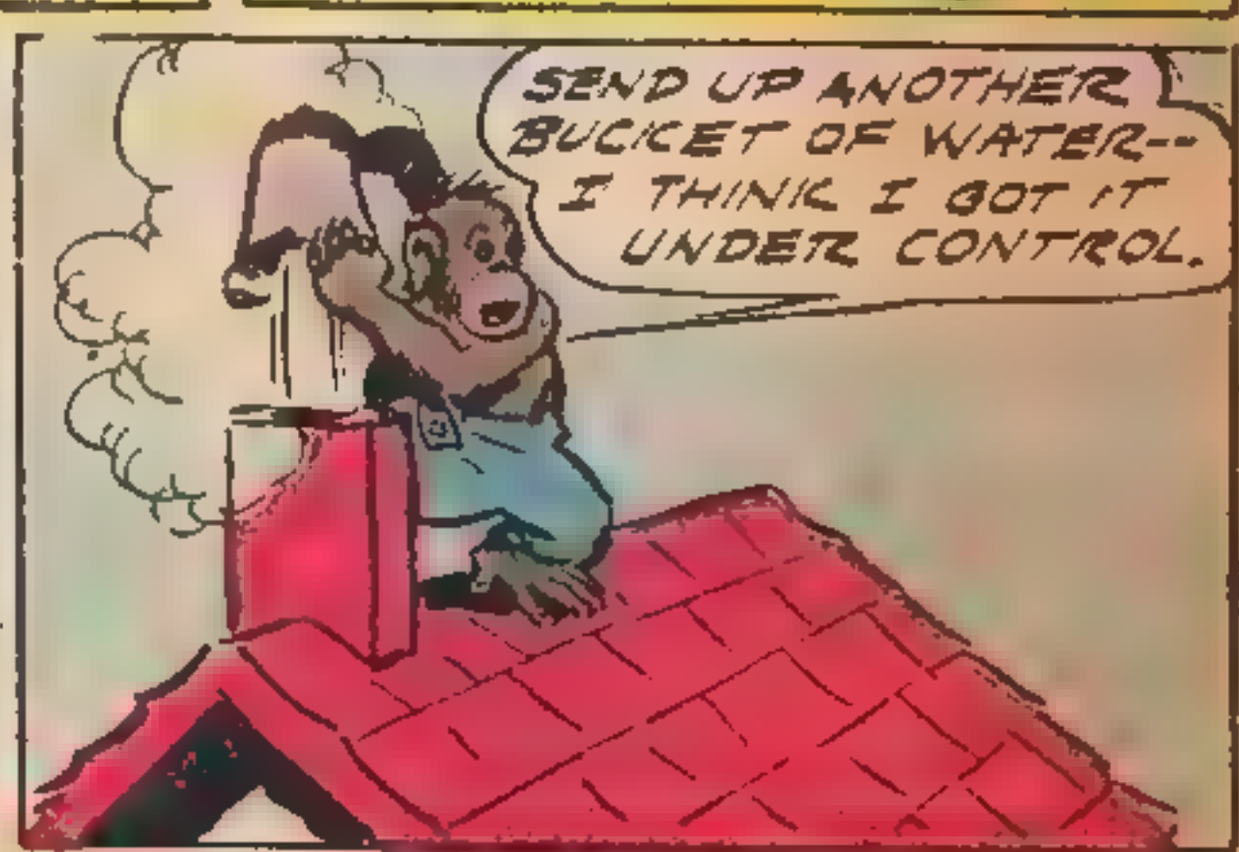

GIVE ME A HAND, KIDS, I'LL PULL AND YOU PUSH.
OKAY, POP.

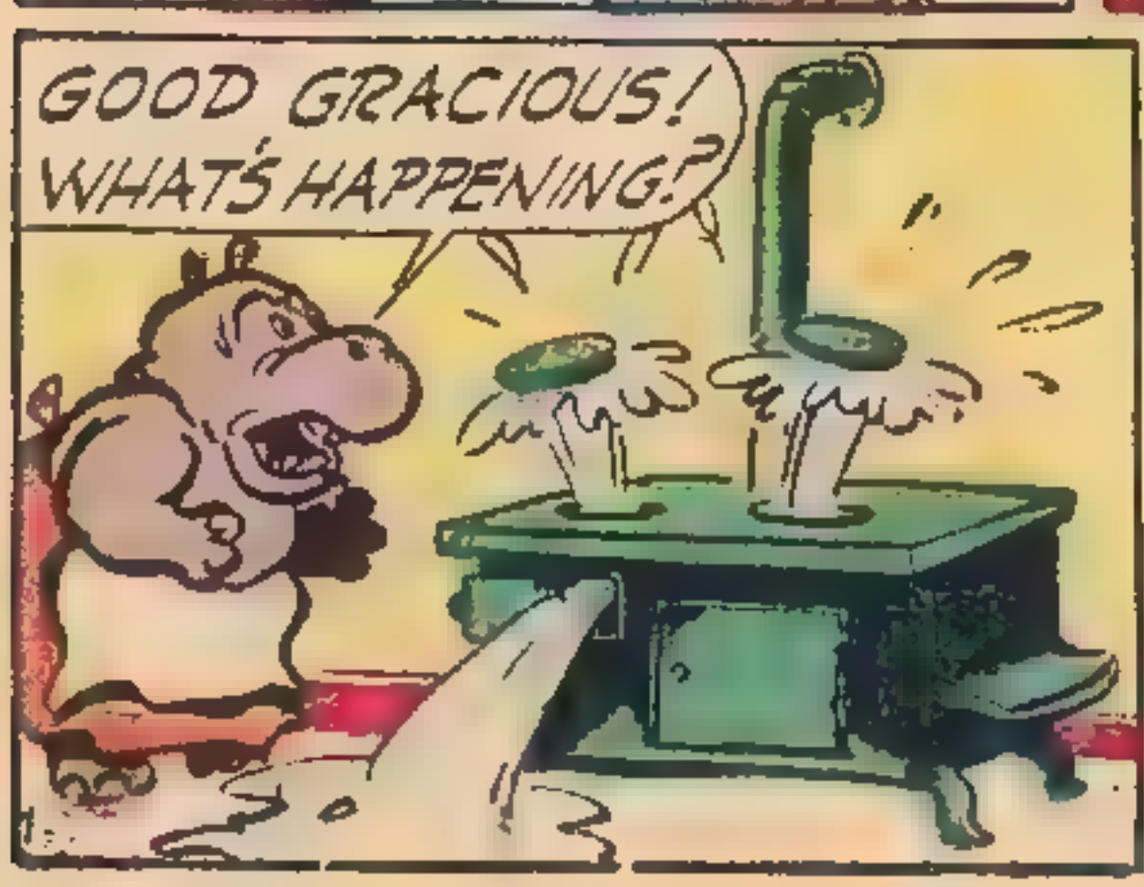

GO EASY WE'RE COMING TO A HILL.
WE CAN'T HEAR YOU, POP.

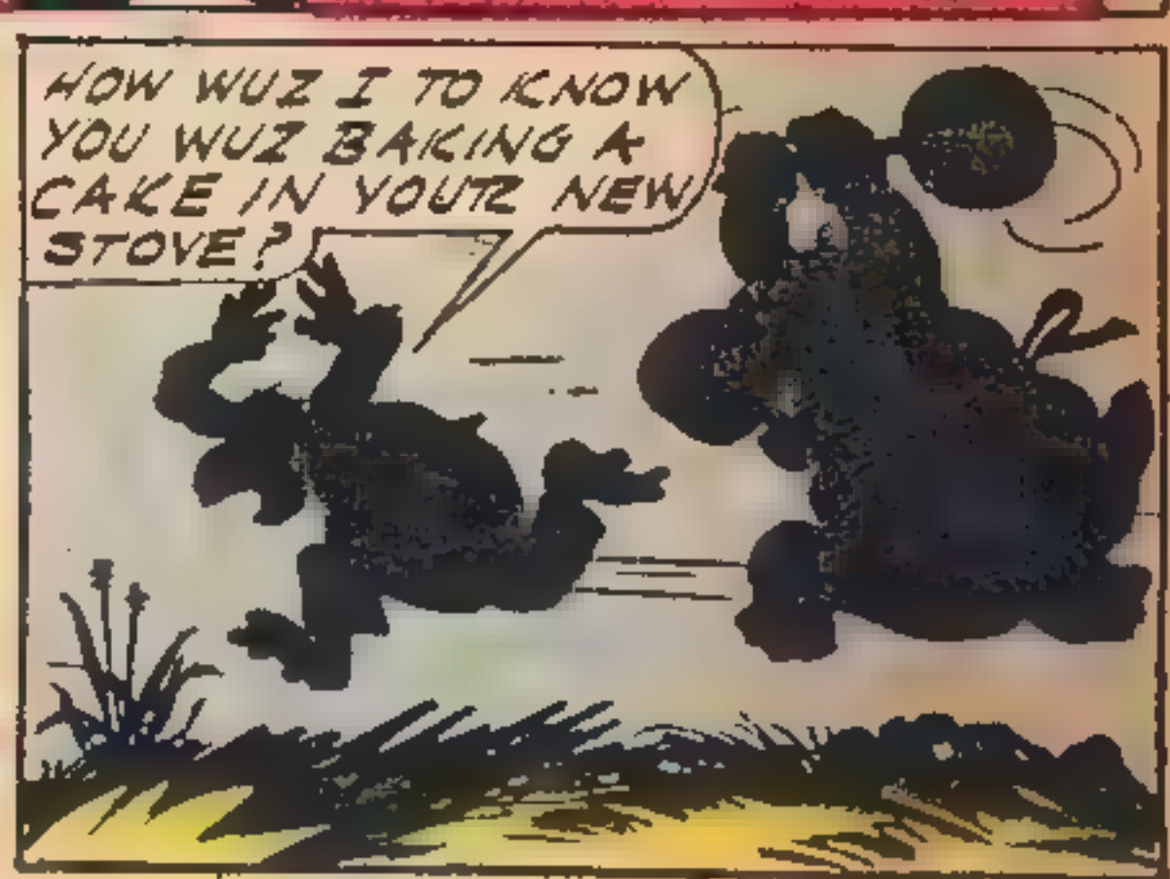

I SAID GO EAS-- OOPS!


FASTEST ENGINE WE EVER HAD -- TOO BAD IT ISN'T STOPPING AT THE FIRE!

AT LEAST I SALVAGED A BUCKET -- HMM! LOOKS LIKE A CHIMNEY FIRE!

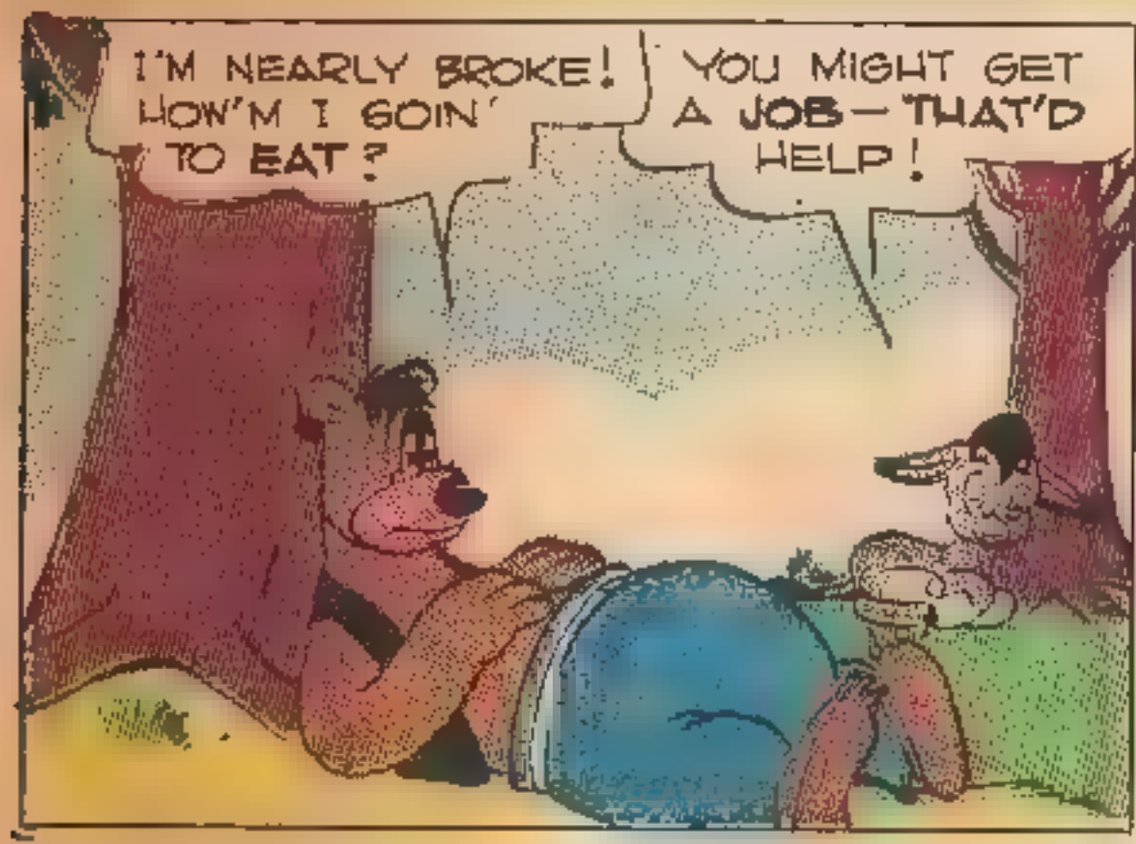

SEND UP ANOTHER BUCKET OF WATER -- I THINK I GOT IT UNDER CONTROL.

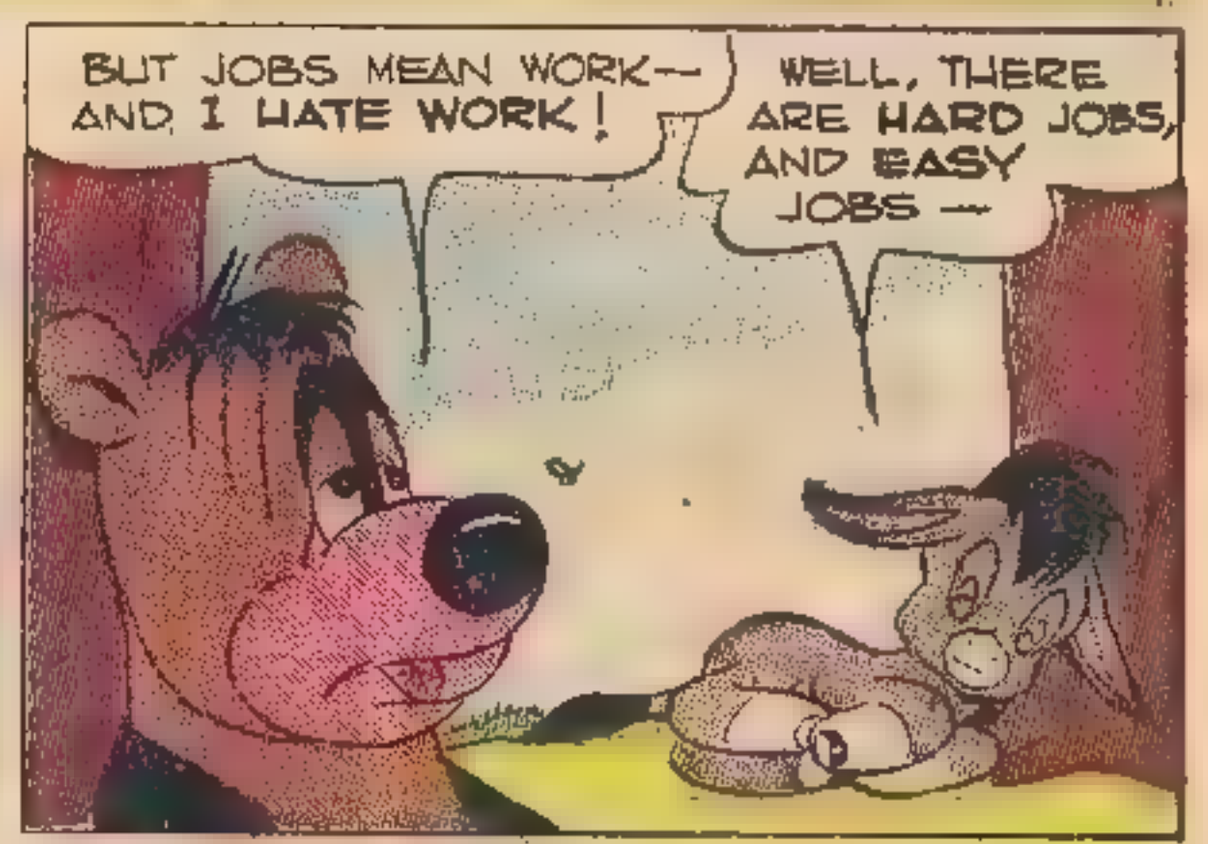

GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

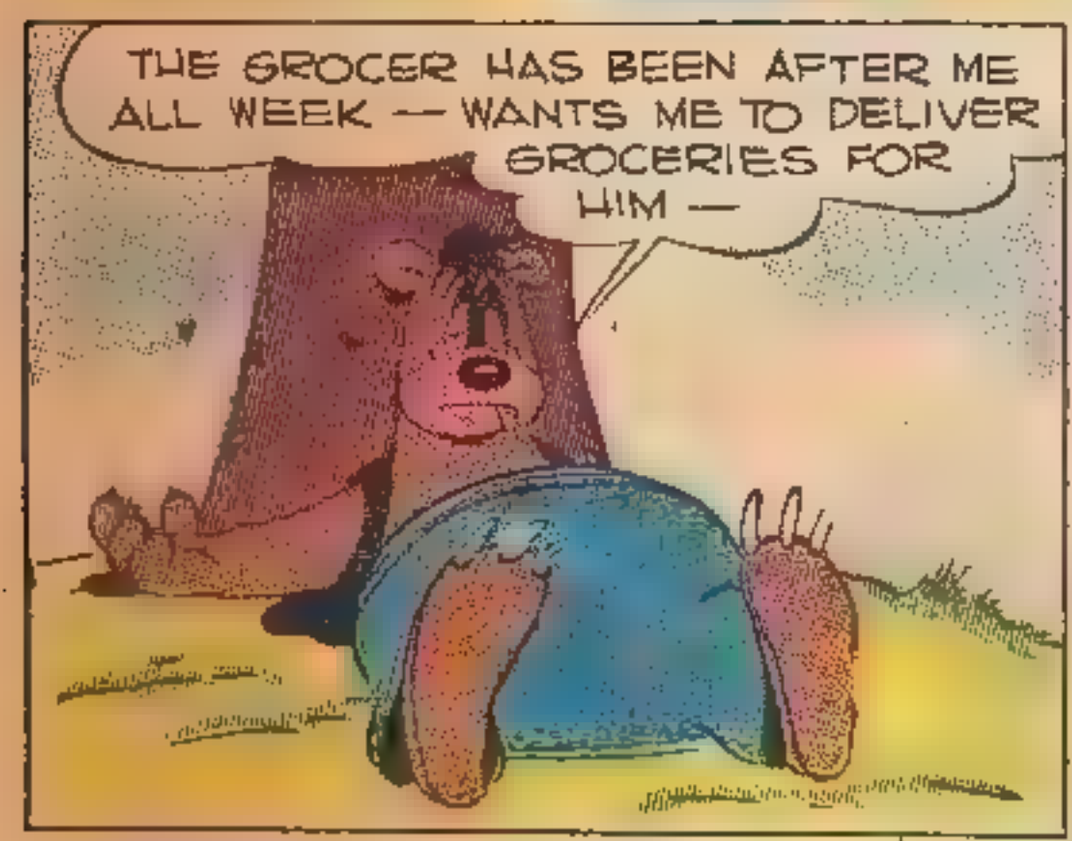

HOW WUZ I TO KNOW YOU WUZ BAKING A CAKE IN YOUR NEW STOVE?

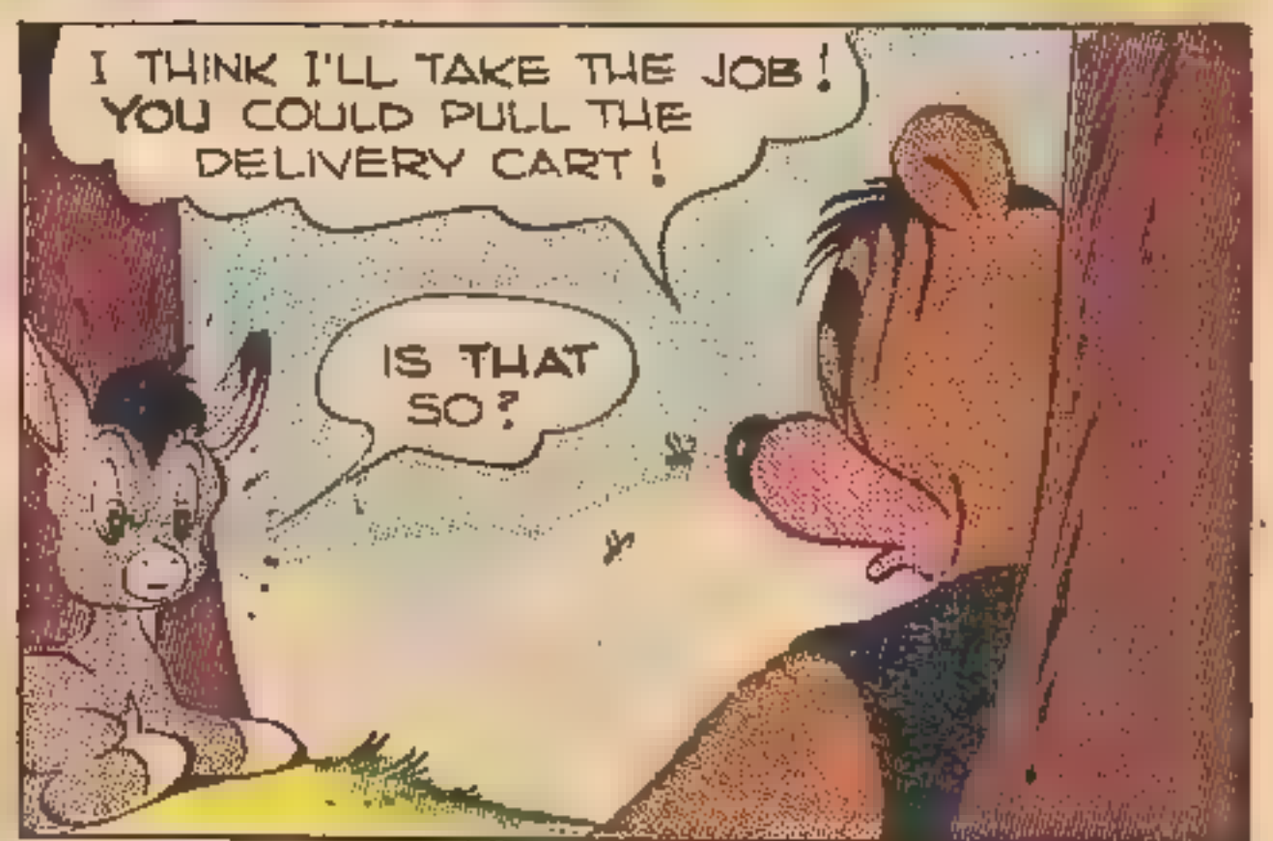
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO

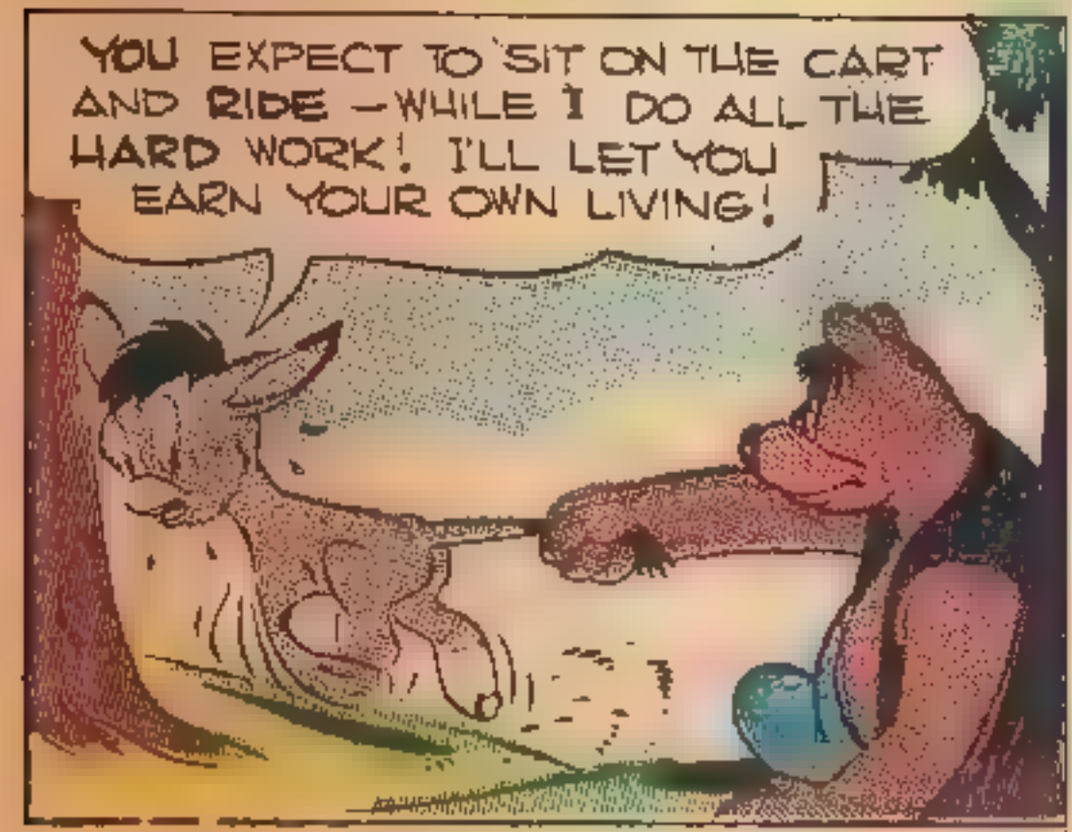
PRESENTED BY M-G-M CARTOONS

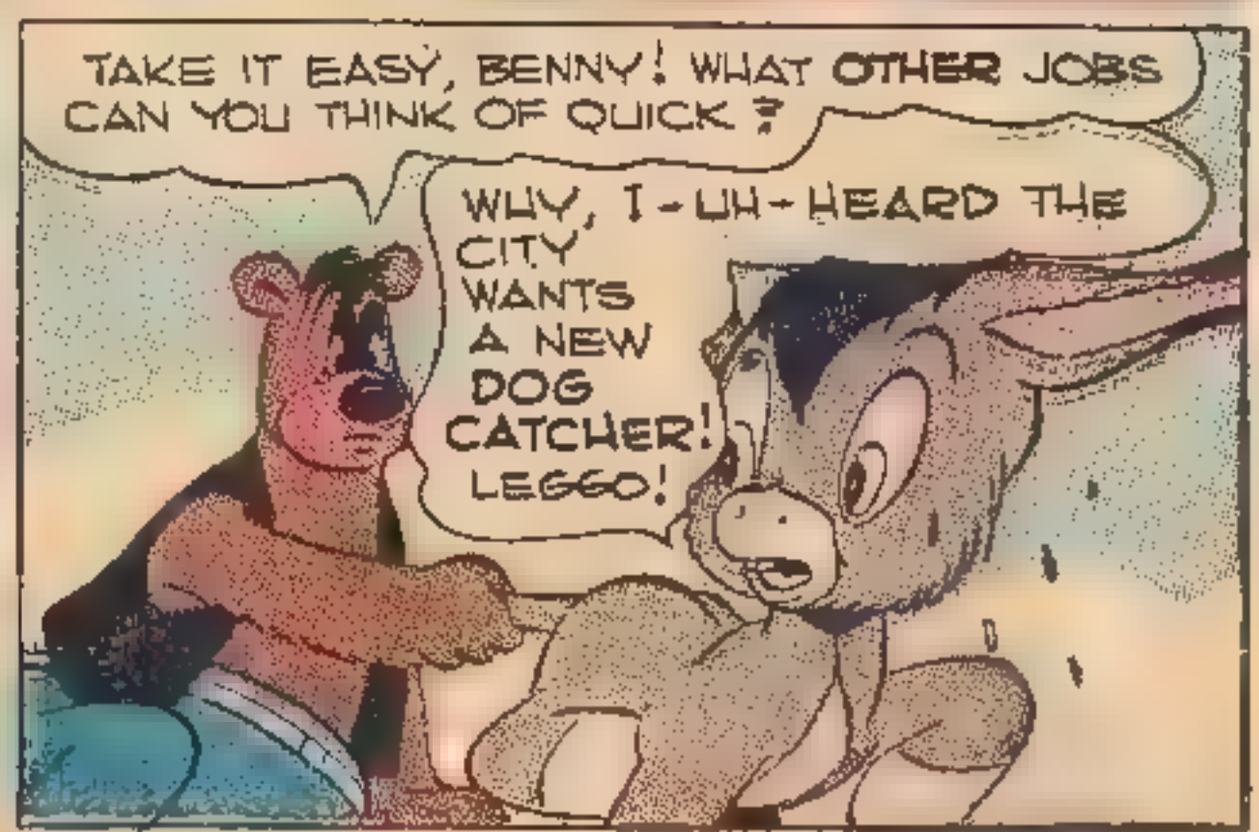


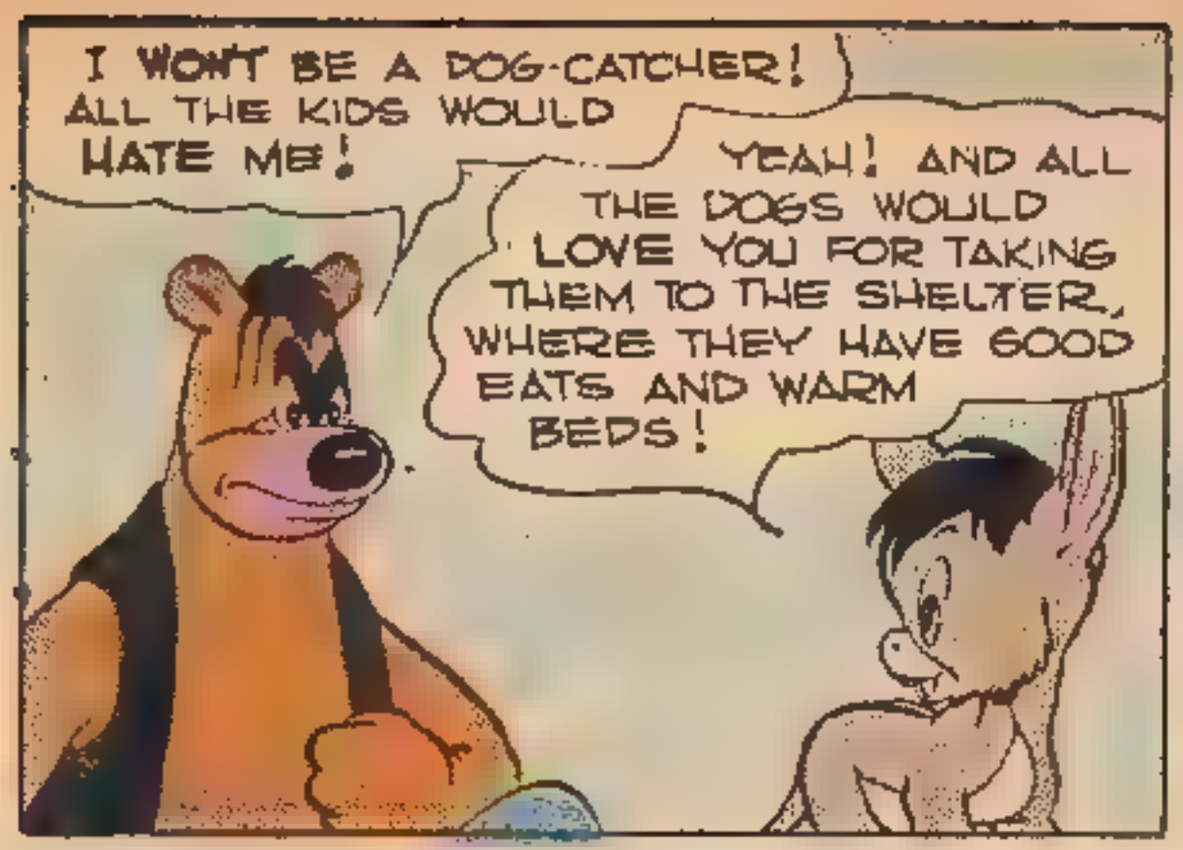


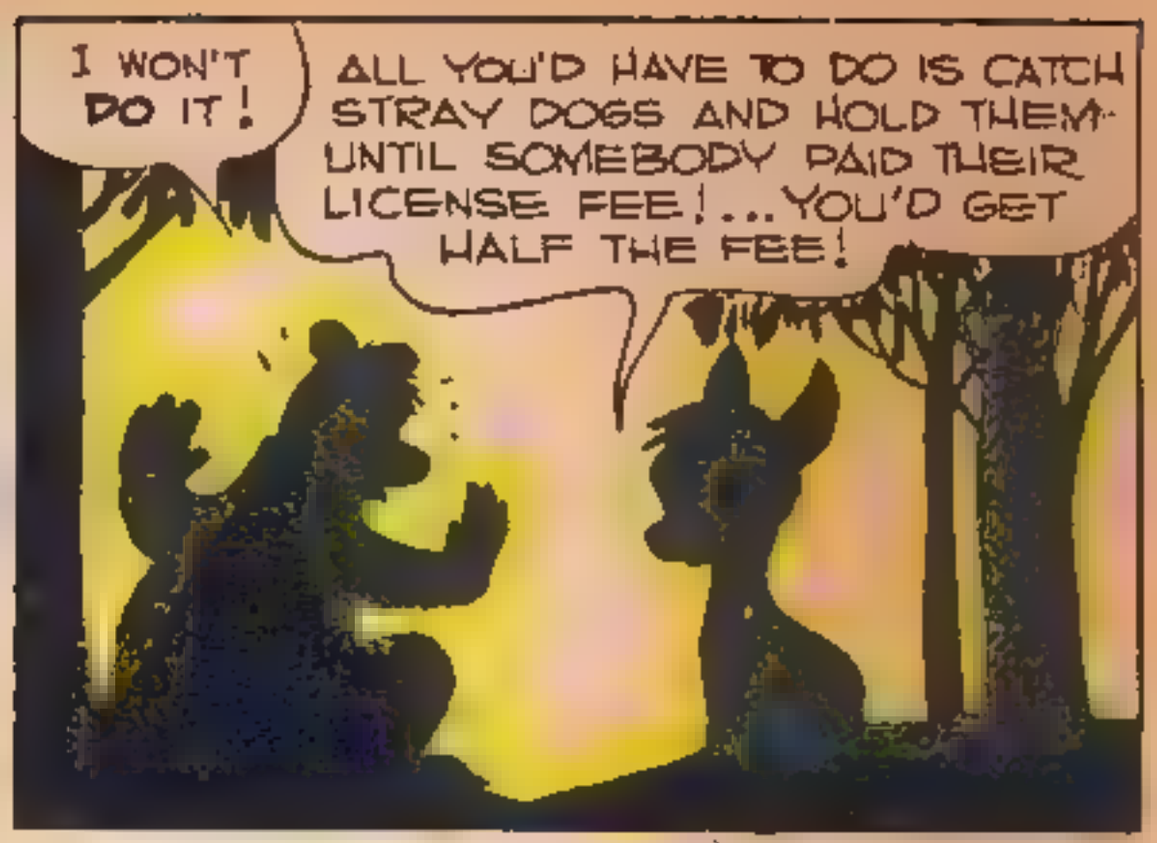


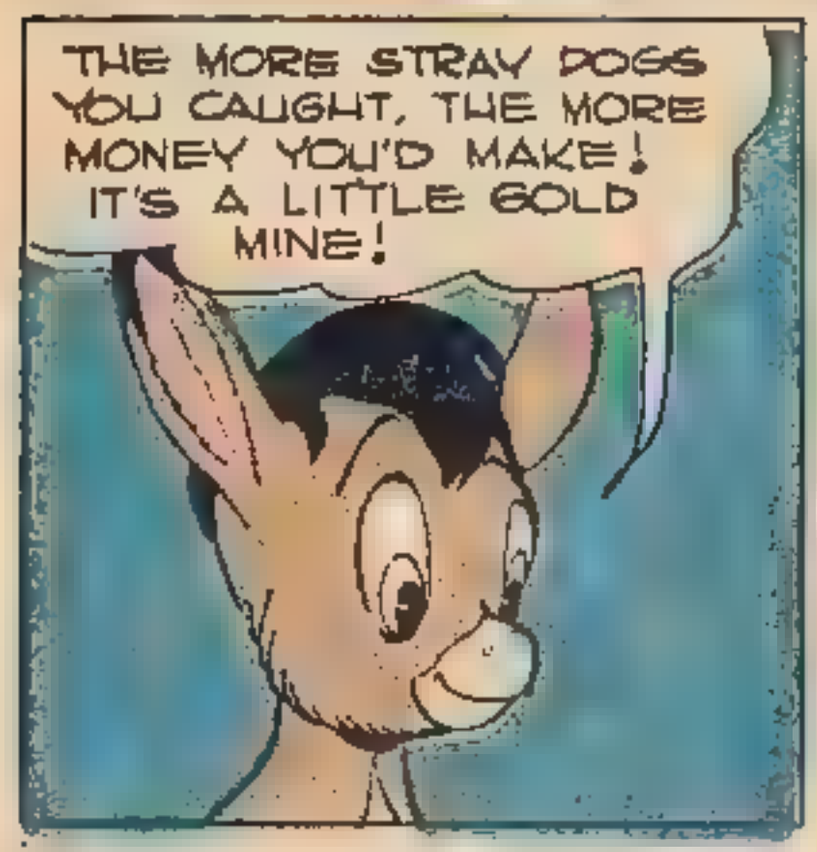


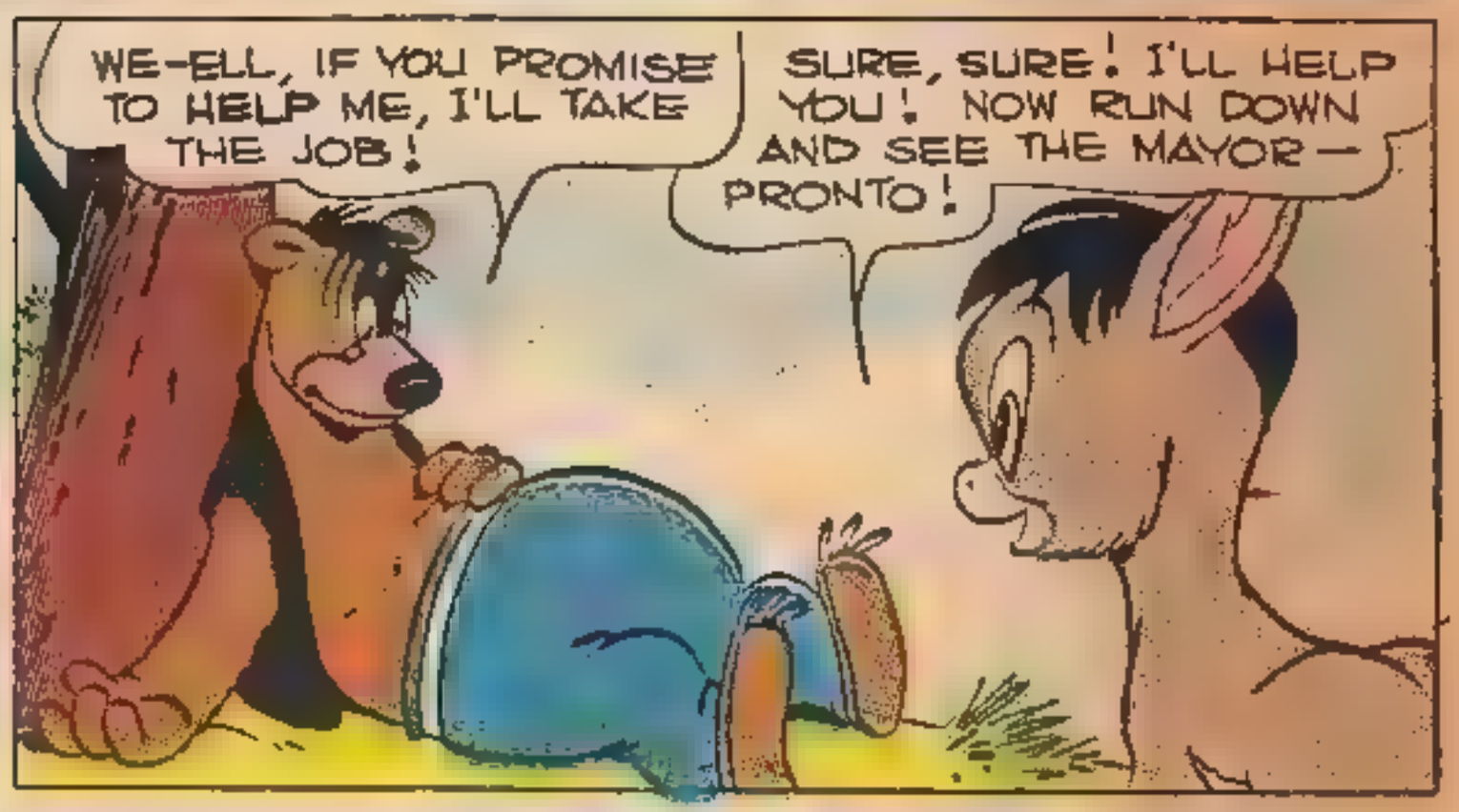


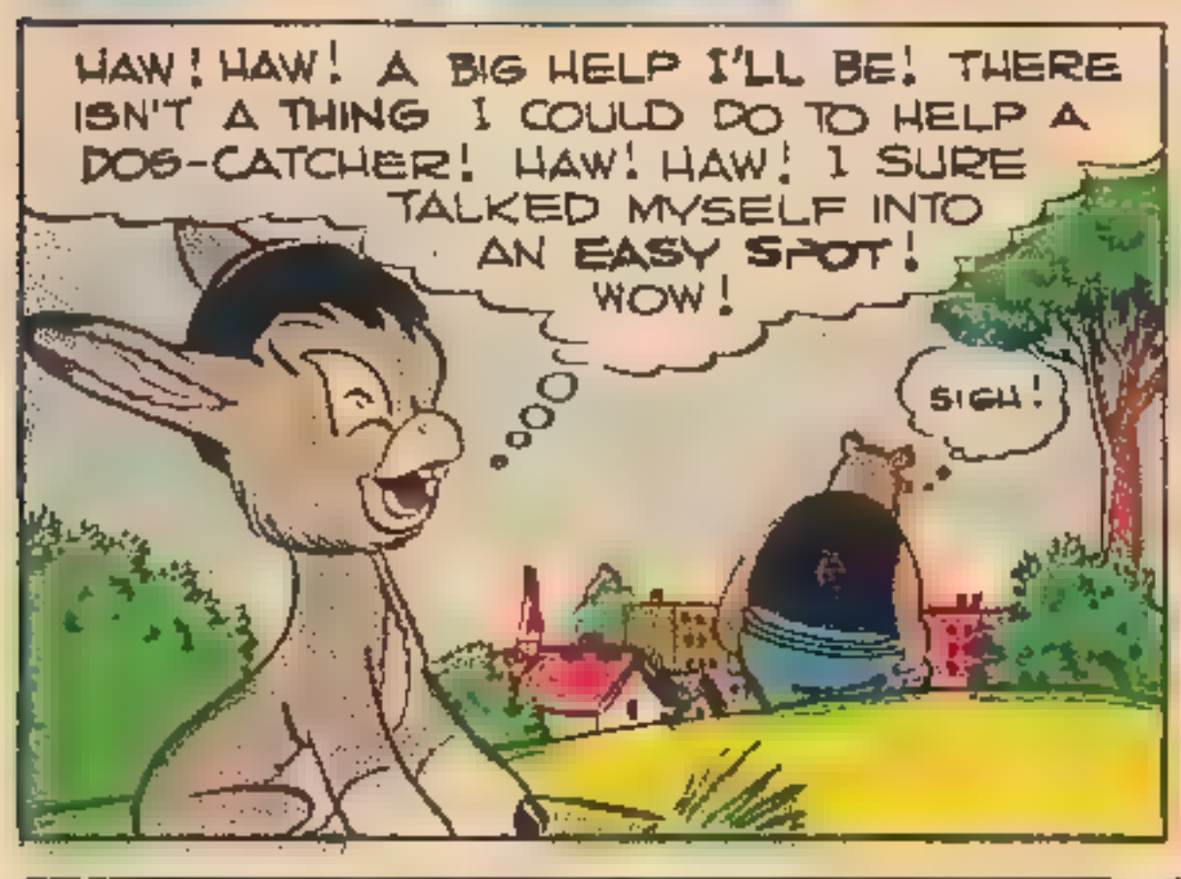


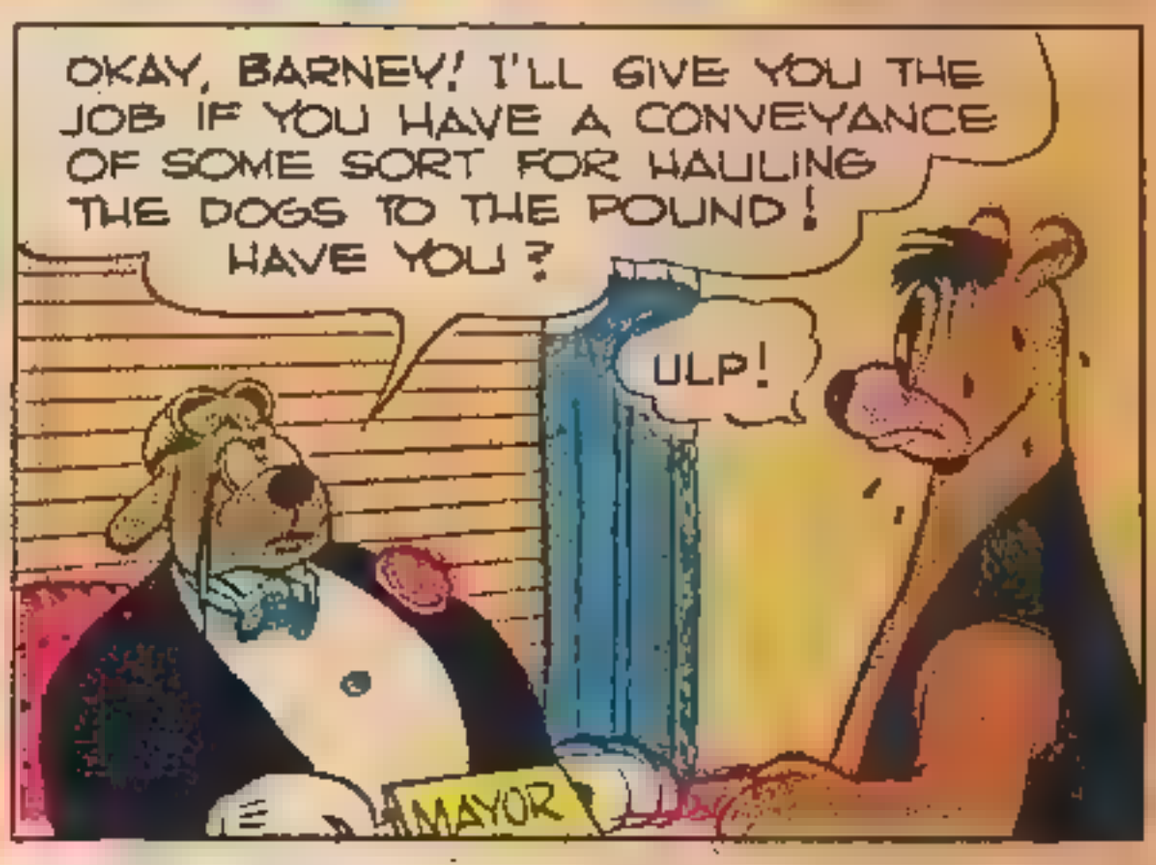

I WON'T BE A DOG-CATCHER! ALL THE KIDS WOULD HATE ME!
YEAH! AND ALL THE DOGS WOULD LOVE YOU FOR TAKING THEM TO THE SHELTER, WHERE THEY HAVE GOOD EATS AND WARM BEDS!

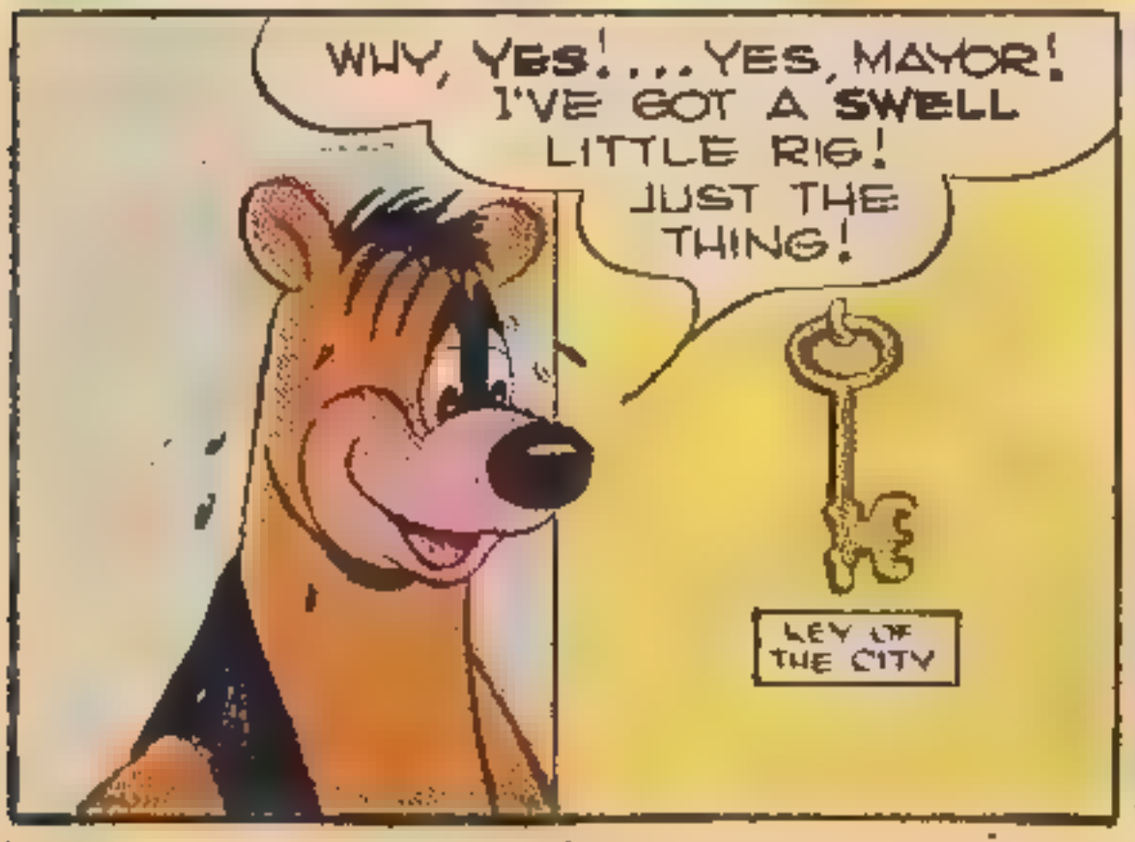

I WON'T DO IT!
ALL YOU'D HAVE TO DO IS CATCH STRAY DOGS AND HOLD THEM UNTIL SOMEBODY PAID THEIR LICENSE FEE!...YOU'D GET HALF THE FEE!

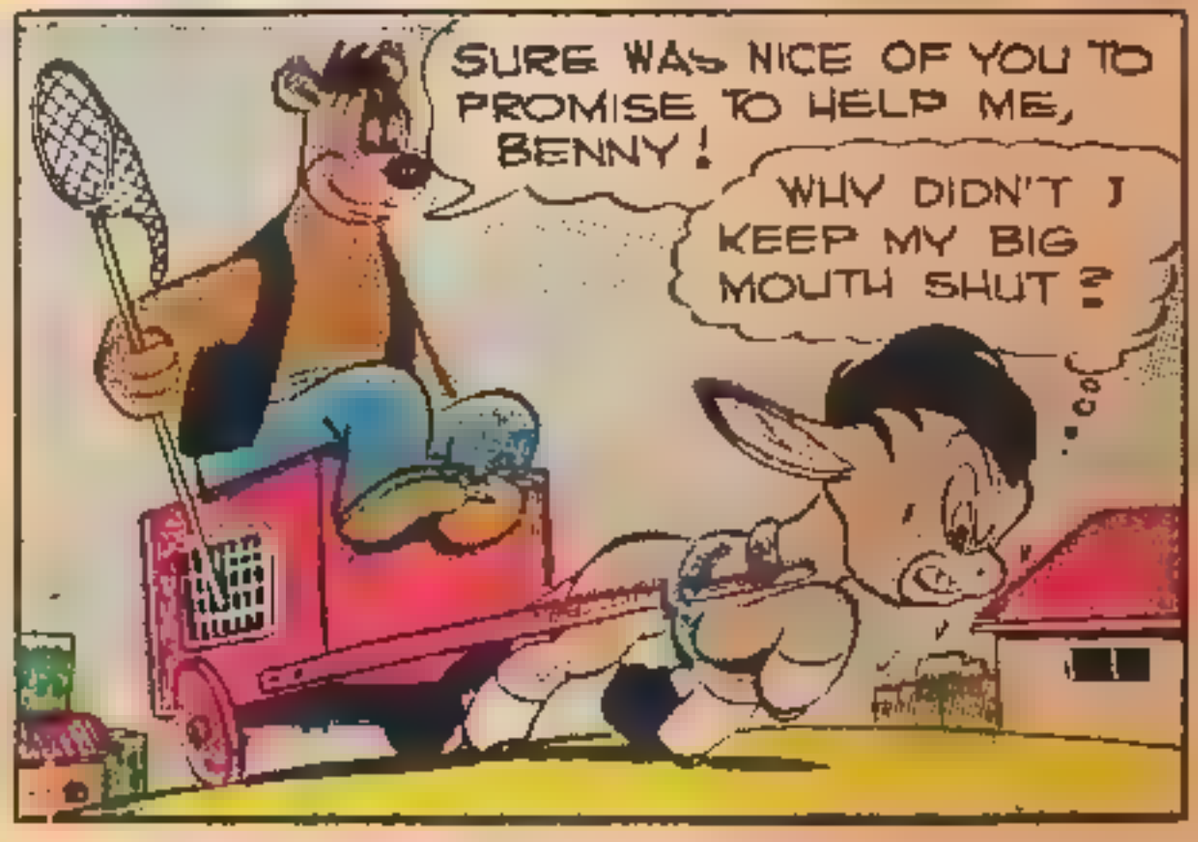

THE MORE STRAY DOGS YOU CAUGHT, THE MORE MONEY YOU'D MAKE! IT'S A LITTLE GOLD MINE!

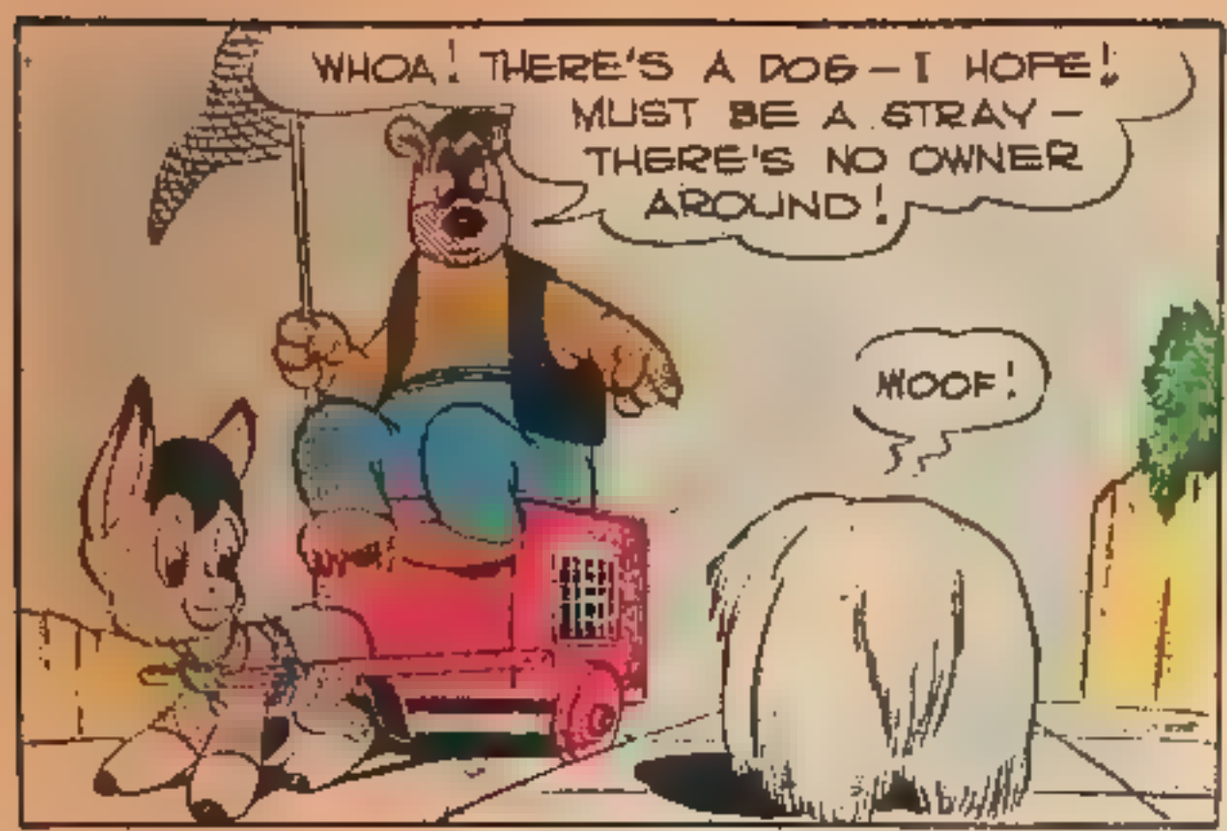

WE-ELL, IF YOU PROMISE TO HELP ME, I'LL TAKE THE JOB!
SURE, SURE! I'LL HELP YOU! NOW RUN DOWN AND SEE THE MAYOR— PRONTO!

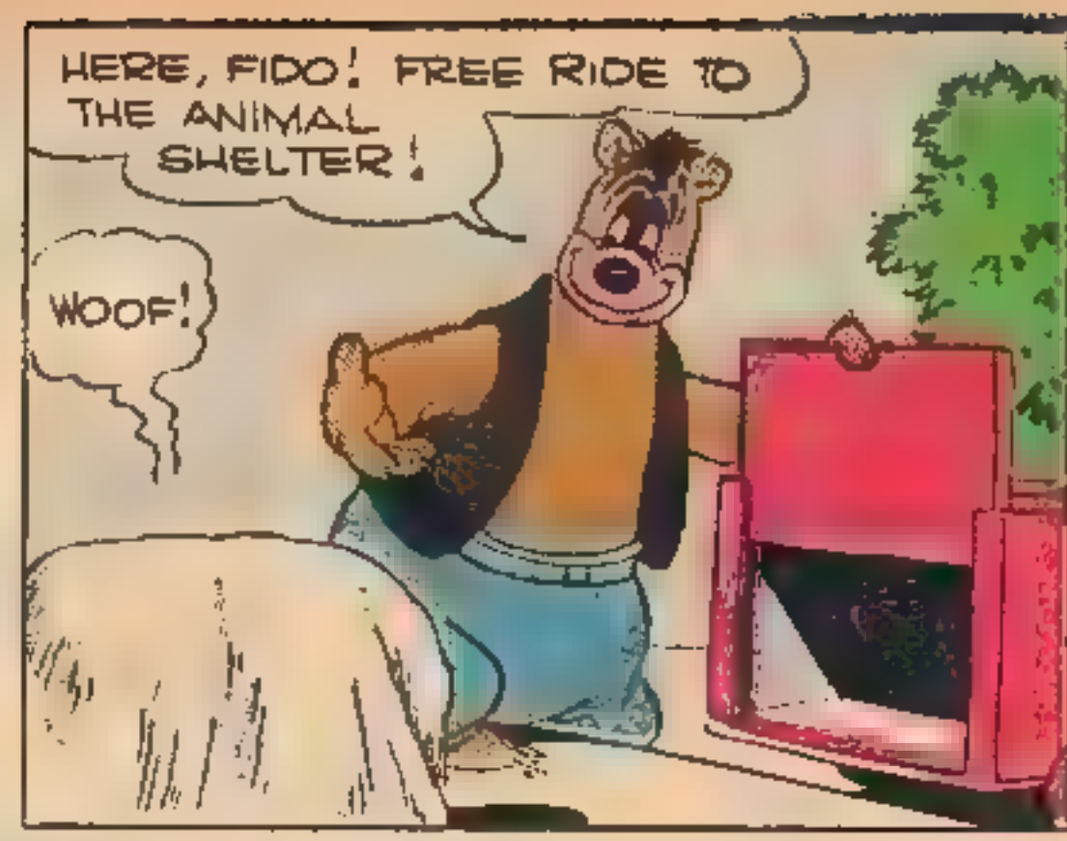

HAW! HAW! A BIG HELP I'LL BE! THERE ISN'T A THING I COULD DO TO HELP A DOG-CATCHER! HAW! HAW! I SURE TALKED MYSELF INTO AN EASY SPOT! WOW!
SIGH!

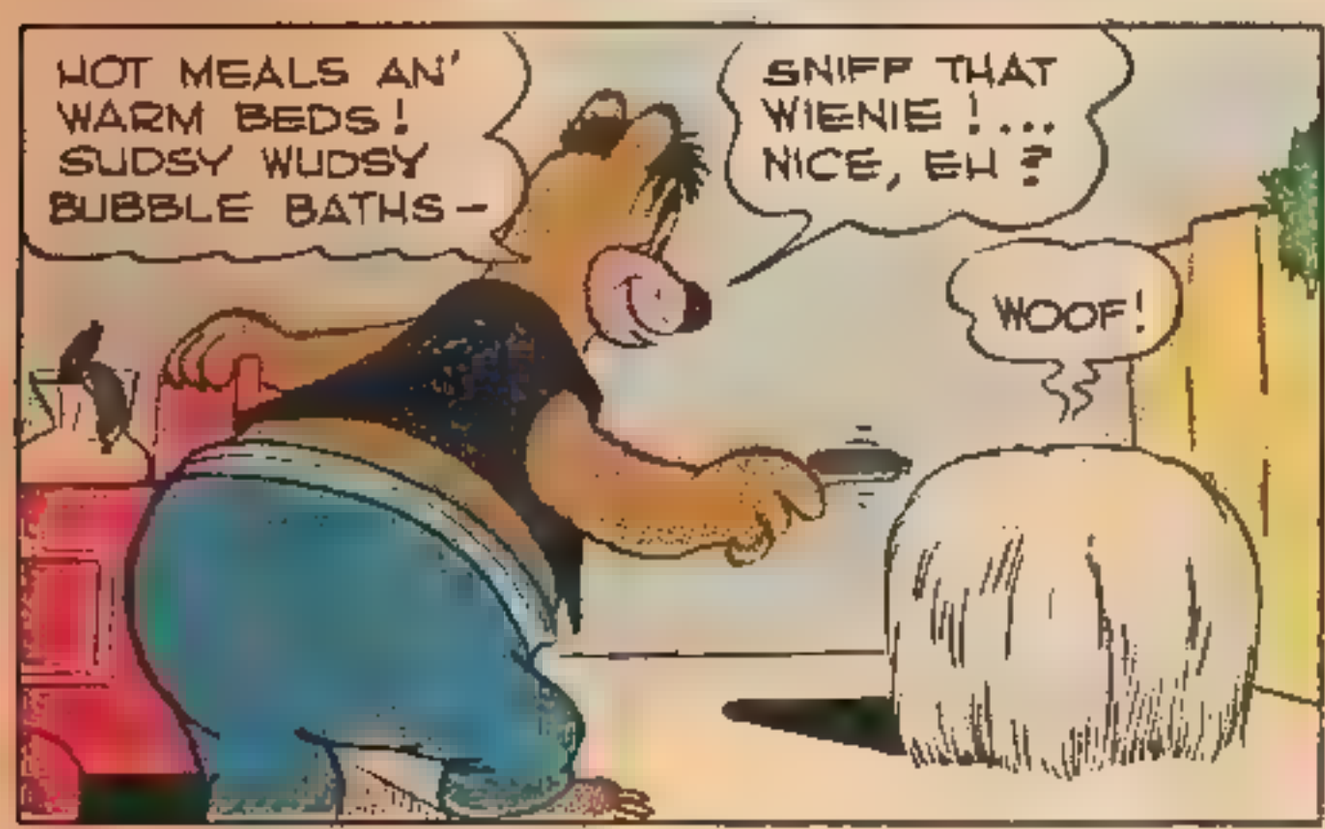

OKAY, BARNEY! I'LL GIVE YOU THE JOB IF YOU HAVE A CONVEYANCE OF SOME SORT FOR HAULING THE DOGS TO THE POUND! HAVE YOU?
ULP!
MAYOR

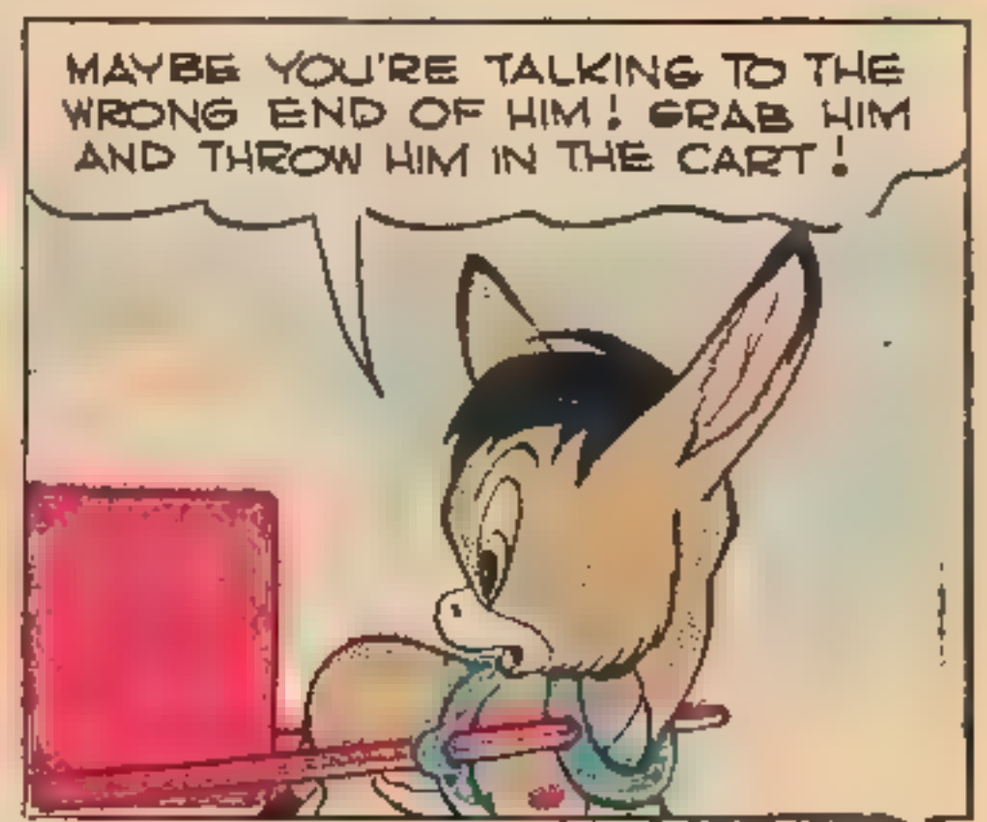

WHY, YES!...YES, MAYOR! I'VE GOT A SWELL LITTLE RIG! JUST THE THING!
KEY OF THE CITY

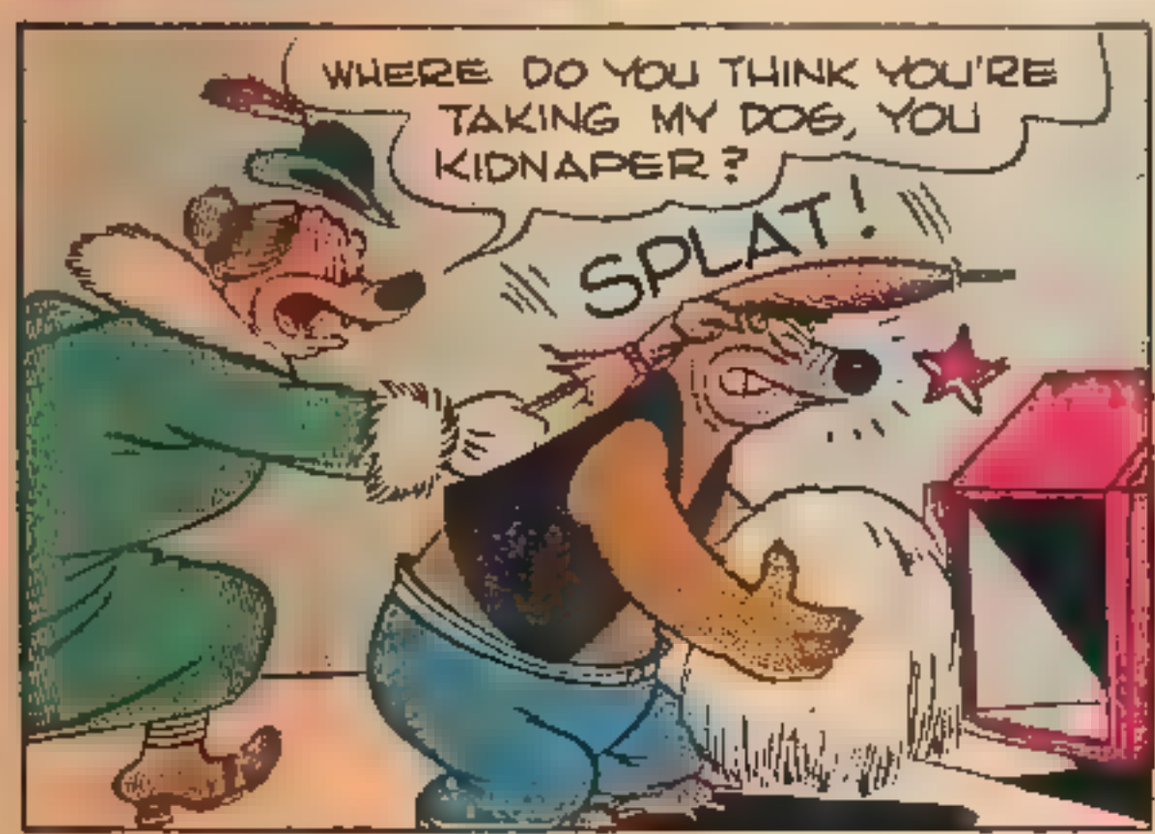

SURE WAS NICE OF YOU TO PROMISE TO HELP ME, BENNY!
WHY DIDN'T I KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT?

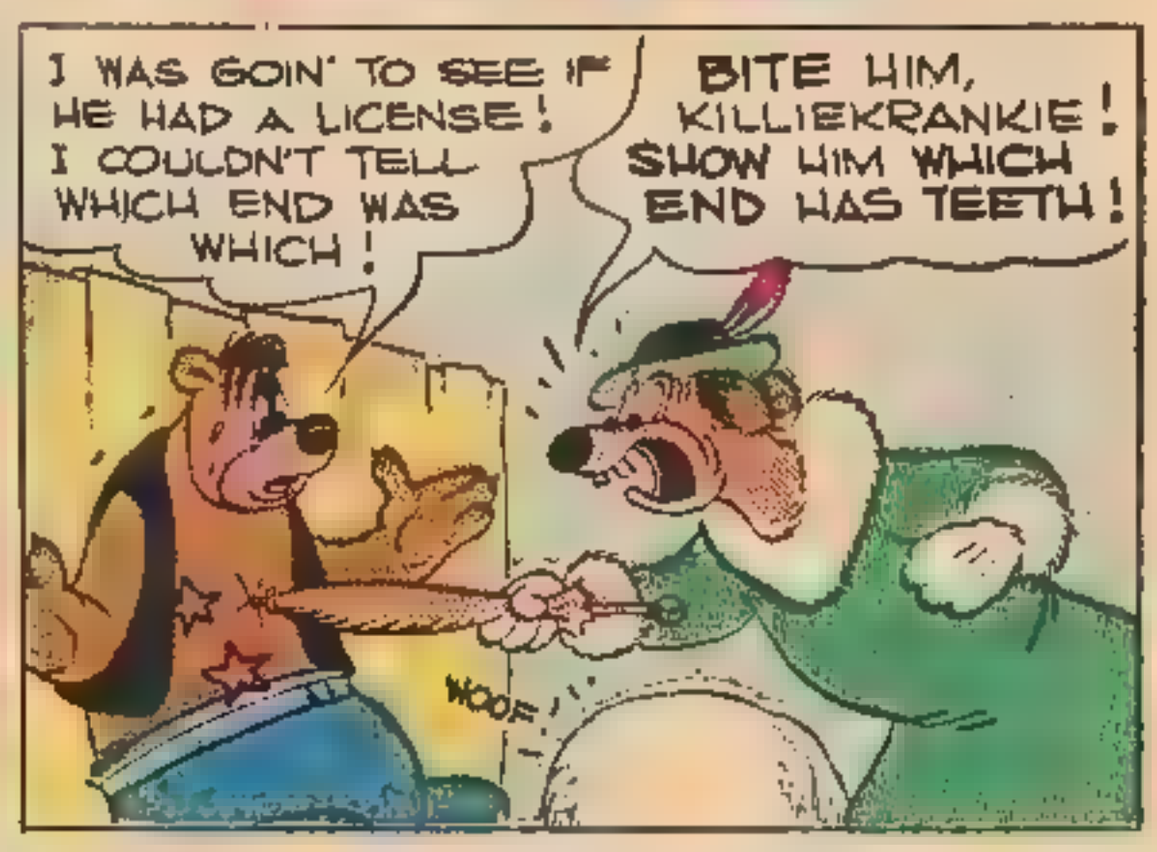

WHOA! THERE'S A DOG – I HOPE! MUST BE A STRAY – THERE'S NO OWNER AROUND!
WOOF!

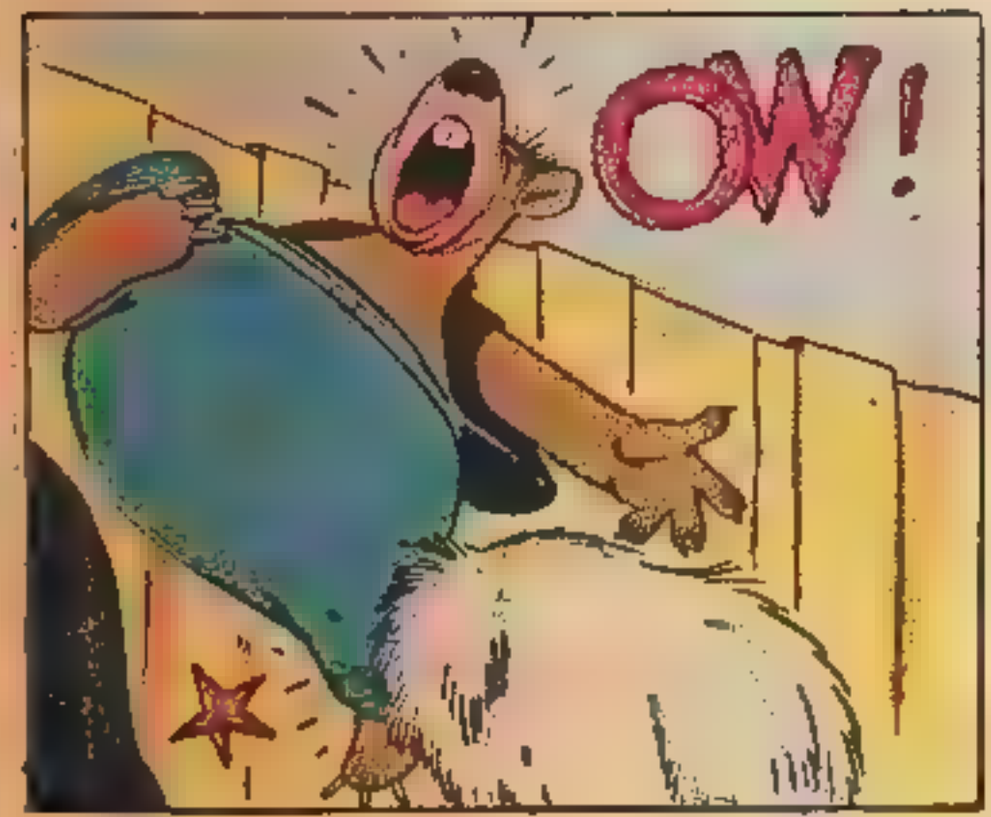

HERE, FIDO! FREE RIDE TO THE ANIMAL SHELTER!
WOOF!

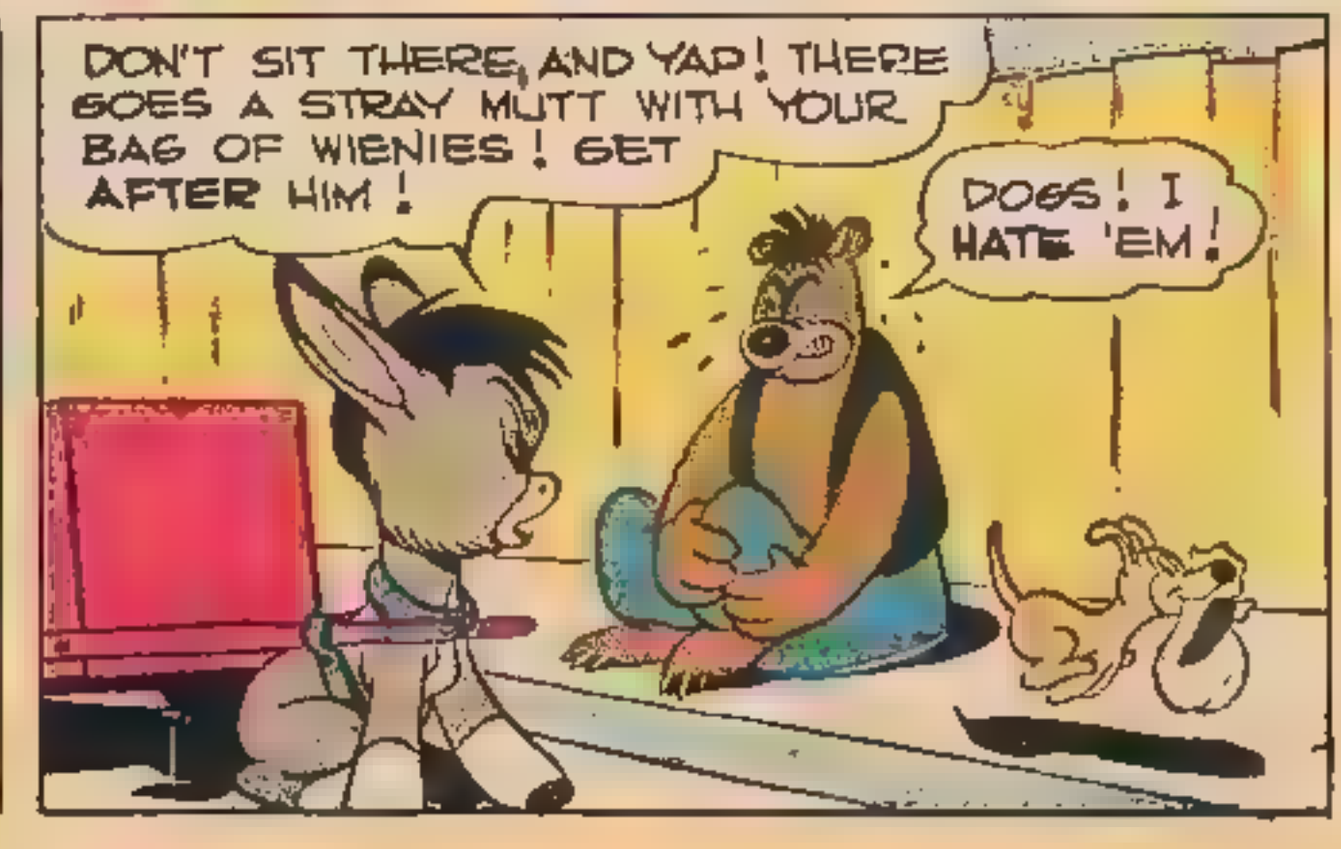

HOT MEALS AN' WARM BEDS! SUDSY WUDSY BUBBLE BATHS –
SNIFF THAT WIENIE!... NICE, EH?
WOOF!

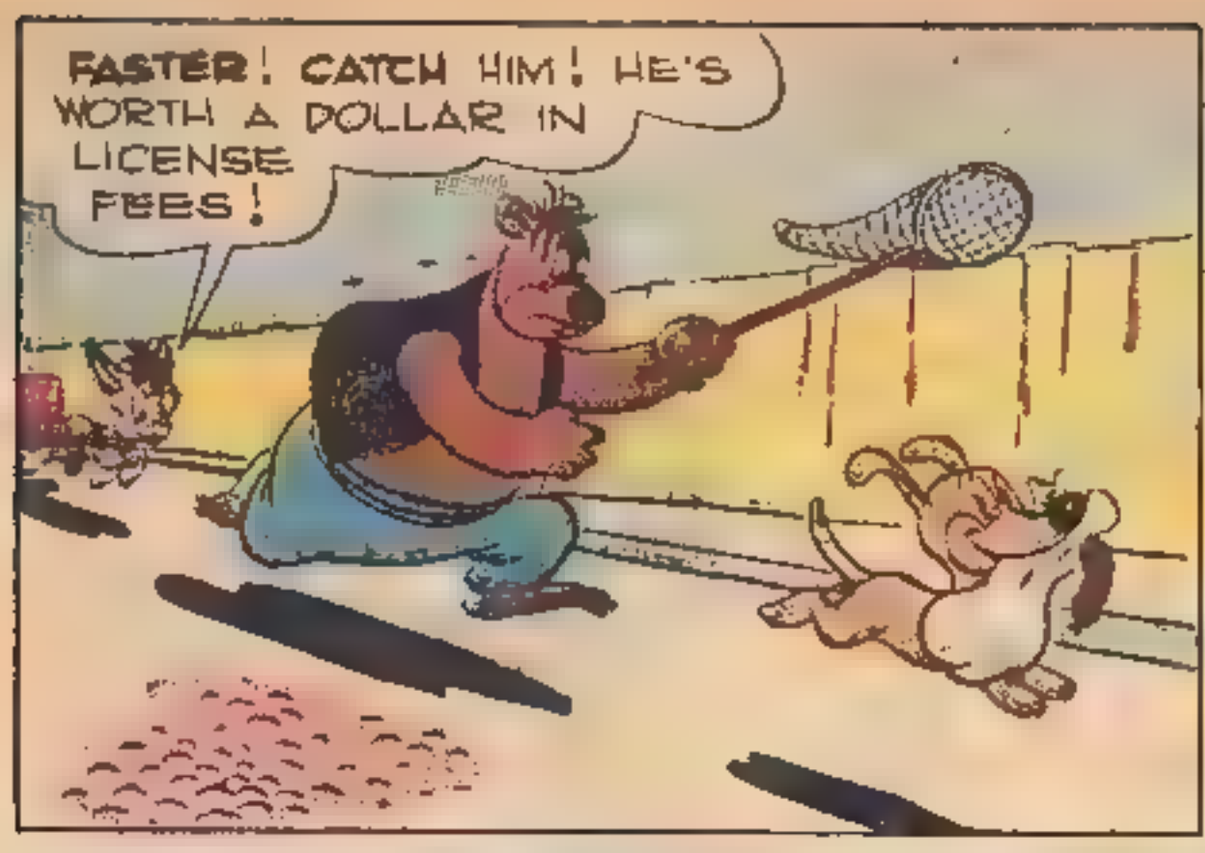

MAYBE YOU'RE TALKING TO THE WRONG END OF HIM! GRAB HIM AND THROW HIM IN THE CART!

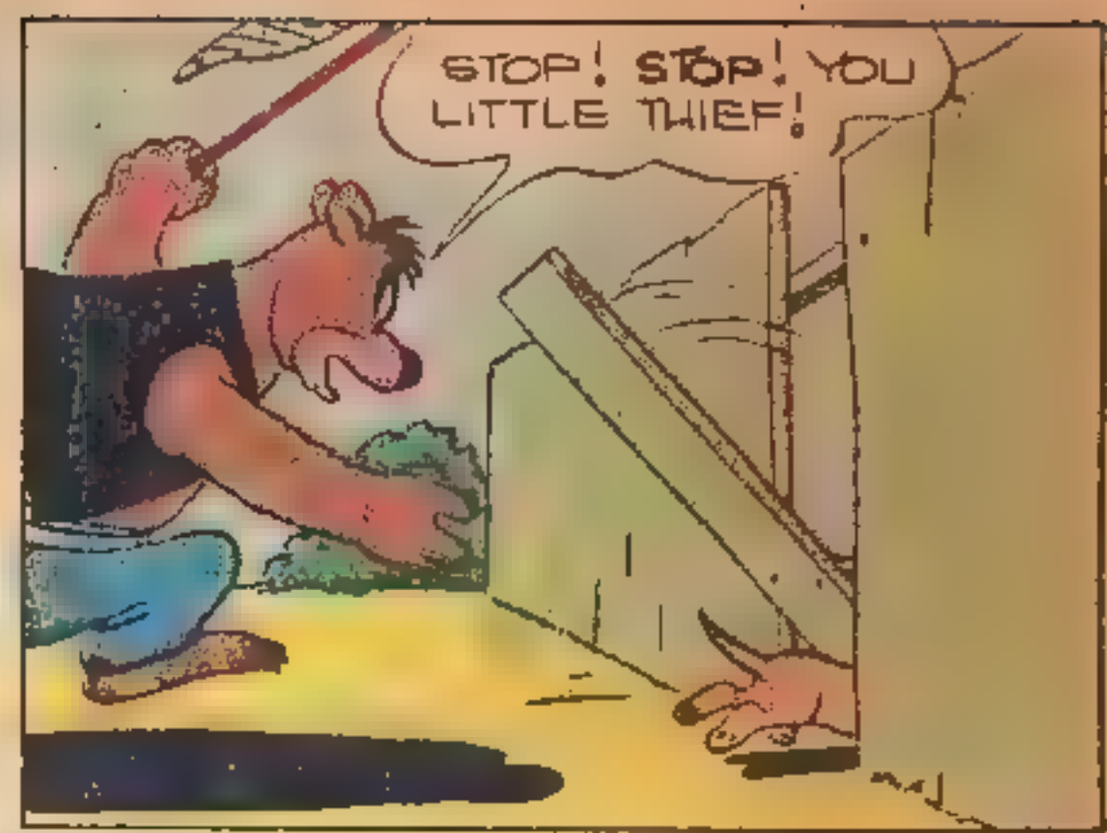

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TAKING MY DOG, YOU KIDNAPER?
SPLAT!

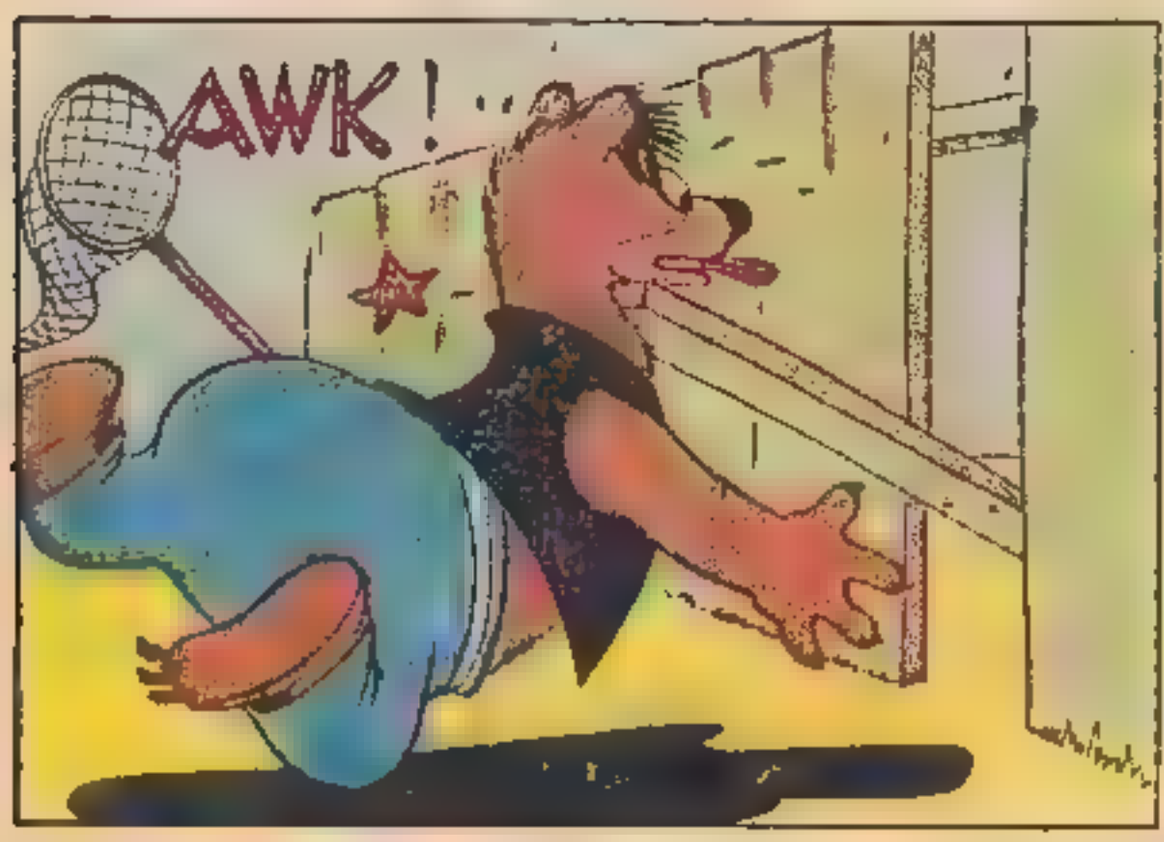

I WAS GOIN' TO SEE IF HE HAD A LICENSE! I COULDN'T TELL WHICH END WAS WHICH!
BITE HIM, KILLIEKRANKIE! SHOW HIM WHICH END HAS TEETH!
WOOF!

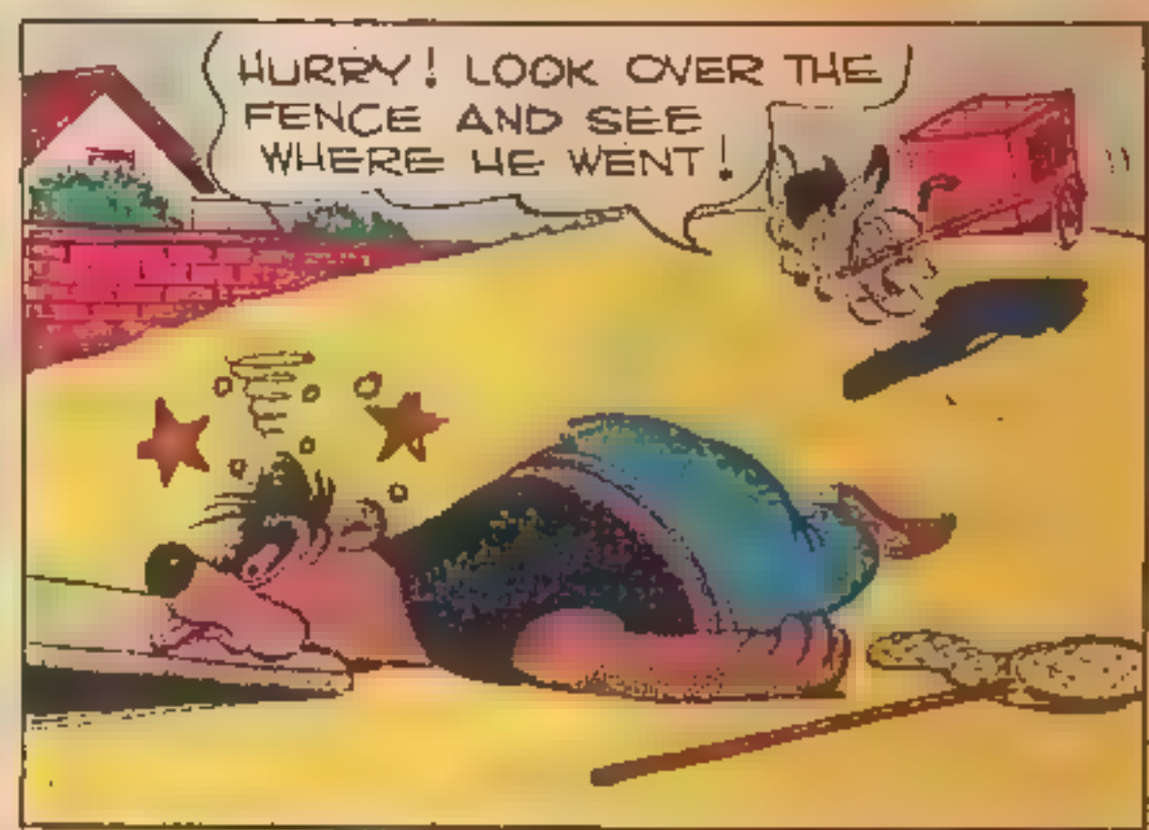

OW!

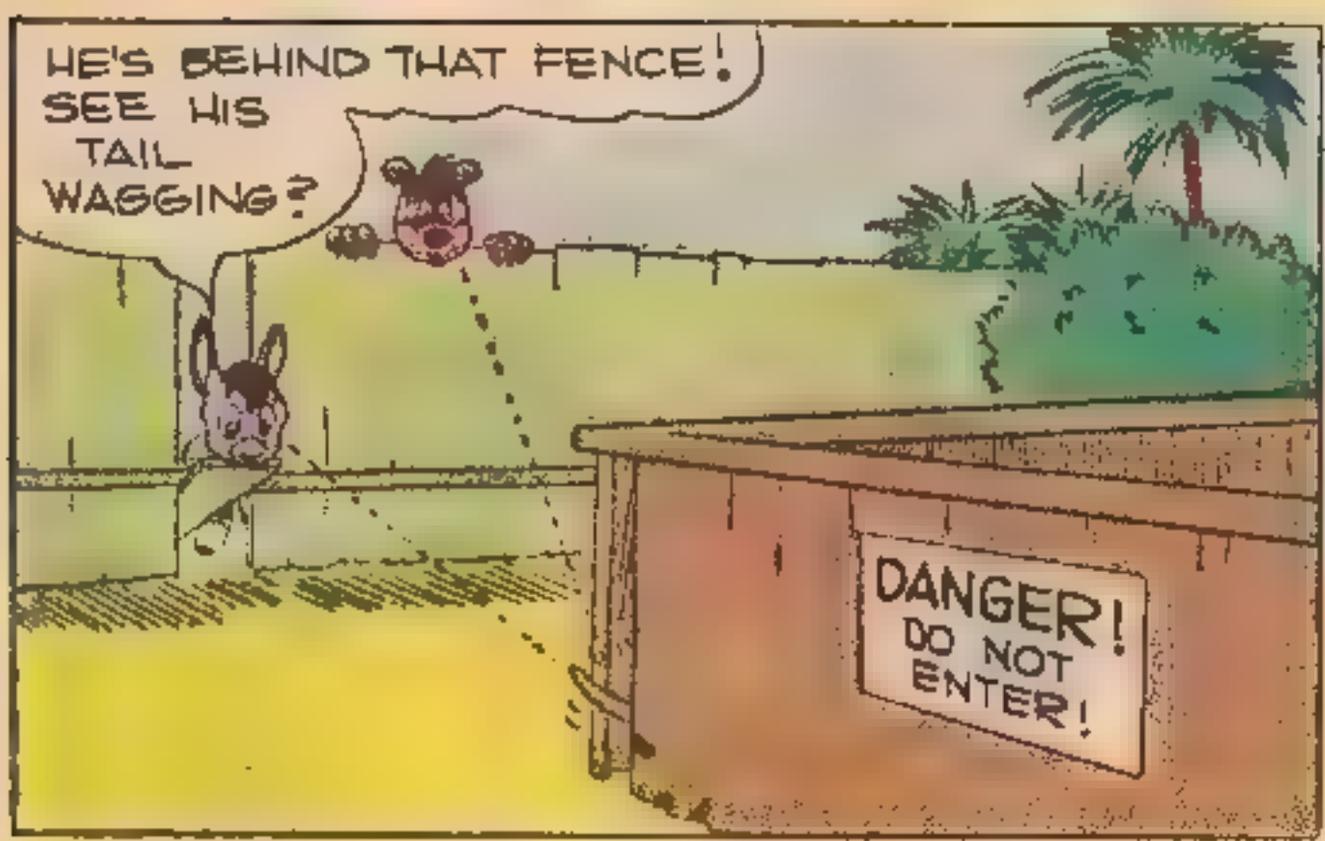

DON'T SIT THERE AND YAP! THERE GOES A STRAY MUTT WITH YOUR BAG OF WIENIES! GET AFTER HIM!
DOGS! I HATE 'EM!

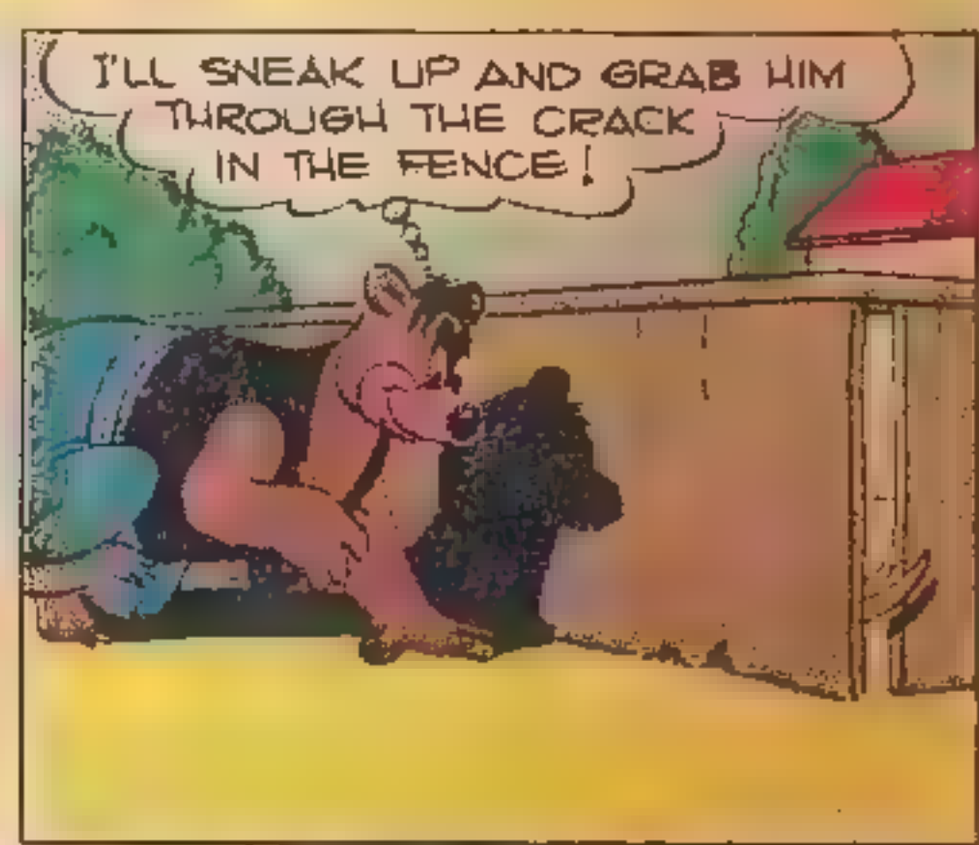

FASTER! CATCH HIM! HE'S WORTH A DOLLAR IN LICENSE FEES!

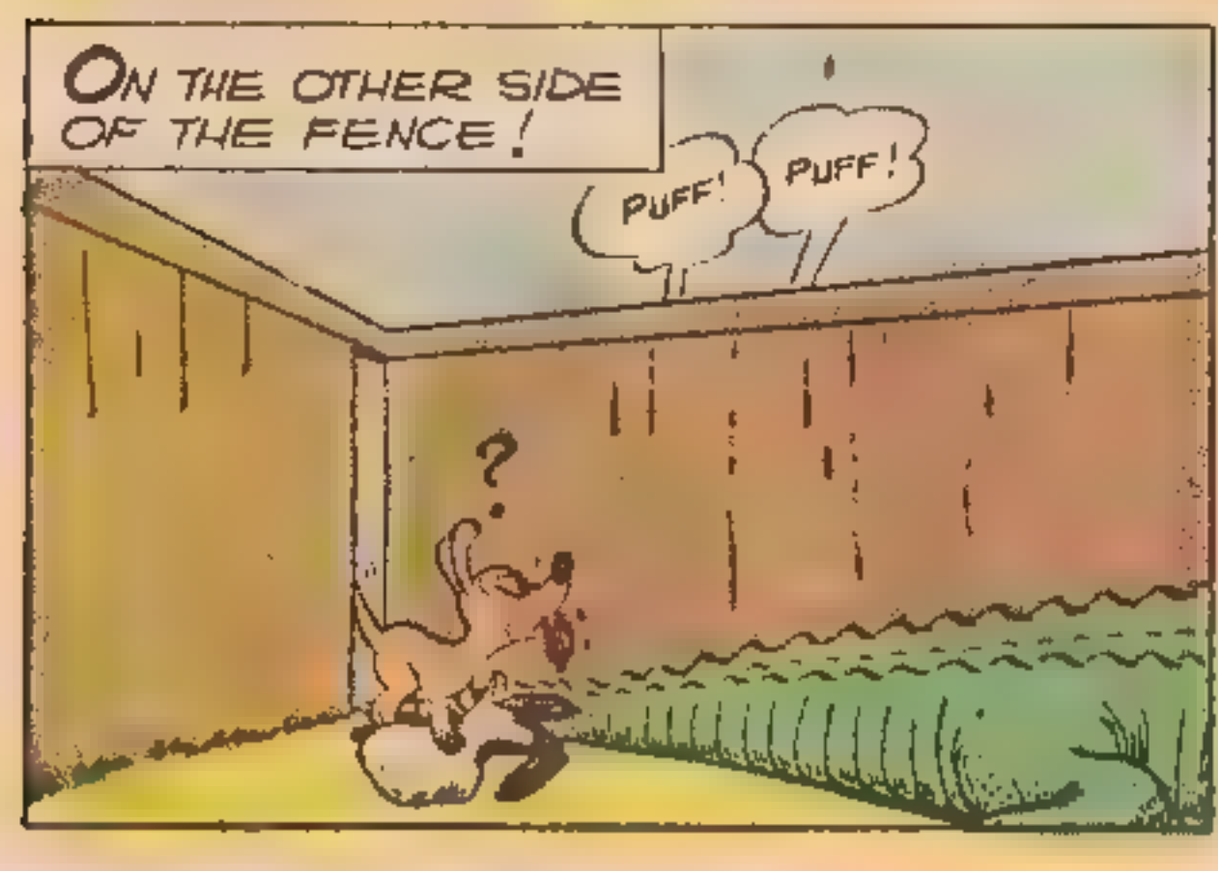

STOP! STOP! YOU LITTLE THIEF!

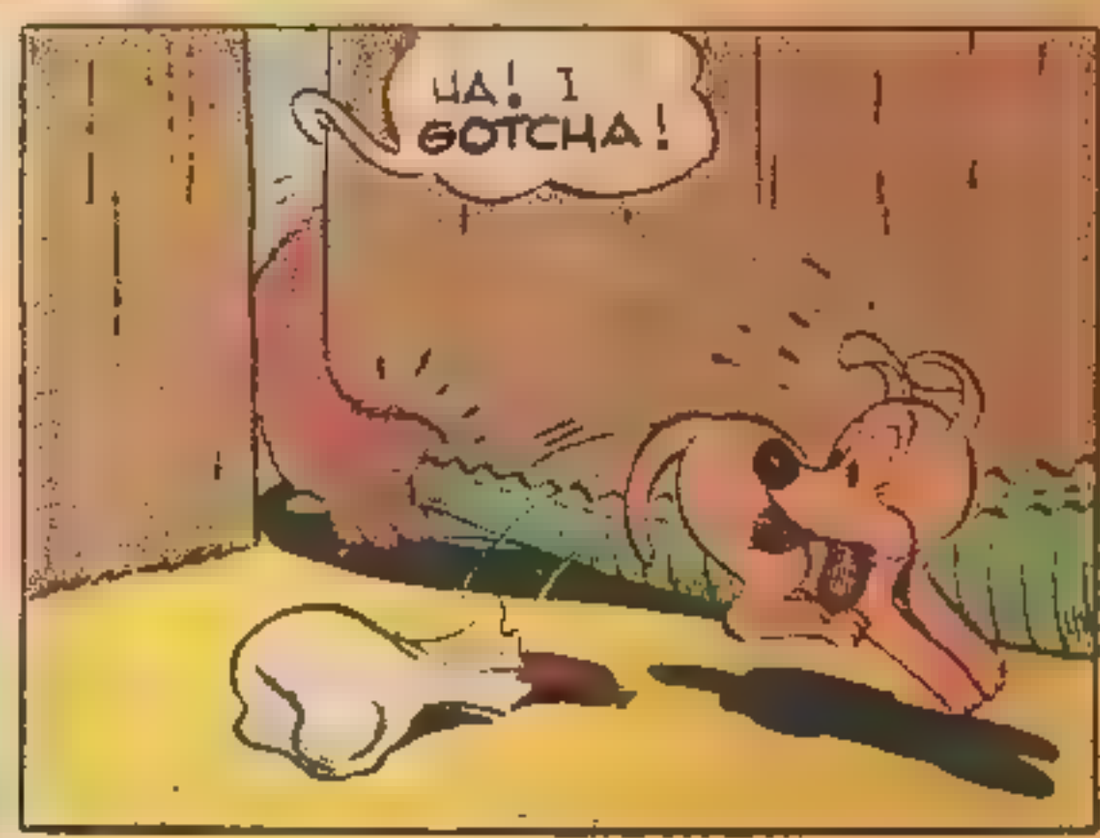

AWK!

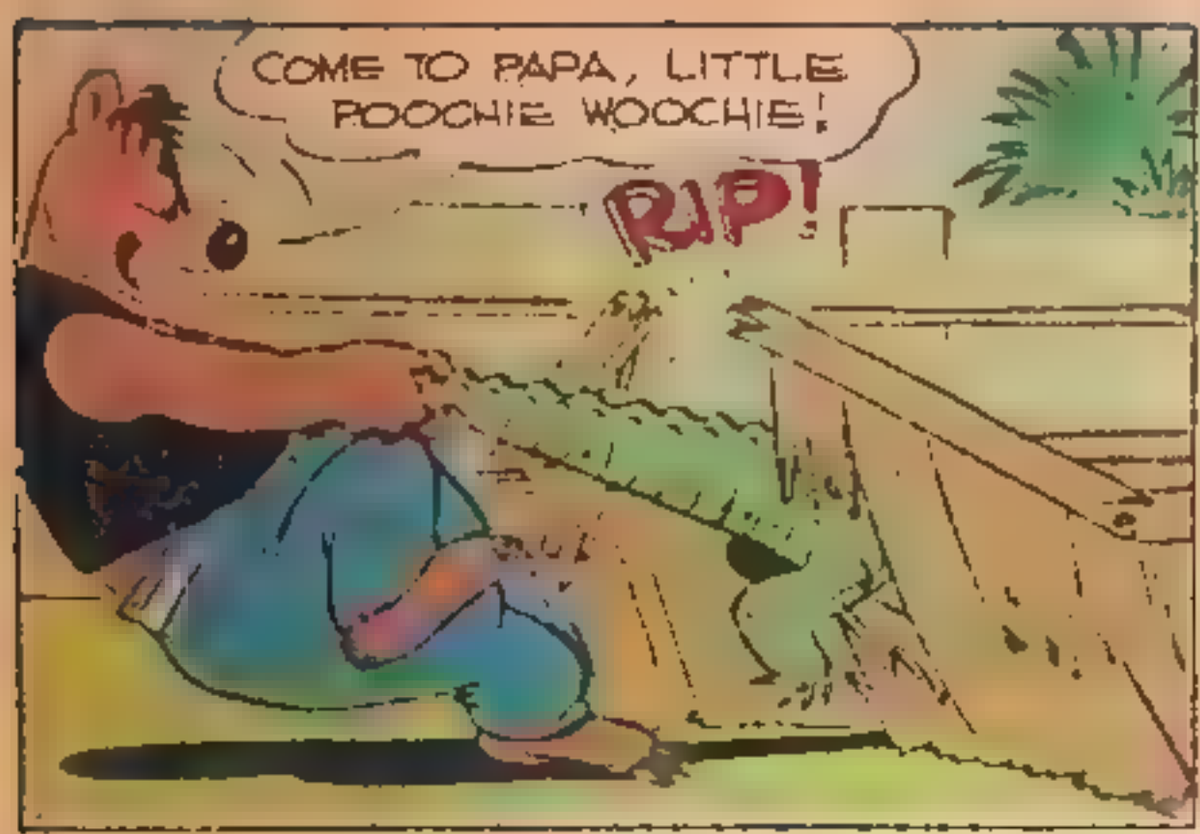

HURRY! LOOK OVER THE FENCE AND SEE WHERE HE WENT!

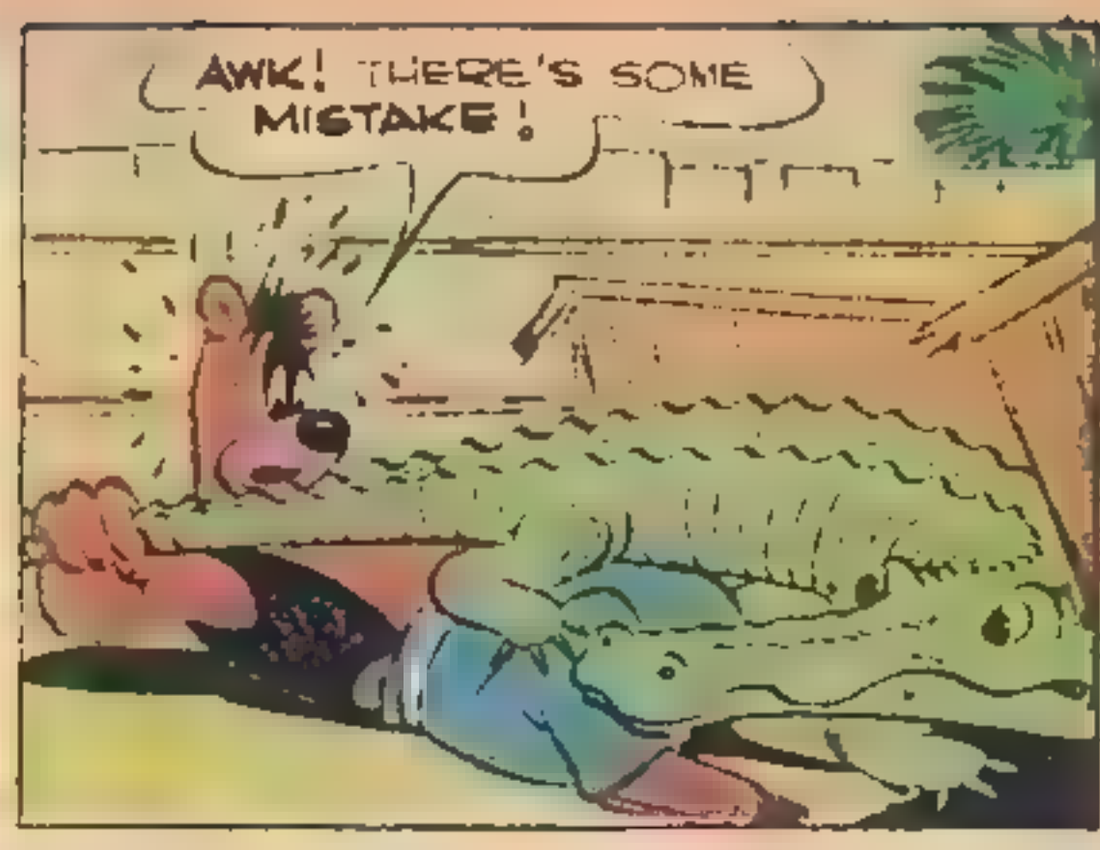

HE'S BEHIND THAT FENCE! SEE HIS TAIL WAGGING?
DANGER! DO NOT ENTER!

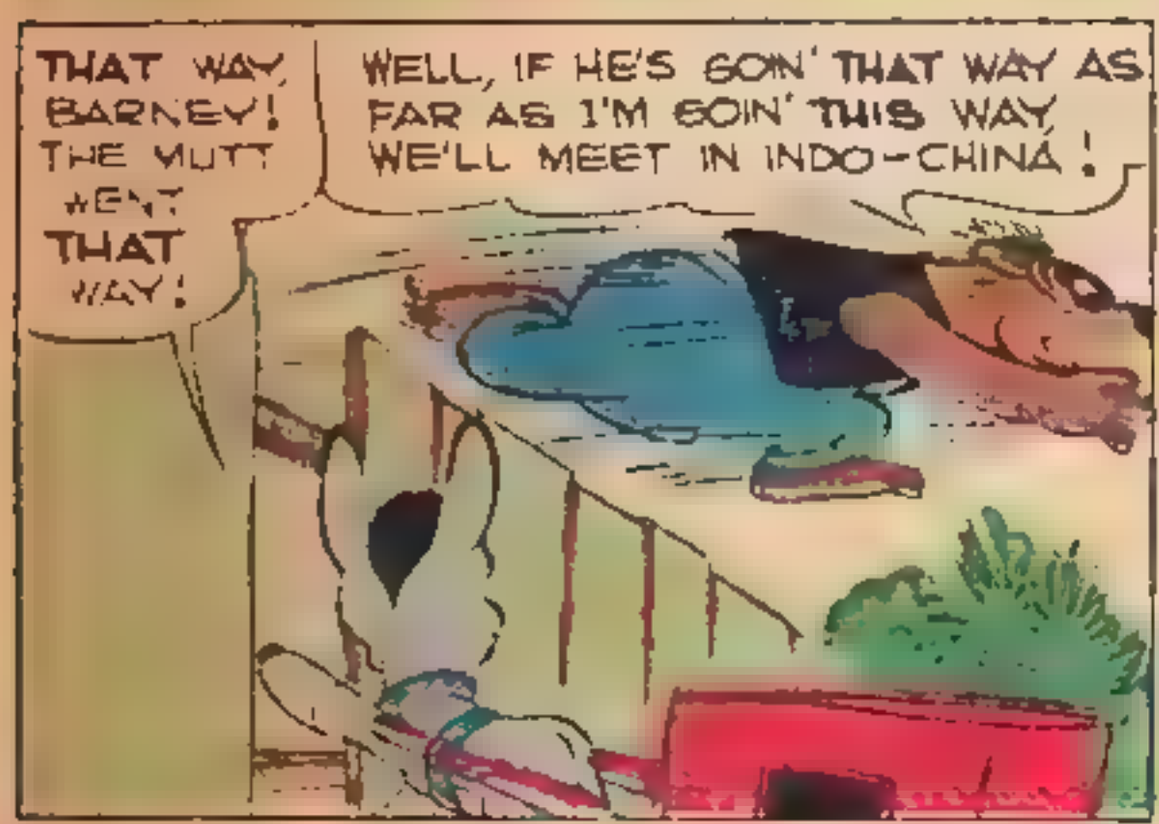

I'LL SNEAK UP AND GRAB HIM THROUGH THE CRACK IN THE FENCE!

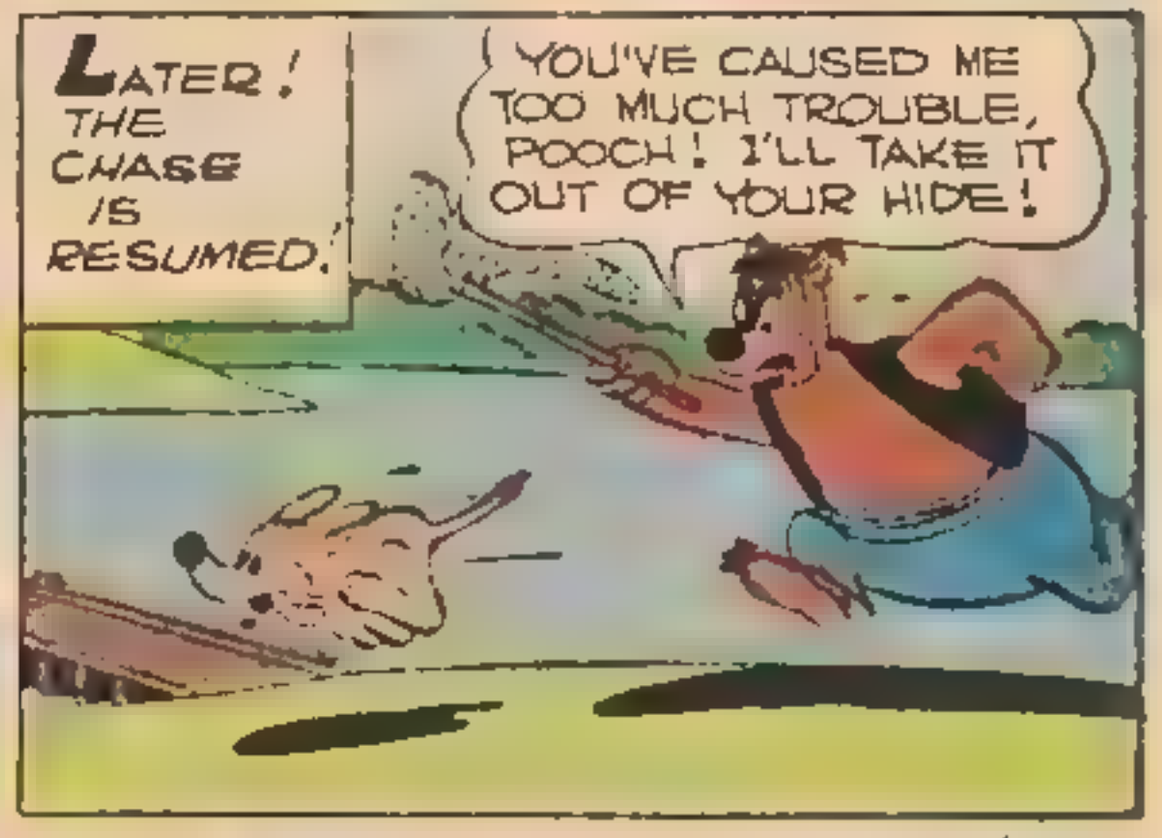

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE!
PUFF!
PUFF!
?

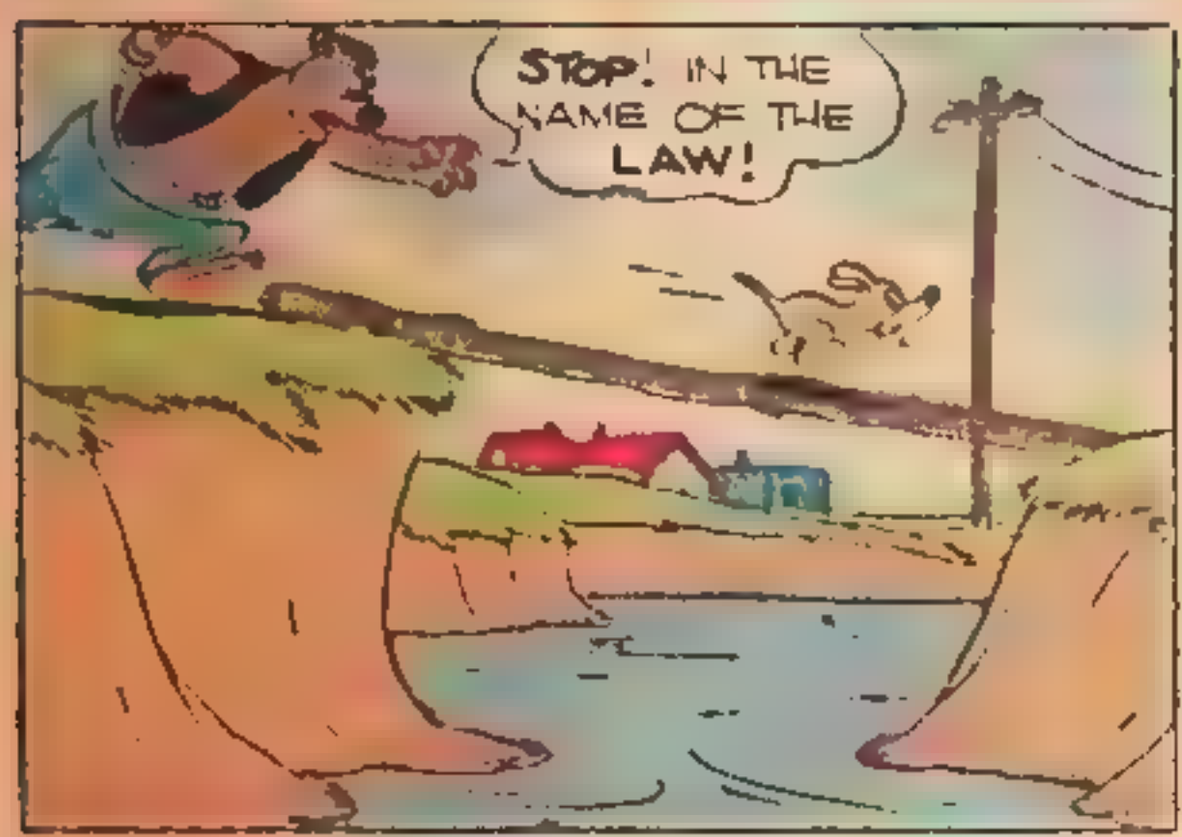

HA! I GOTCHA!

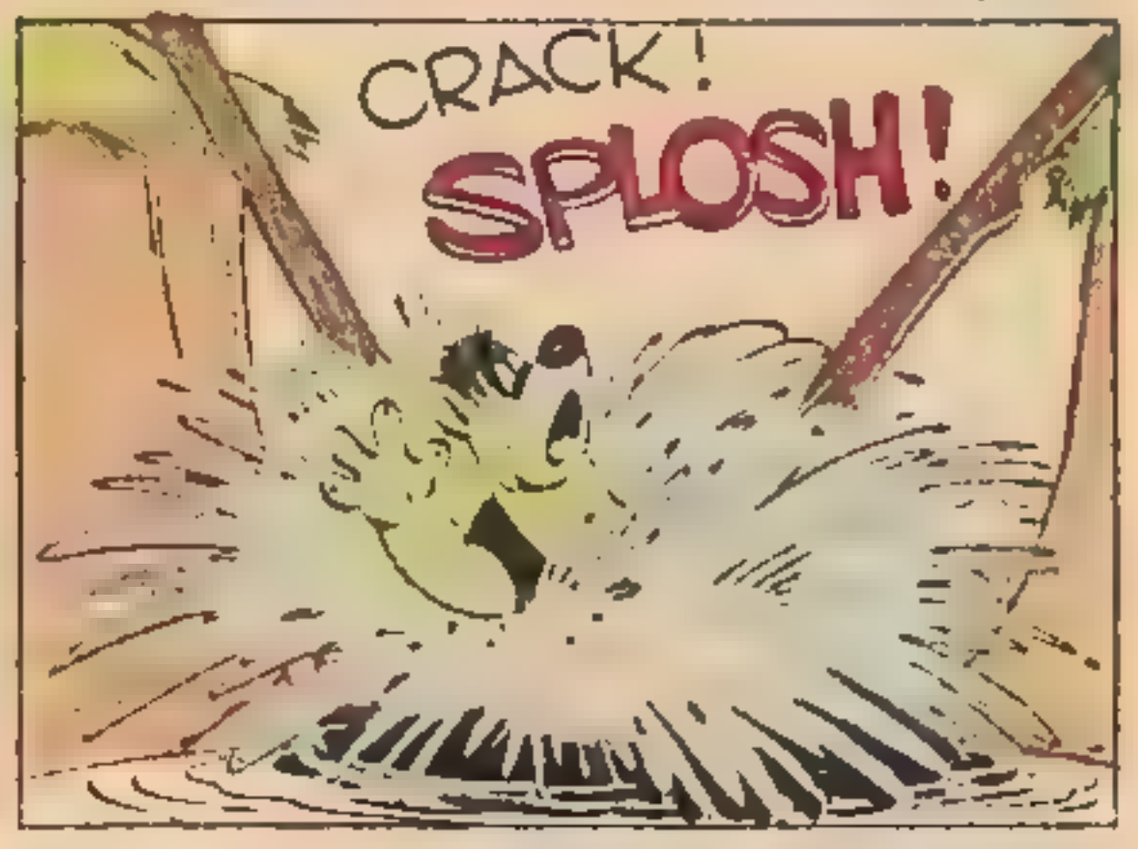

COME TO PAPA, LITTLE POOCHIE WOOCHIE!
RIP!

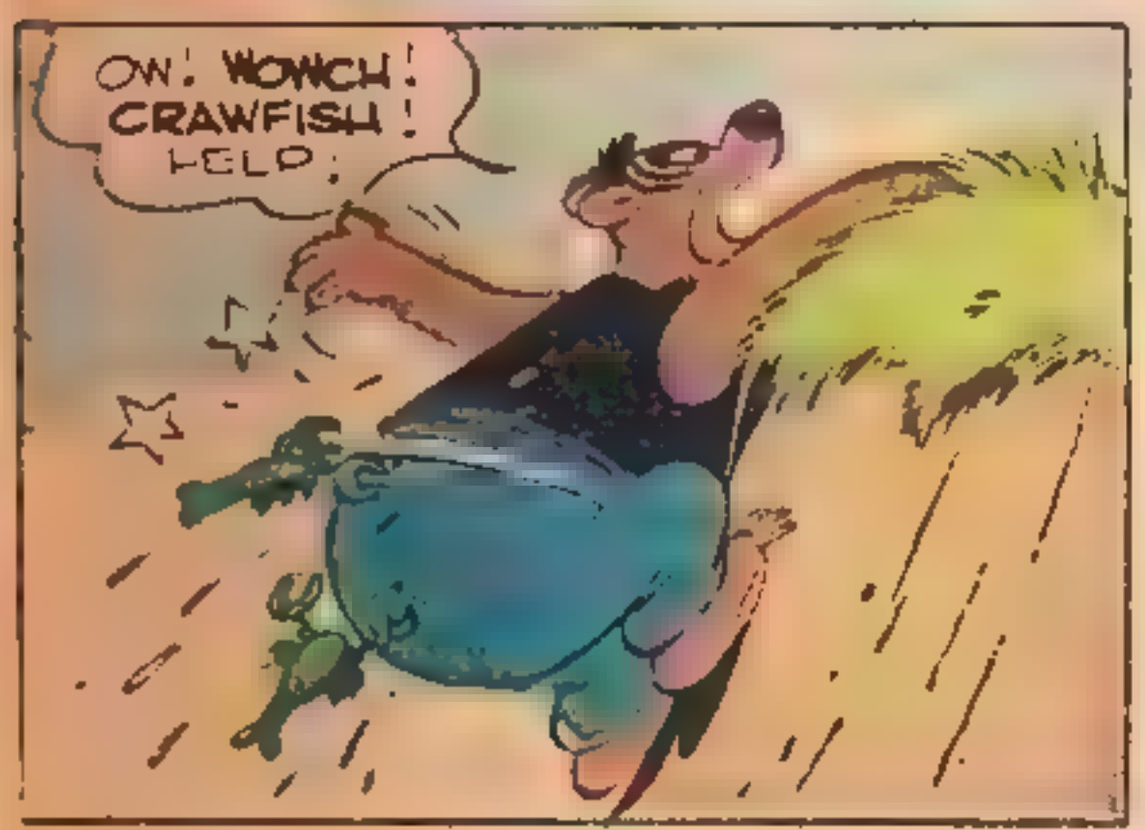

AWK! THERE'S SOME MISTAKE!

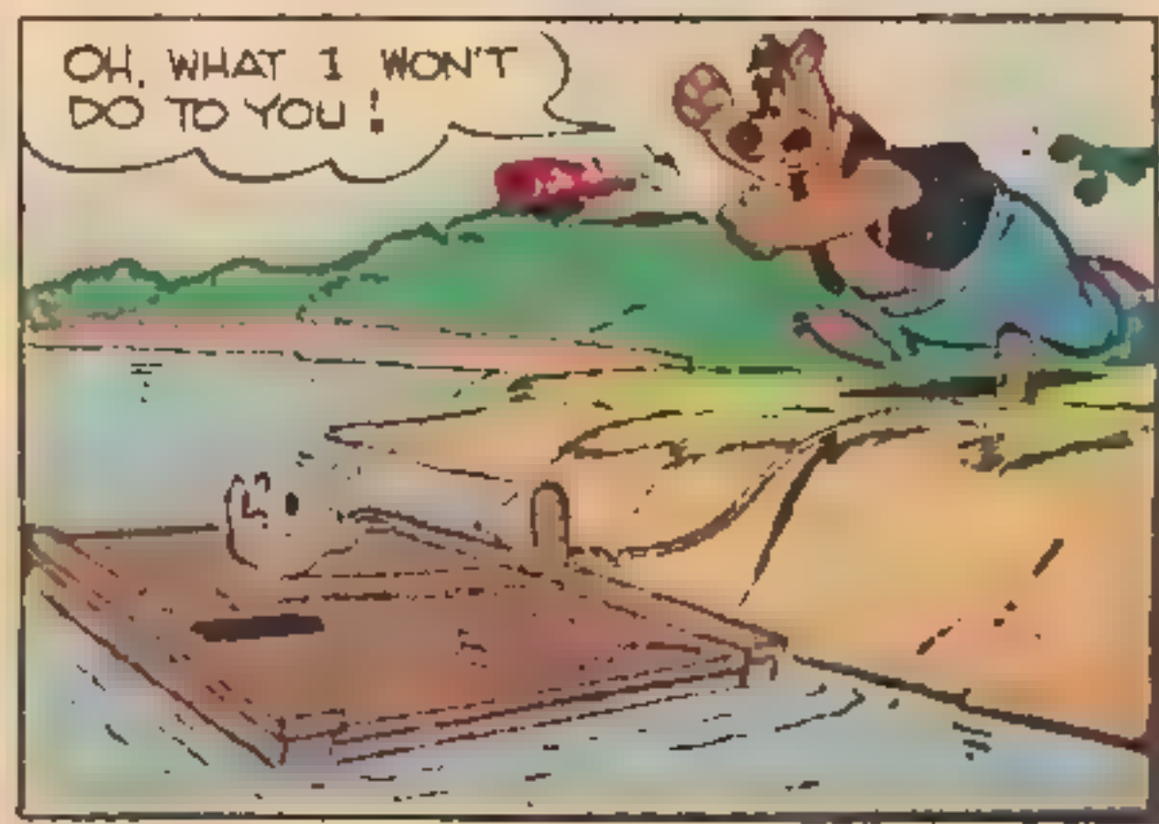

THAT WAY, BARNEY! THE MUTT WENT THAT WAY!
WELL, IF HE'S GOIN' THAT WAY AS FAR AS I'M GOIN' THIS WAY, WE'LL MEET IN INDO-CHINA!

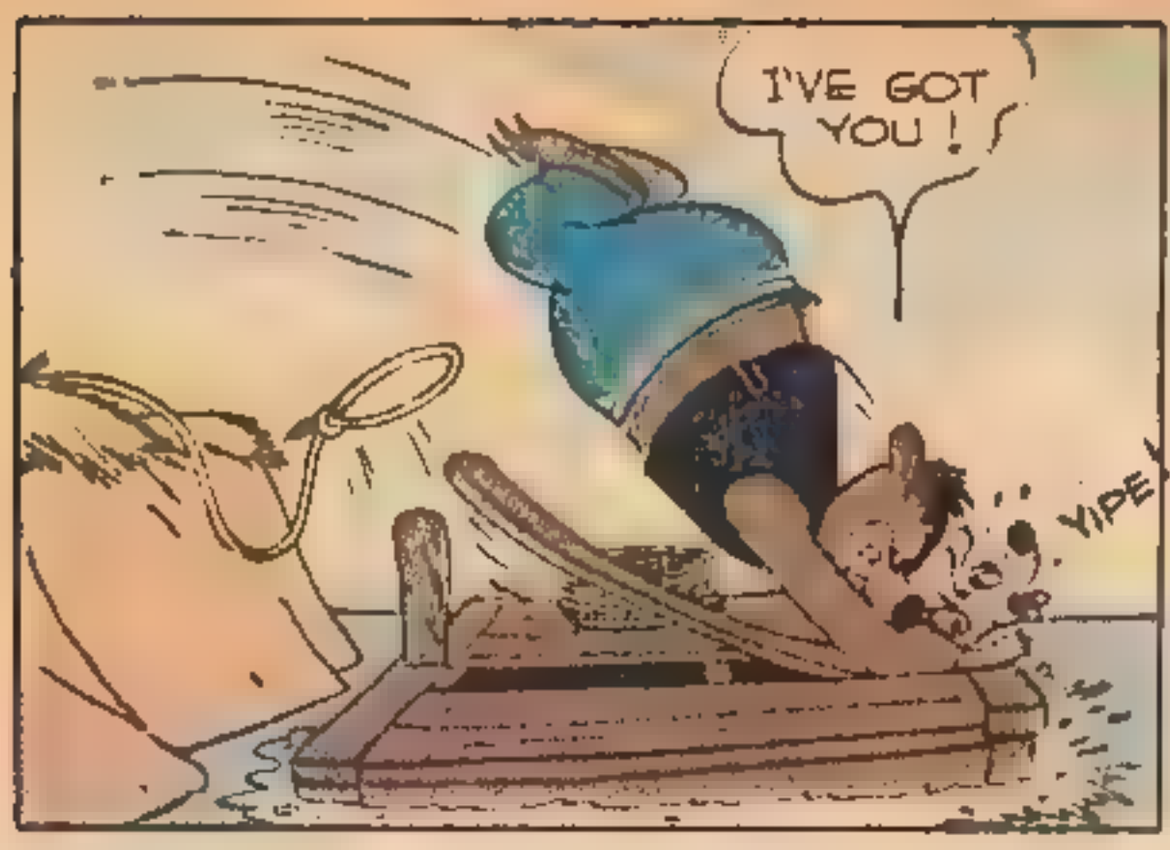

LATER! THE CHASE IS RESUMED.
YOU'VE CAUSED ME TOO MUCH TROUBLE, POOCH! I'LL TAKE IT OUT OF YOUR HIDE!

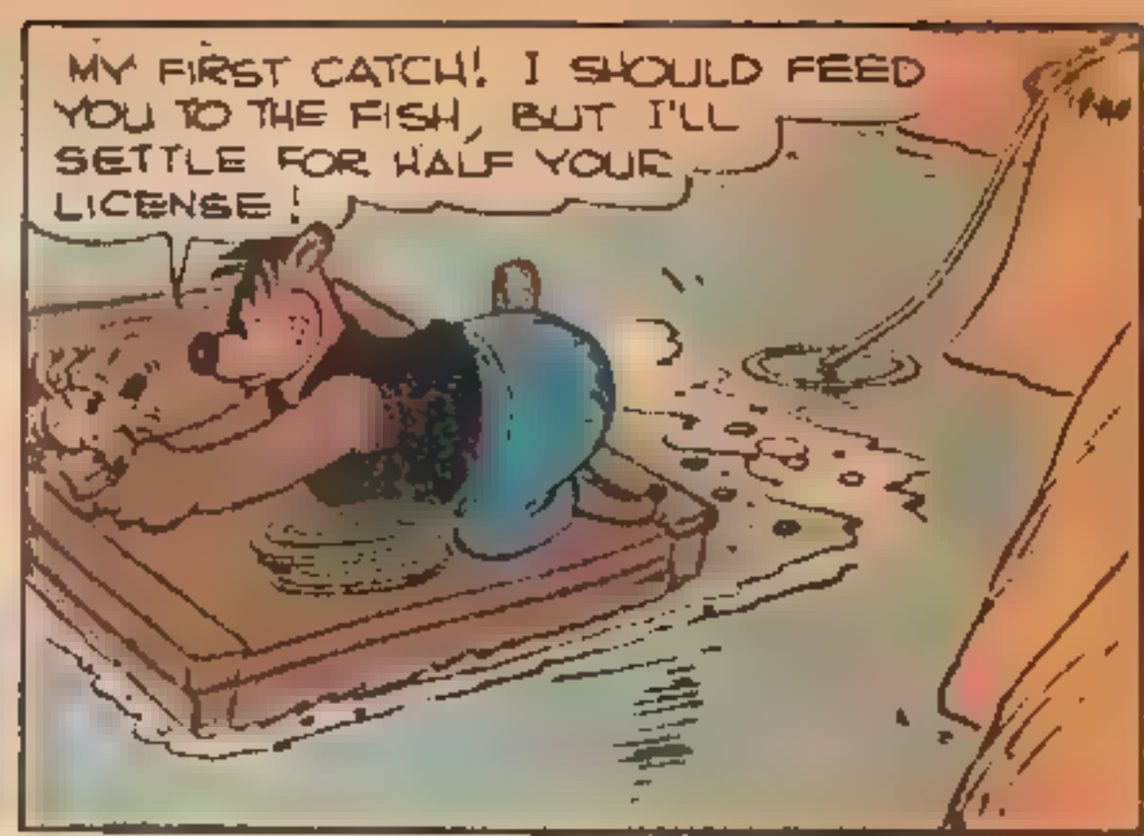

STOP! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

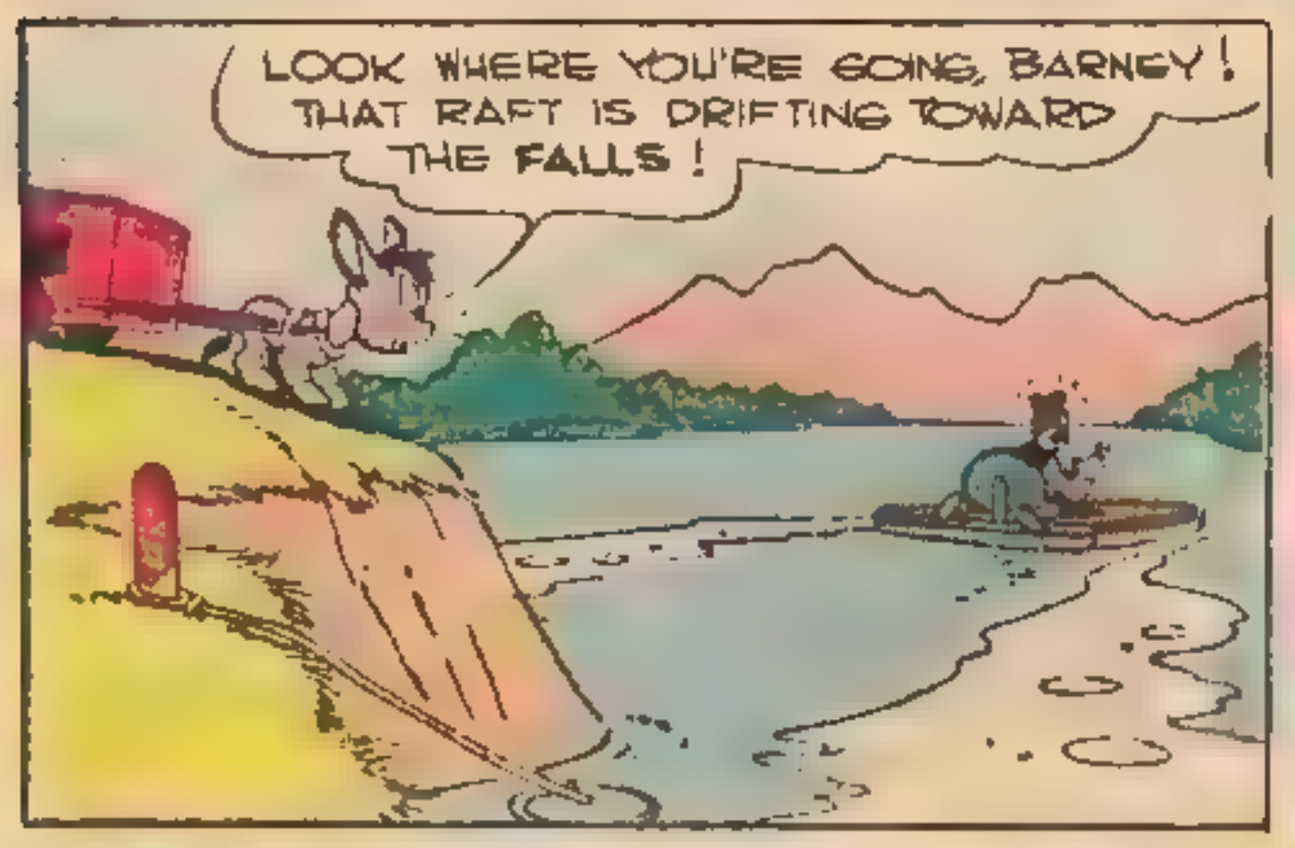

CRACK!
SPLOSH!

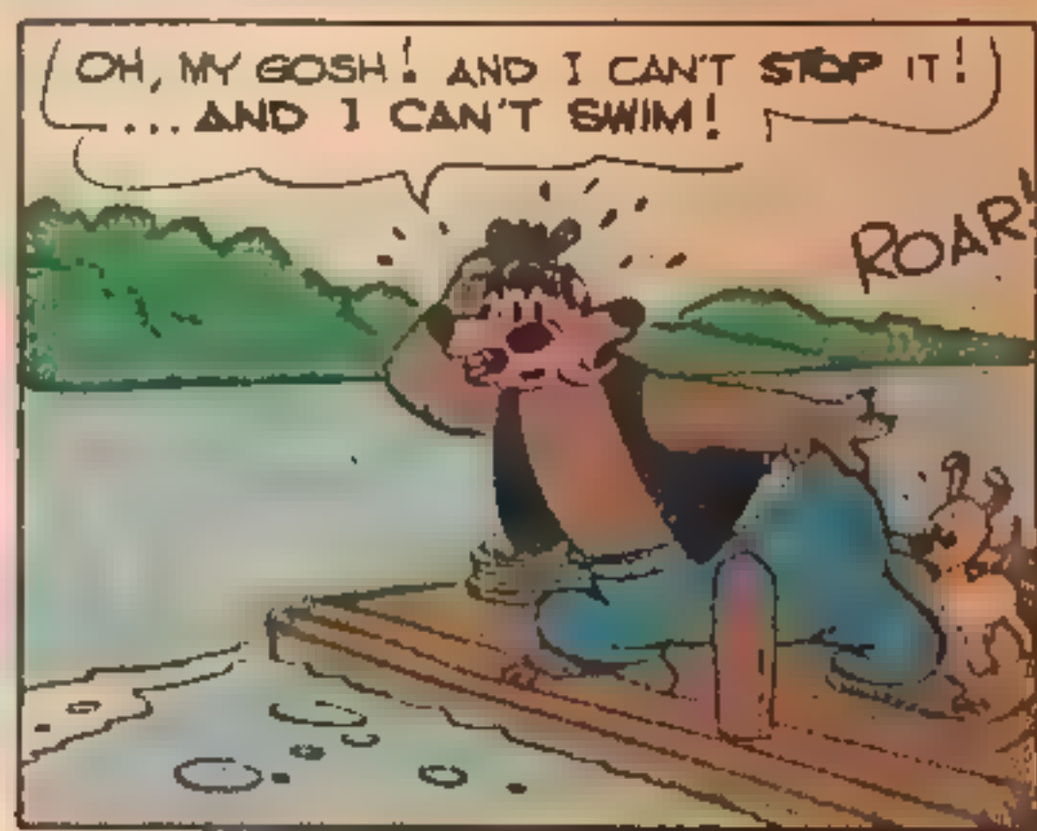

OW! WOWCH! CRAWFISH! HELP!

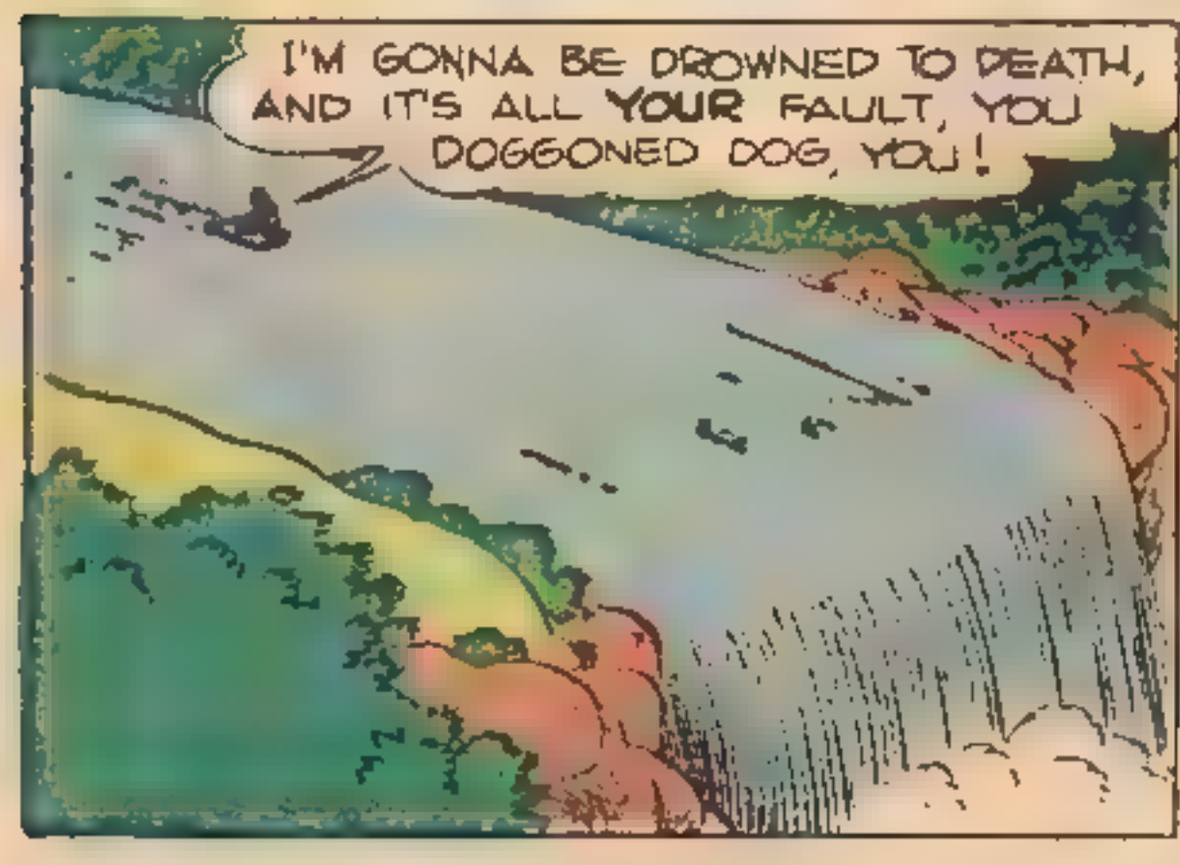

OH, WHAT I WON'T DO TO YOU!

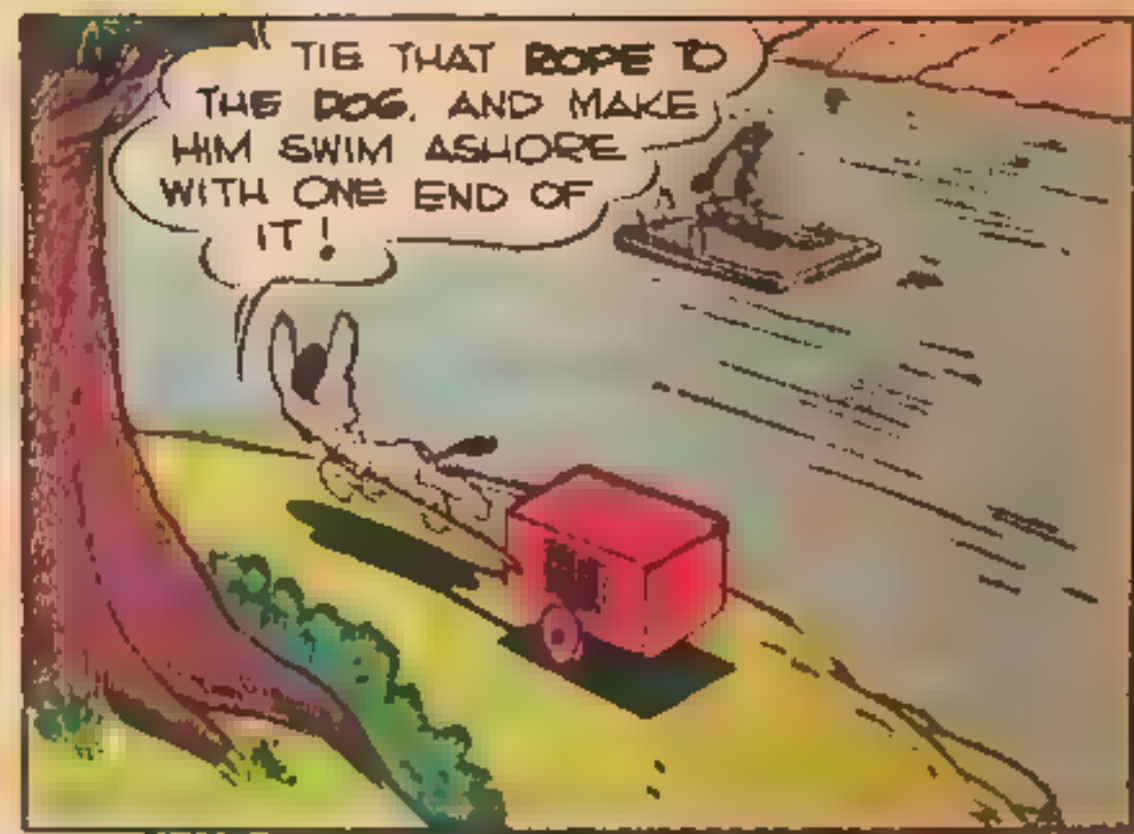

I'VE GOT YOU!
YIPE!

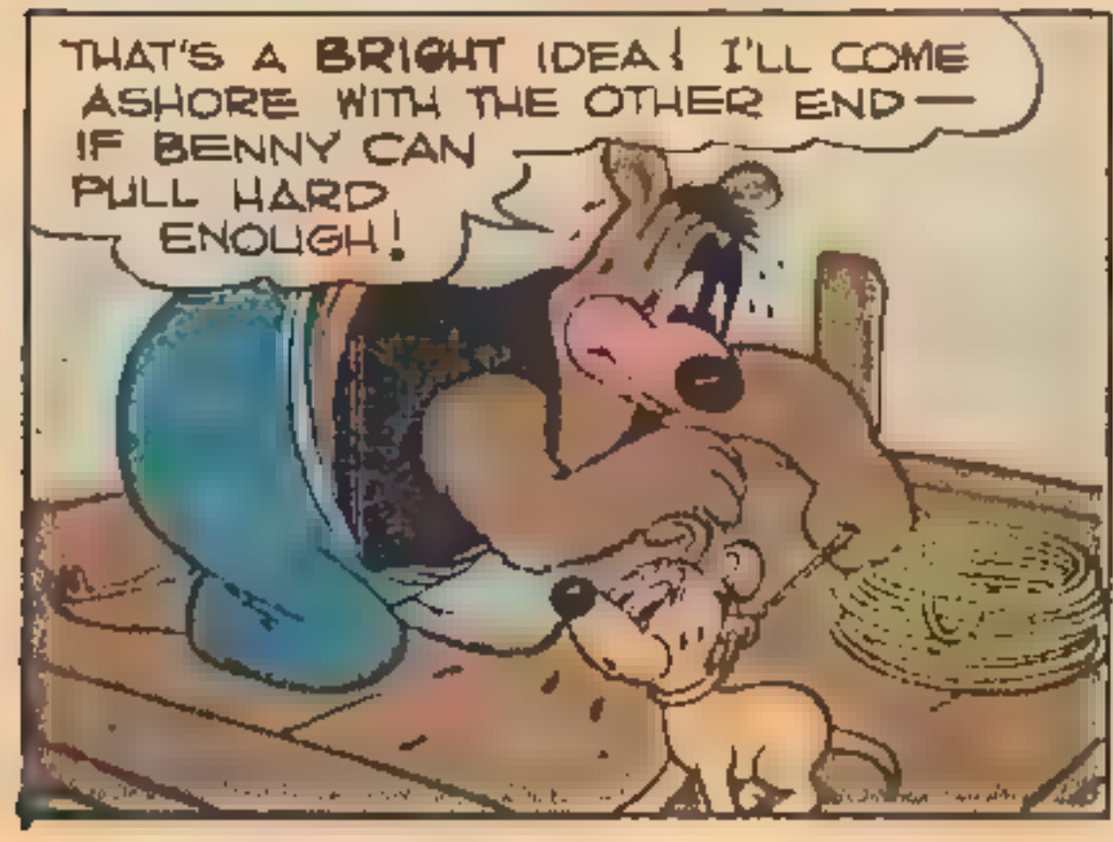

MY FIRST CATCH! I SHOULD FEED YOU TO THE FISH, BUT I'LL SETTLE FOR HALF YOUR LICENSE!

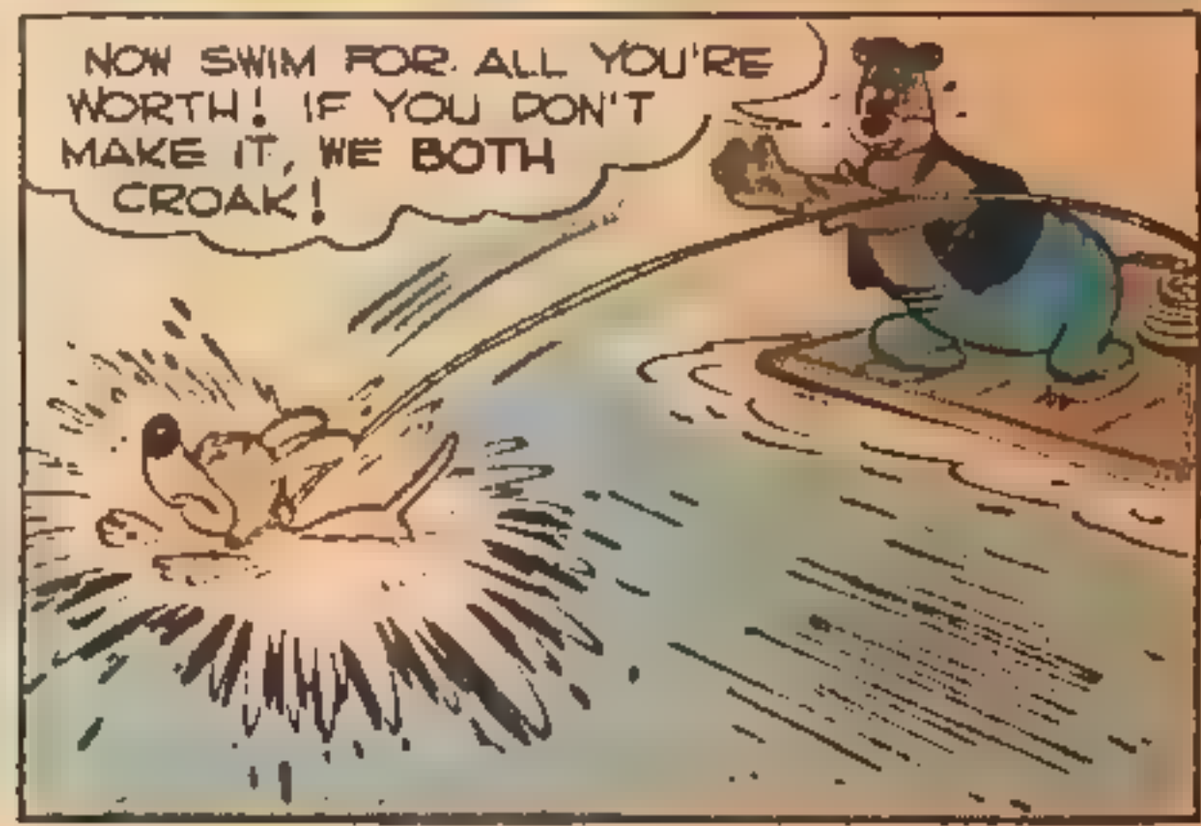

LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING, BARNEY! THAT RAFT IS DRIFTING TOWARD THE FALLS!

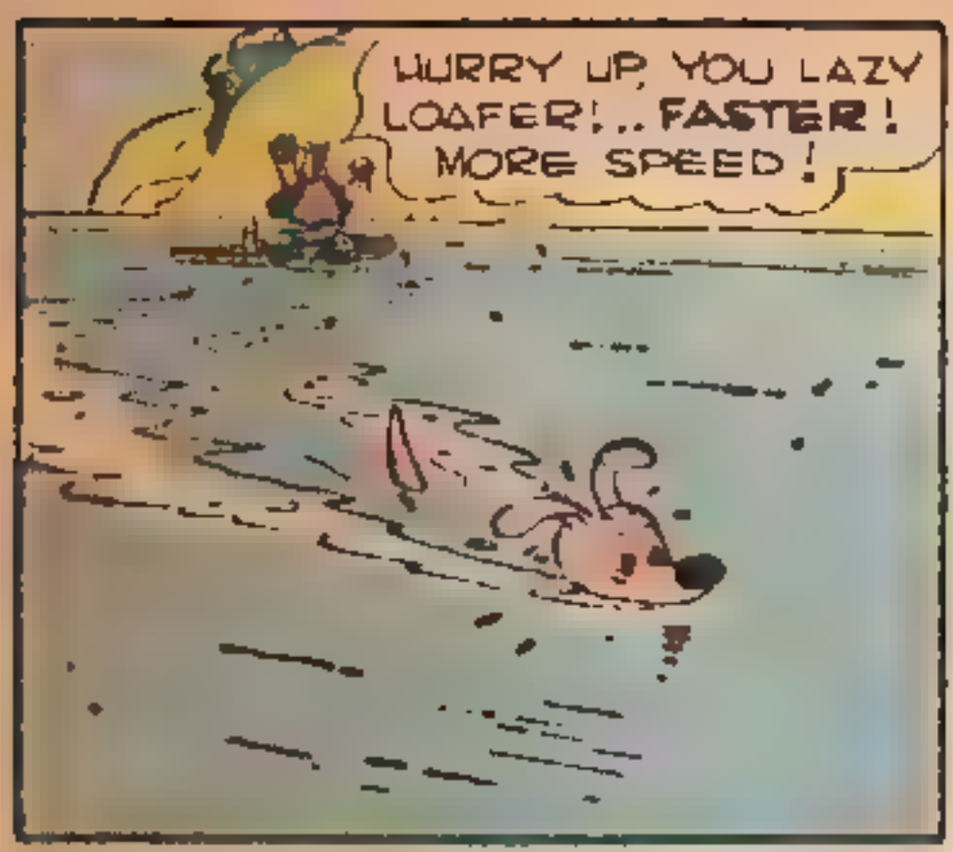

OH, MY GOSH! AND I CAN'T STOP IT! ...AND I CAN'T SWIM!
ROAR!

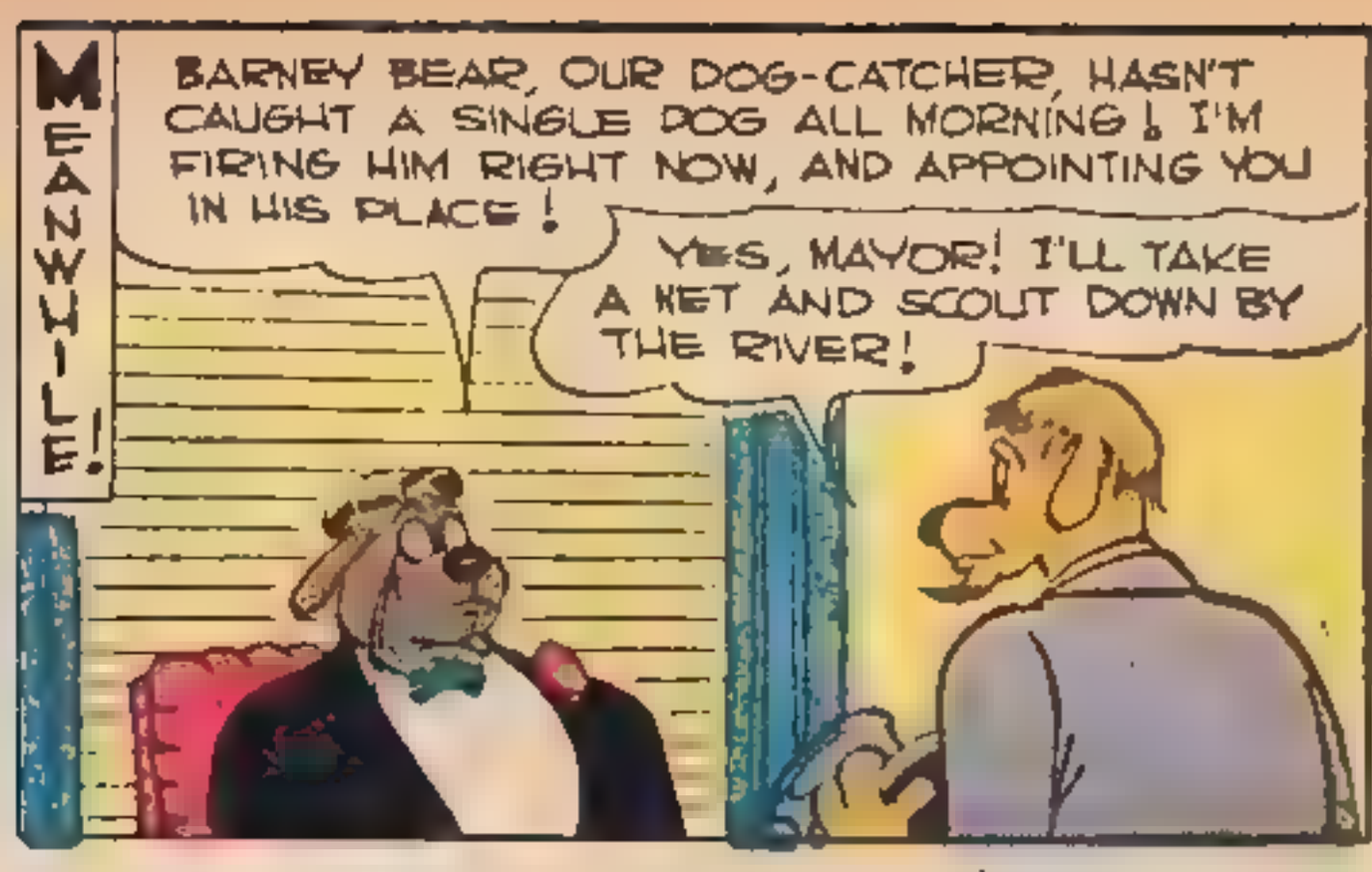

I'M GONNA BE DROWNED TO DEATH, AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, YOU DOGGONED DOG, YOU!

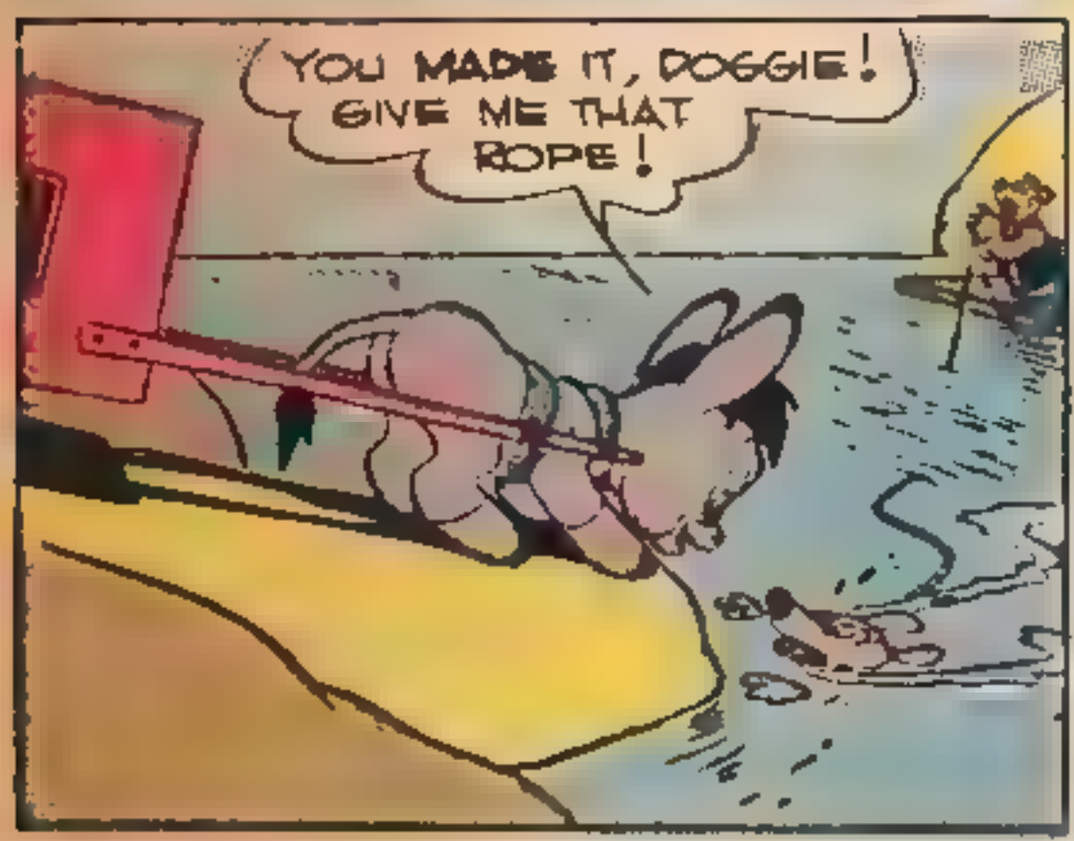

TIE THAT ROPE TO THE DOG, AND MAKE HIM SWIM ASHORE WITH ONE END OF IT!

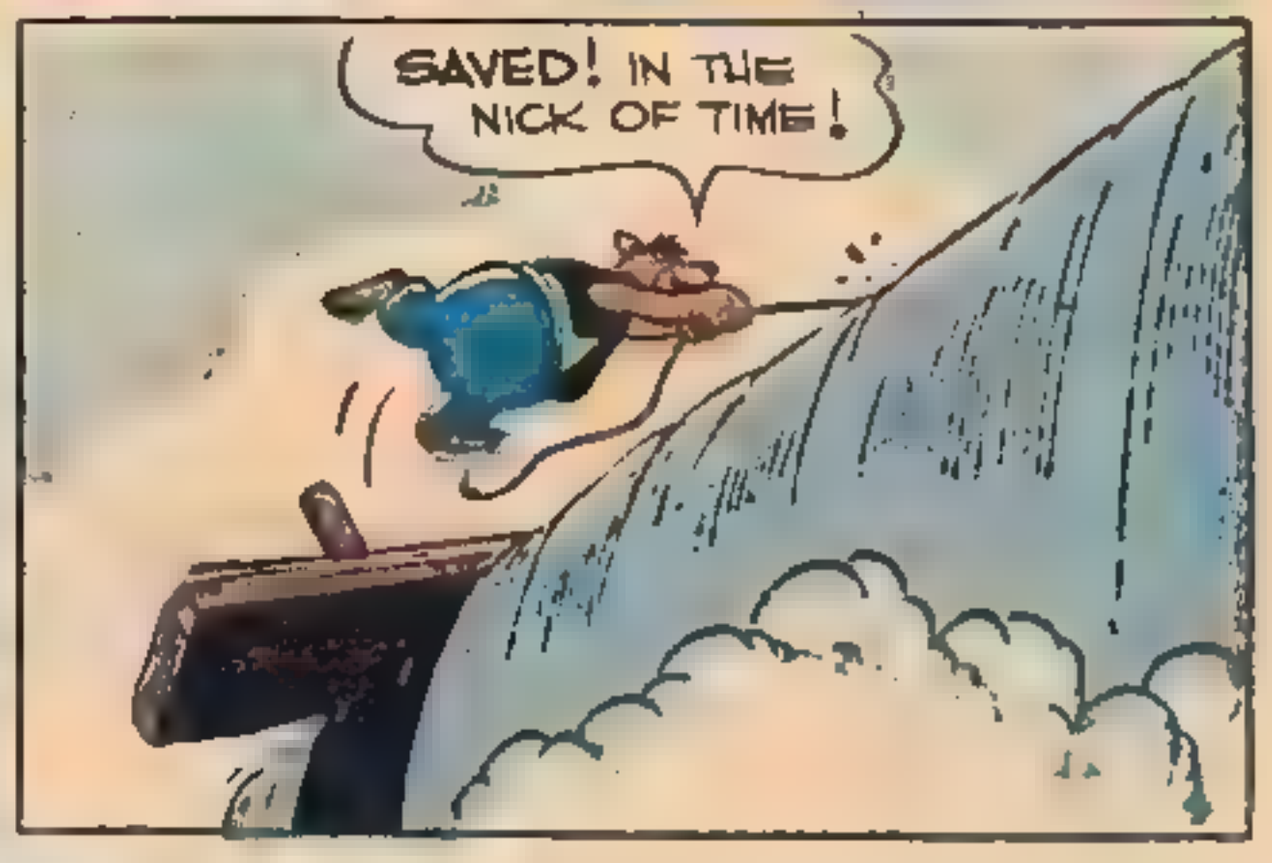

THAT'S A BRIGHT IDEA! I'LL COME ASHORE WITH THE OTHER END— IF BENNY CAN PULL HARD ENOUGH!

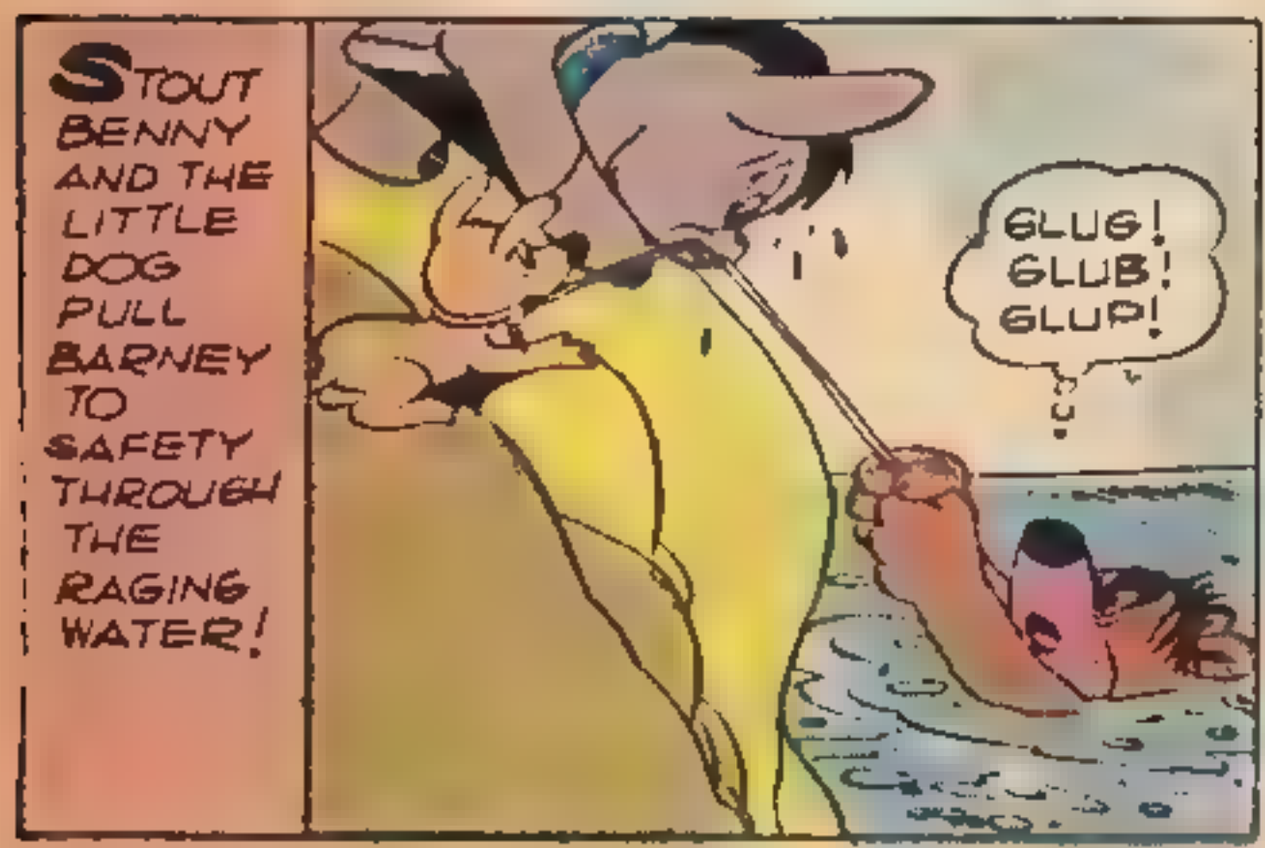

NOW SWIM FOR ALL YOU'RE WORTH! IF YOU DON'T MAKE IT, WE BOTH CROAK!

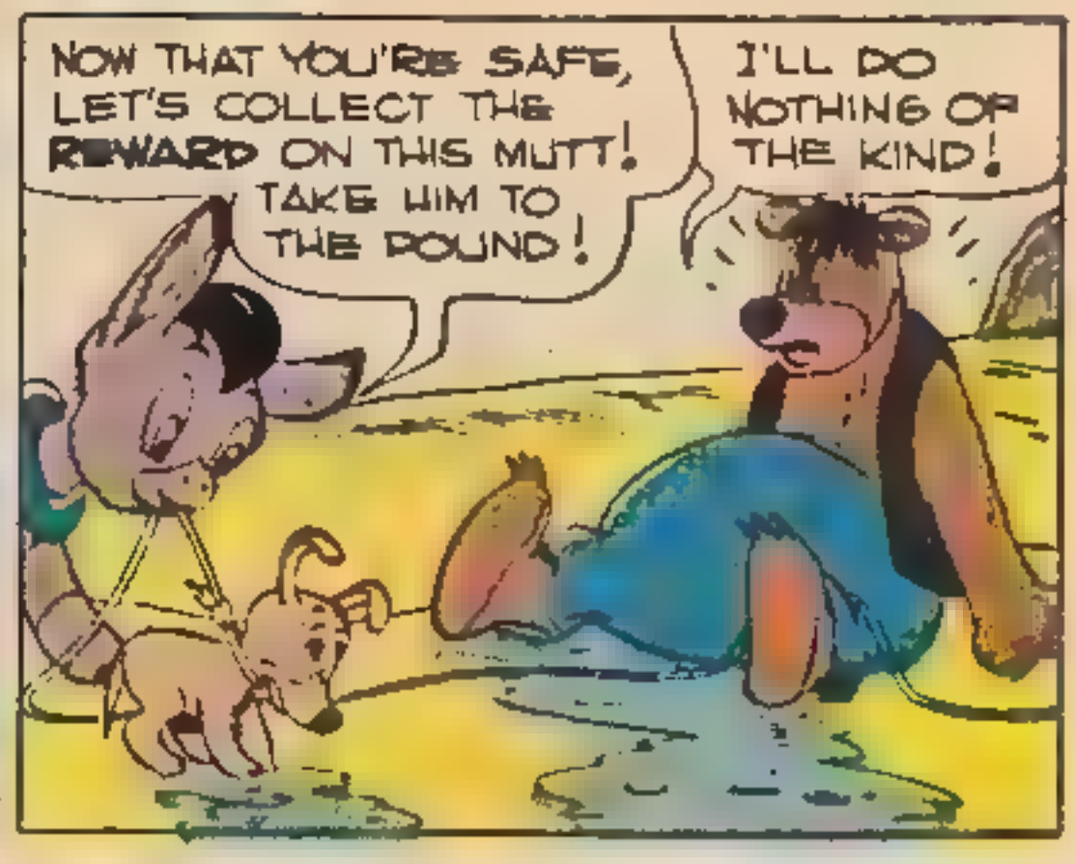

HURRY UP, YOU LAZY LOAFER!... FASTER! MORE SPEED!

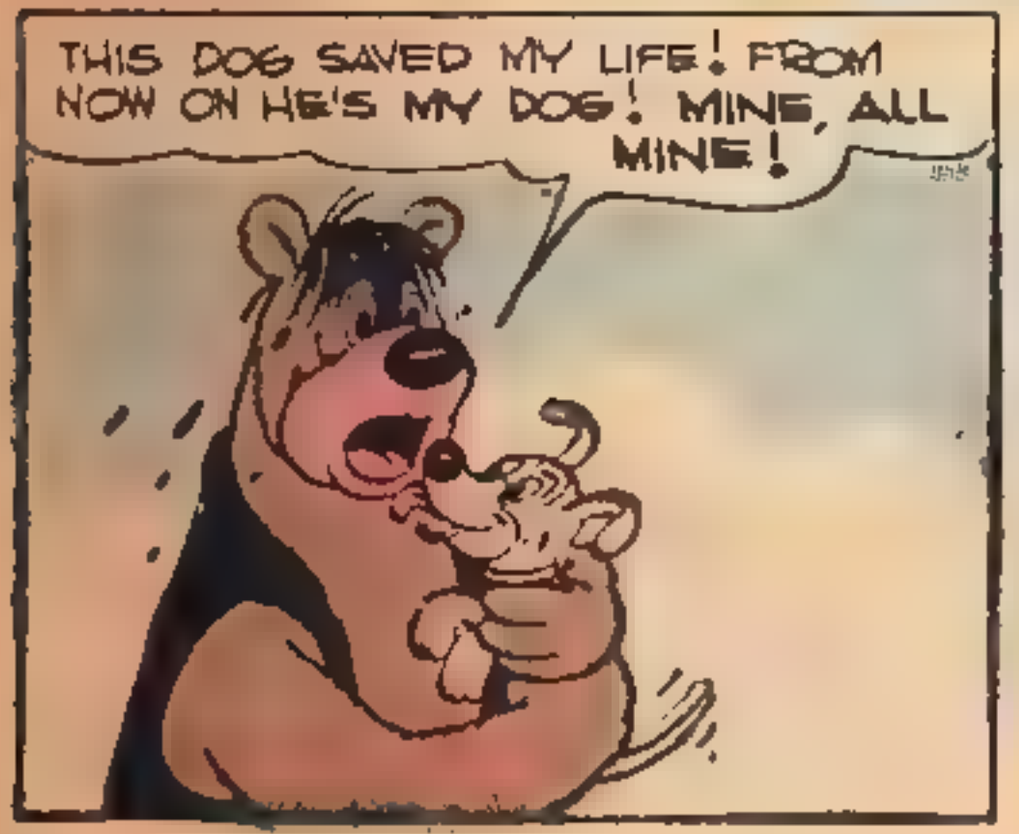

MEANWHILE!
BARNEY BEAR, OUR DOG-CATCHER, HASN'T CAUGHT A SINGLE DOG ALL MORNING! I'M FIRING HIM RIGHT NOW, AND APPOINTING YOU IN HIS PLACE!
YES, MAYOR! I'LL TAKE A NET AND SCOUT DOWN BY THE RIVER!

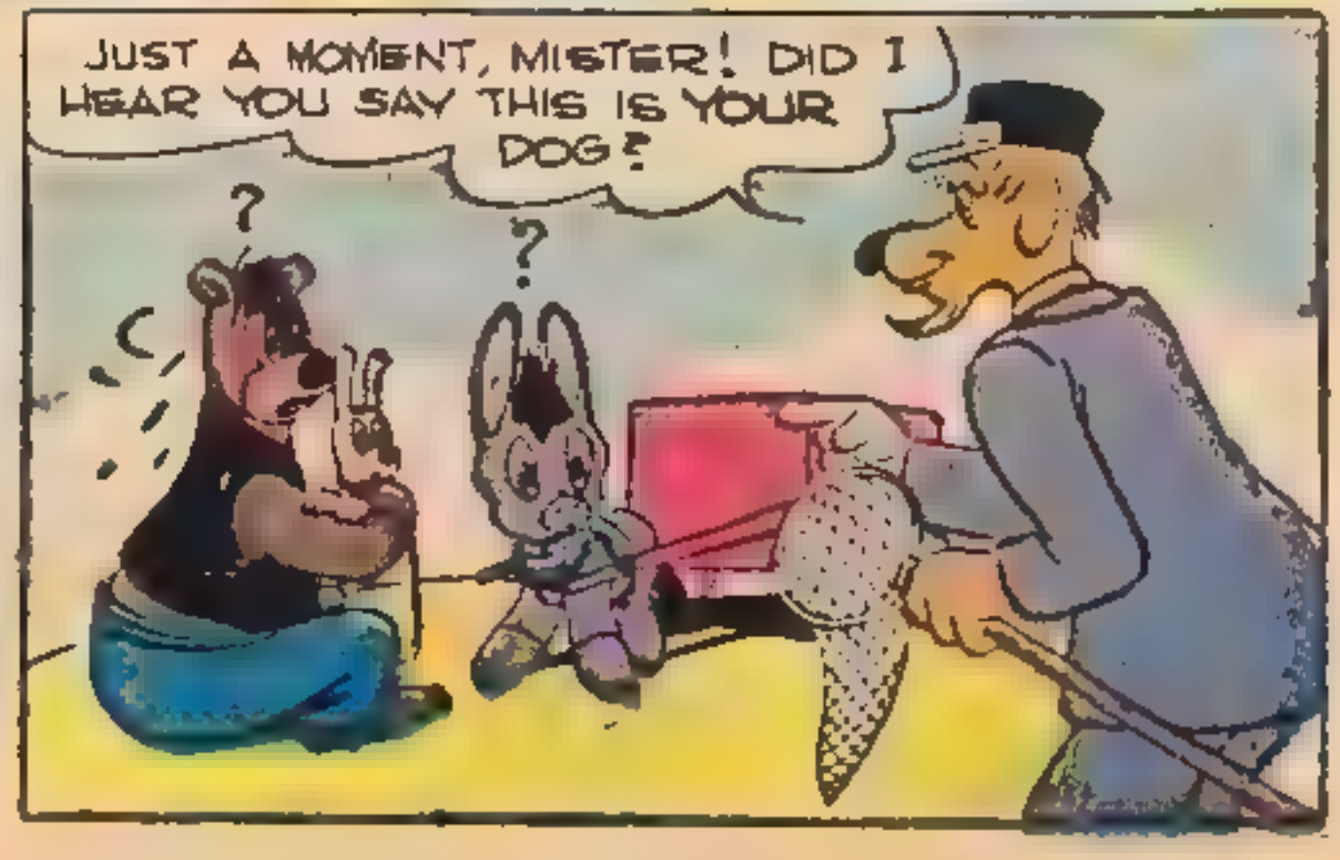

YOU MADE IT, DOGGIE! GIVE ME THAT ROPE!

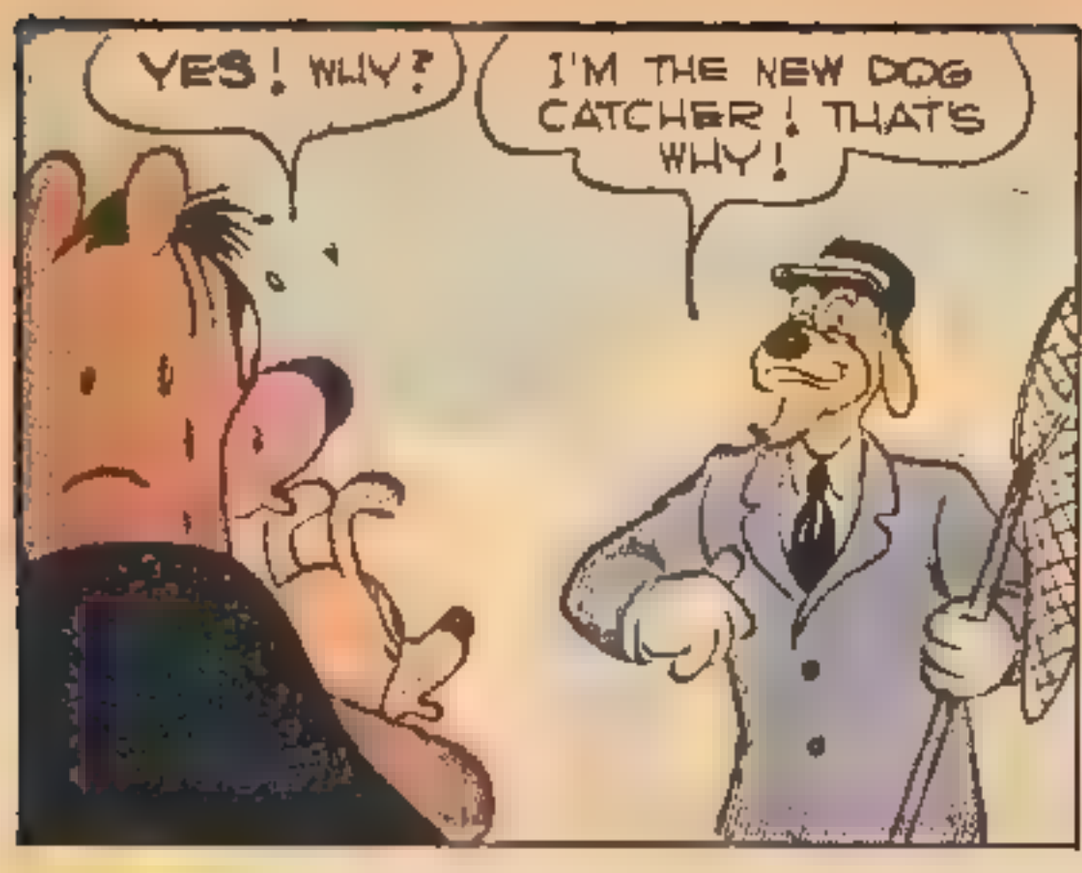

SAVED! IN THE NICK OF TIME!

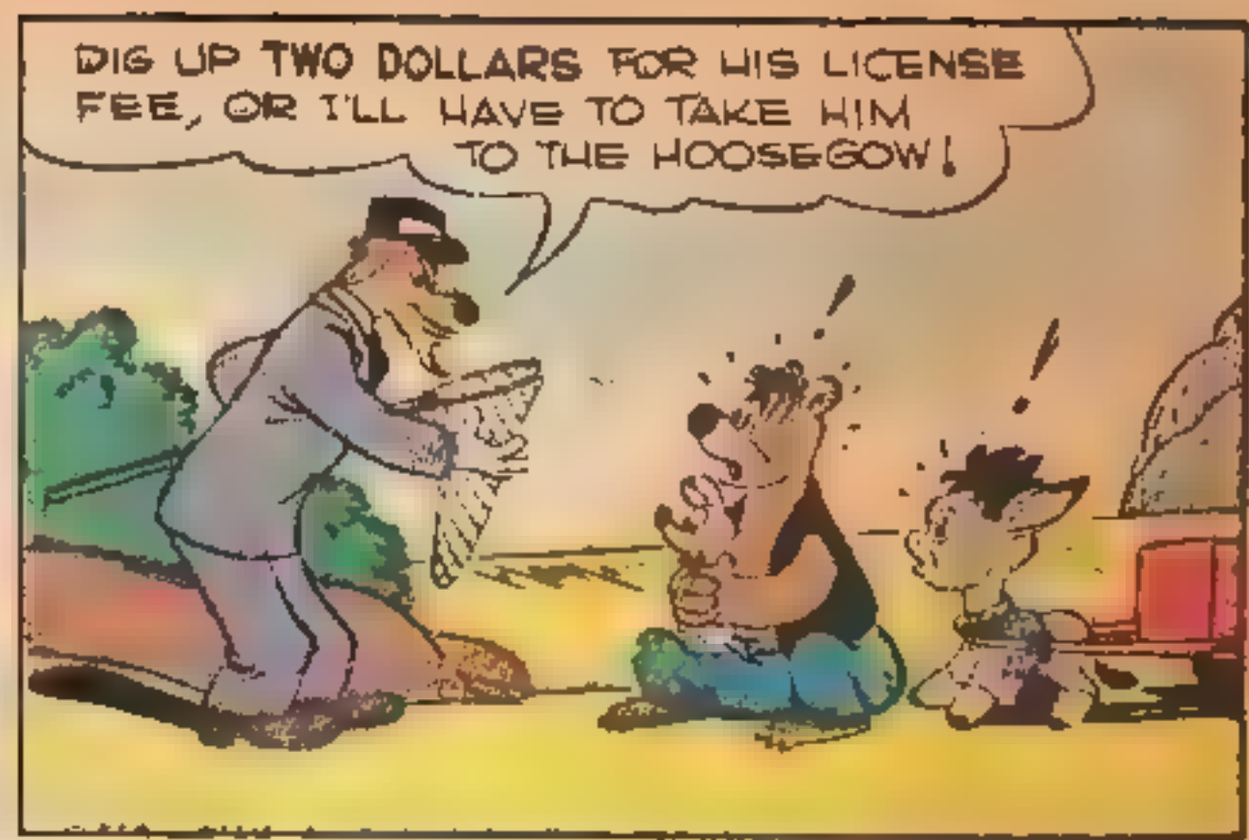

STOUT BENNY AND THE LITTLE DOG PULL BARNEY TO SAFETY THROUGH THE RAGING WATER!
GLUG! GLUB! GLUP!

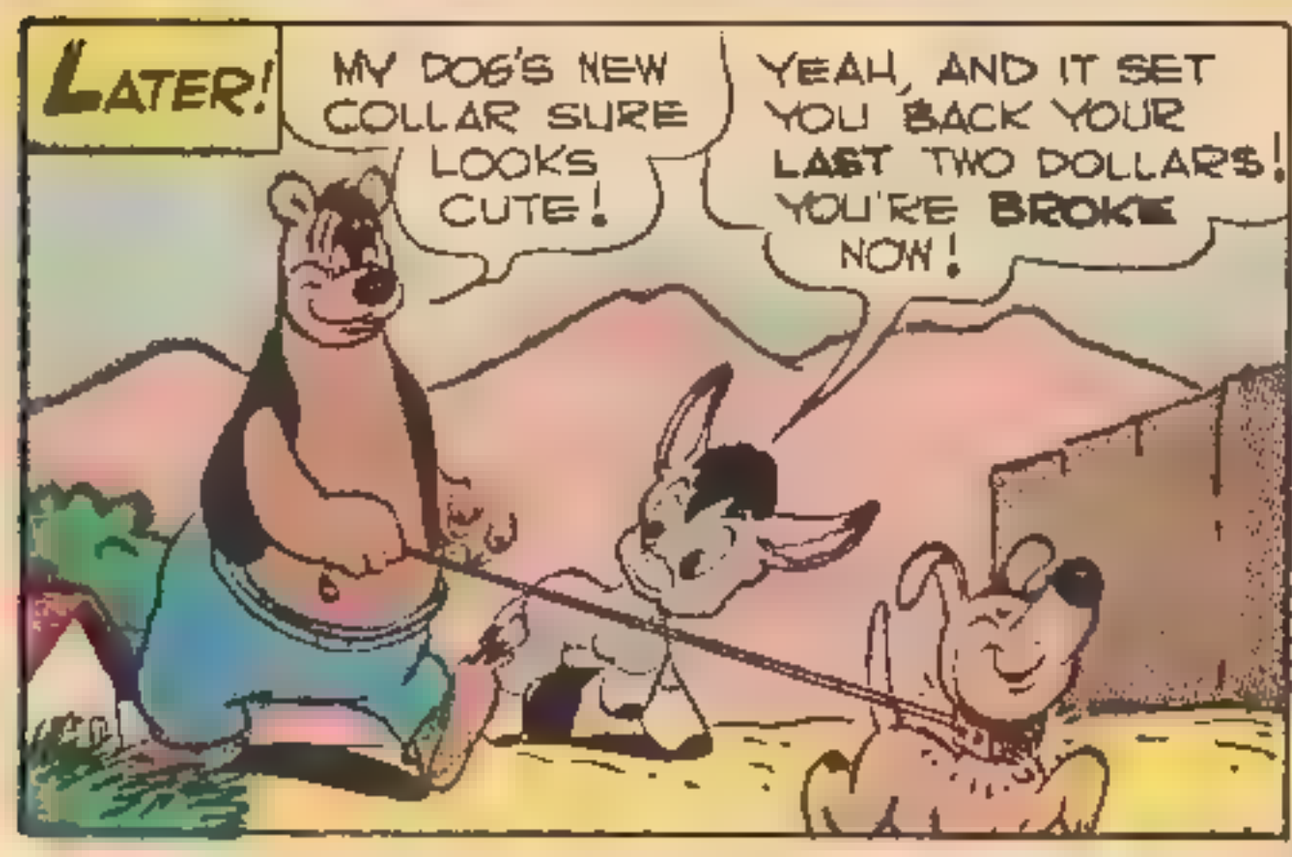

NOW THAT YOU'RE SAFE, LET'S COLLECT THE REWARD ON THIS MUTT! TAKE HIM TO THE POUND!
I'LL DO NOTHING OF THE KIND!

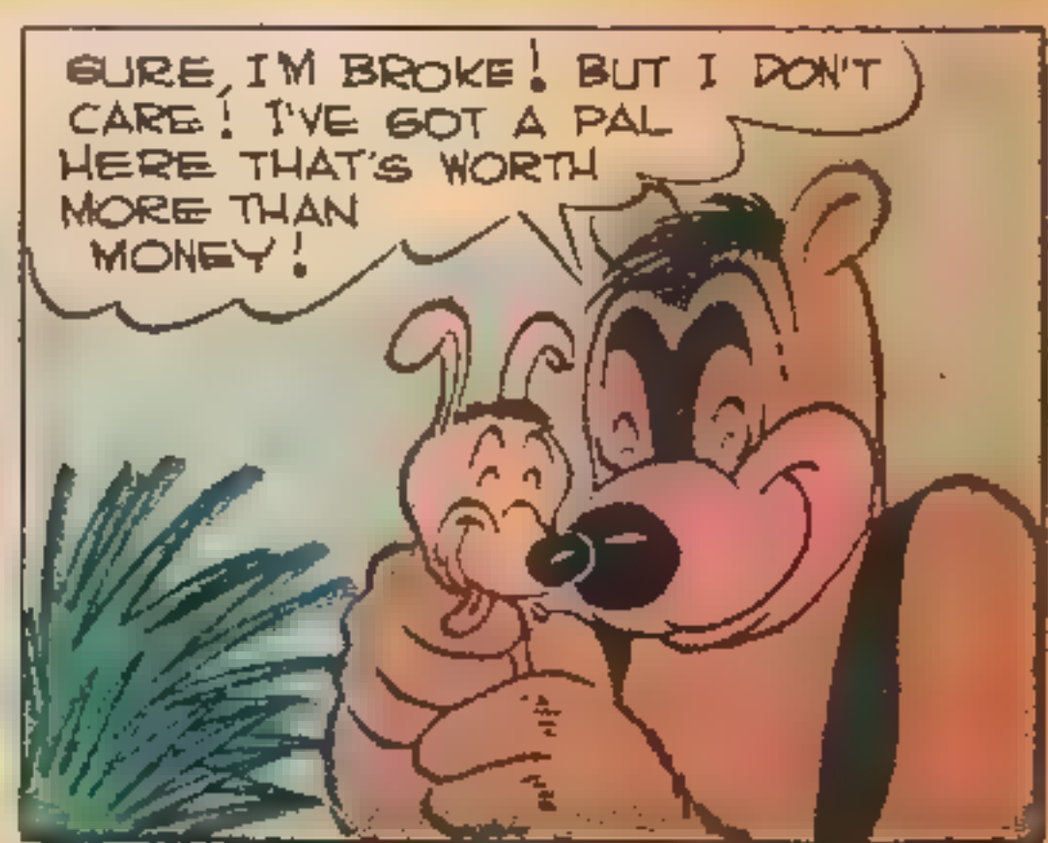

THIS DOG SAVED MY LIFE! FROM NOW ON HE'S MY DOG! MINE, ALL MINE!

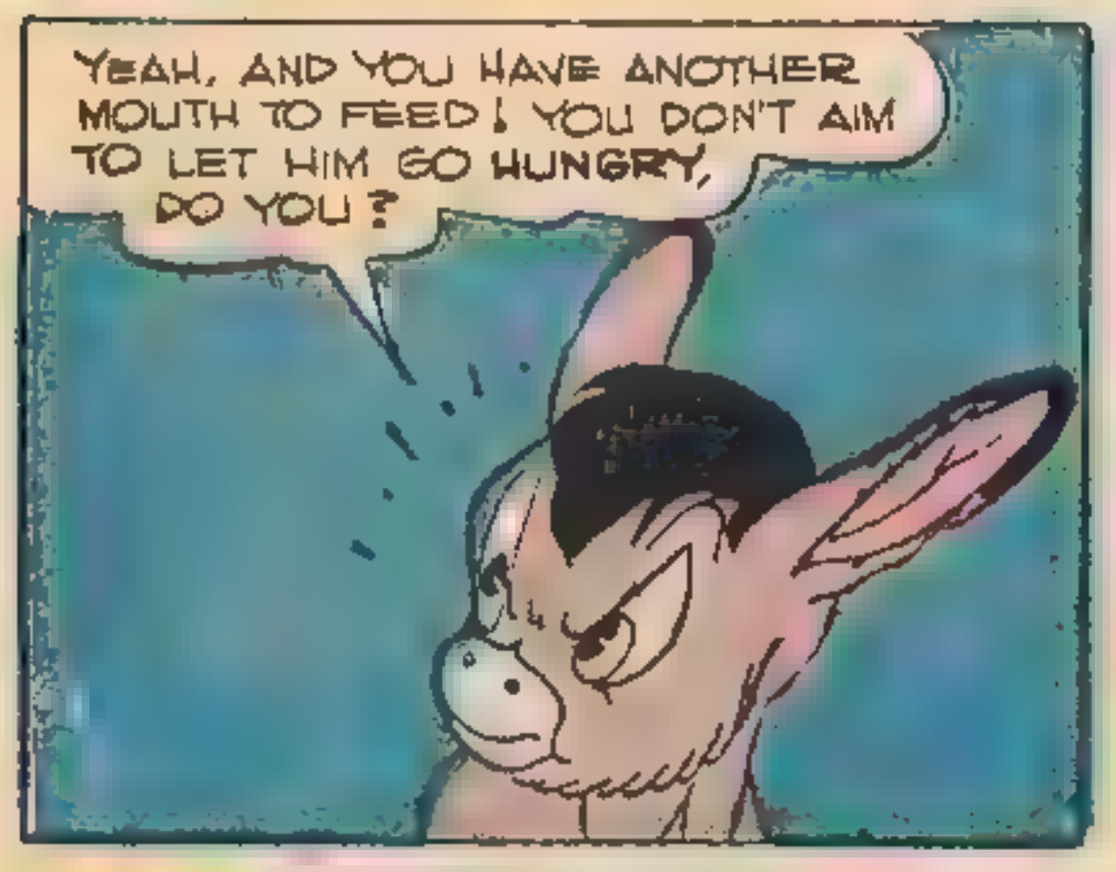

JUST A MOMENT, MISTER! DID I HEAR YOU SAY THIS IS YOUR DOG?
?
?

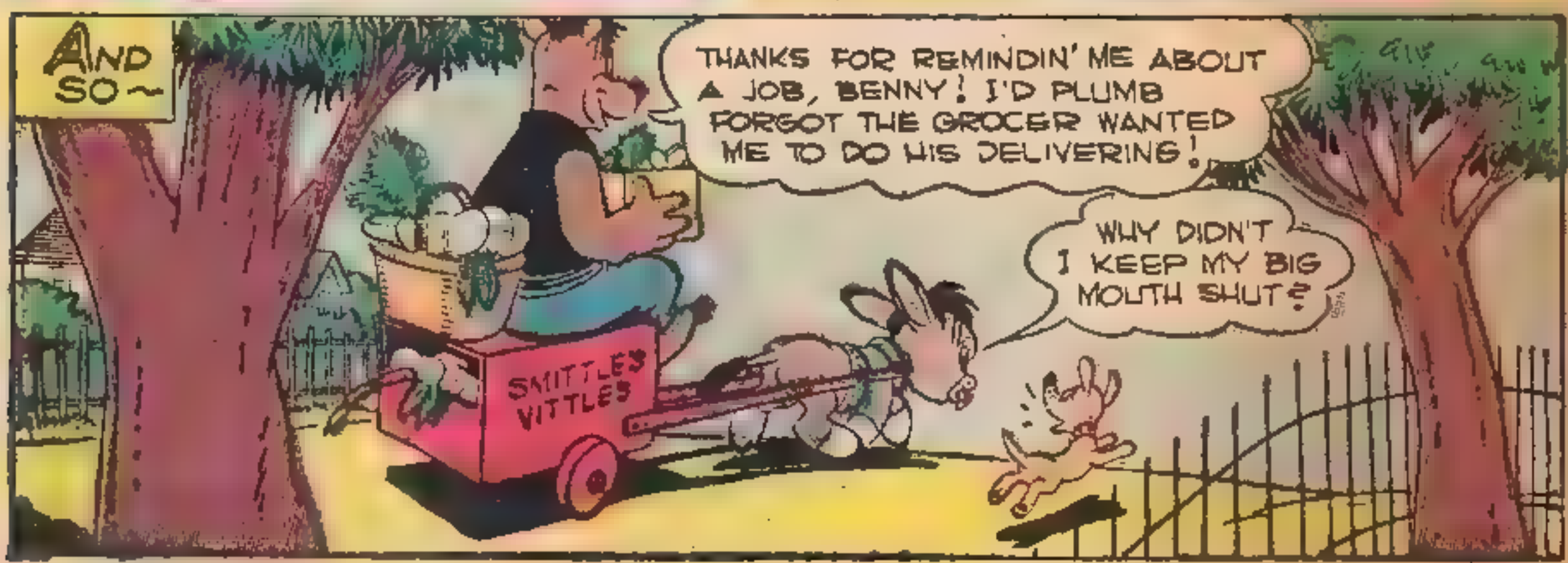












BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

M.G.M. CARTOONS present WUFF, the PRAIRIE DOG

IT'S GETTING LATE, WUFF.! PUT YOUR BOOK AWAY AND COME TO BED.!

YES, MOTHER.!

GHOST STORIES

WUFF.! DID YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID?

YES, MOTHER.! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!

"... THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT WAS SUDDENLY BROKEN BY A WEIRD, GHASTLY SCREAM..."

OWOOOOOO

GULP.!

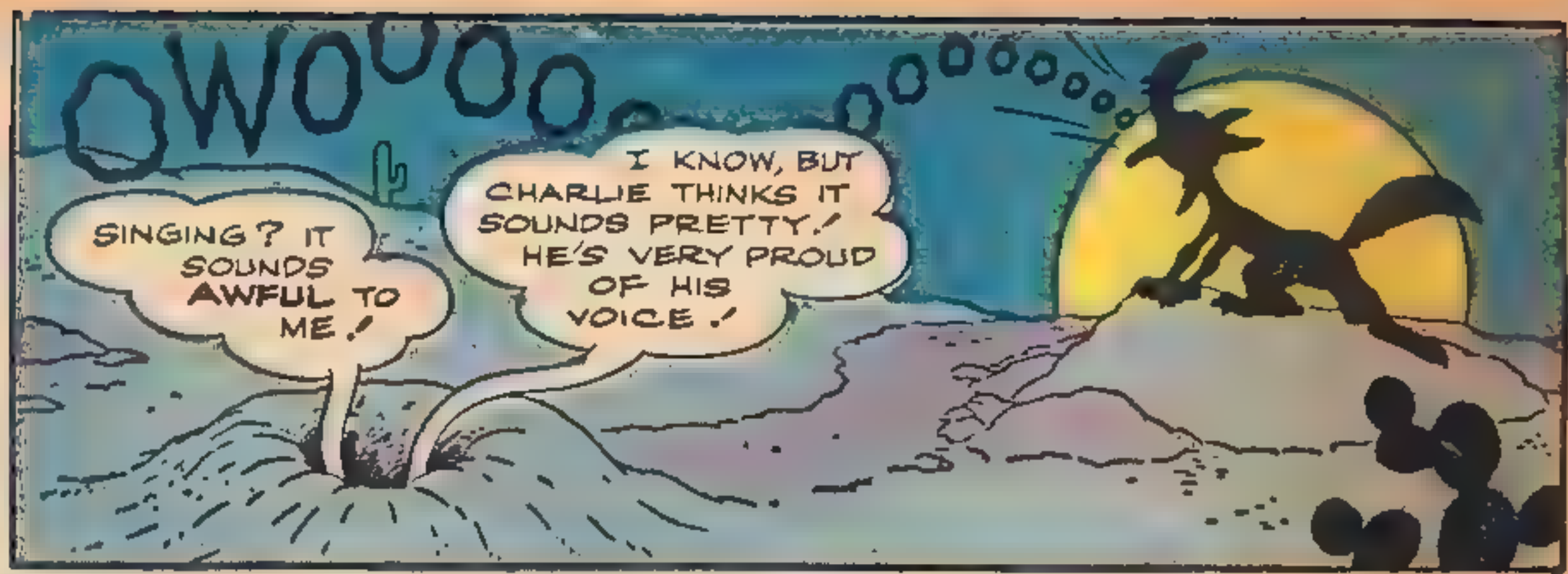
OWOOOOOO

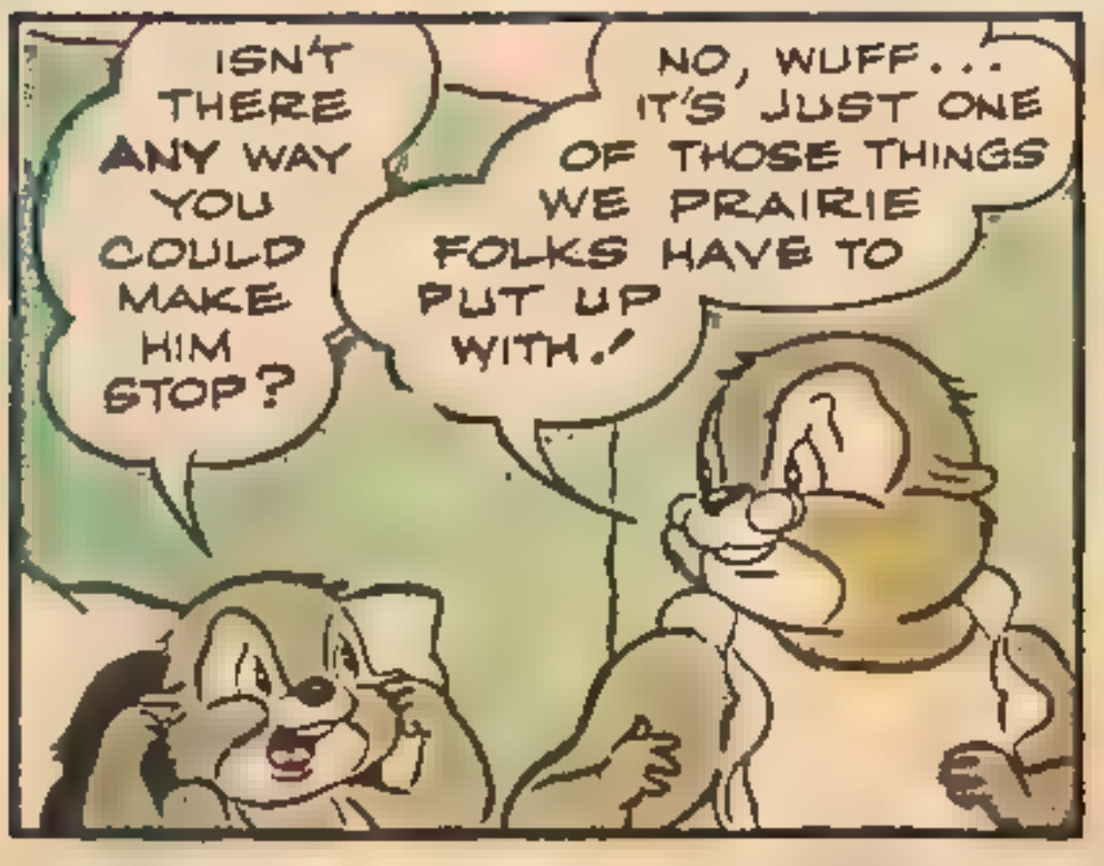
WH-WHAT WAS THAT TERRIBLE NOISE?

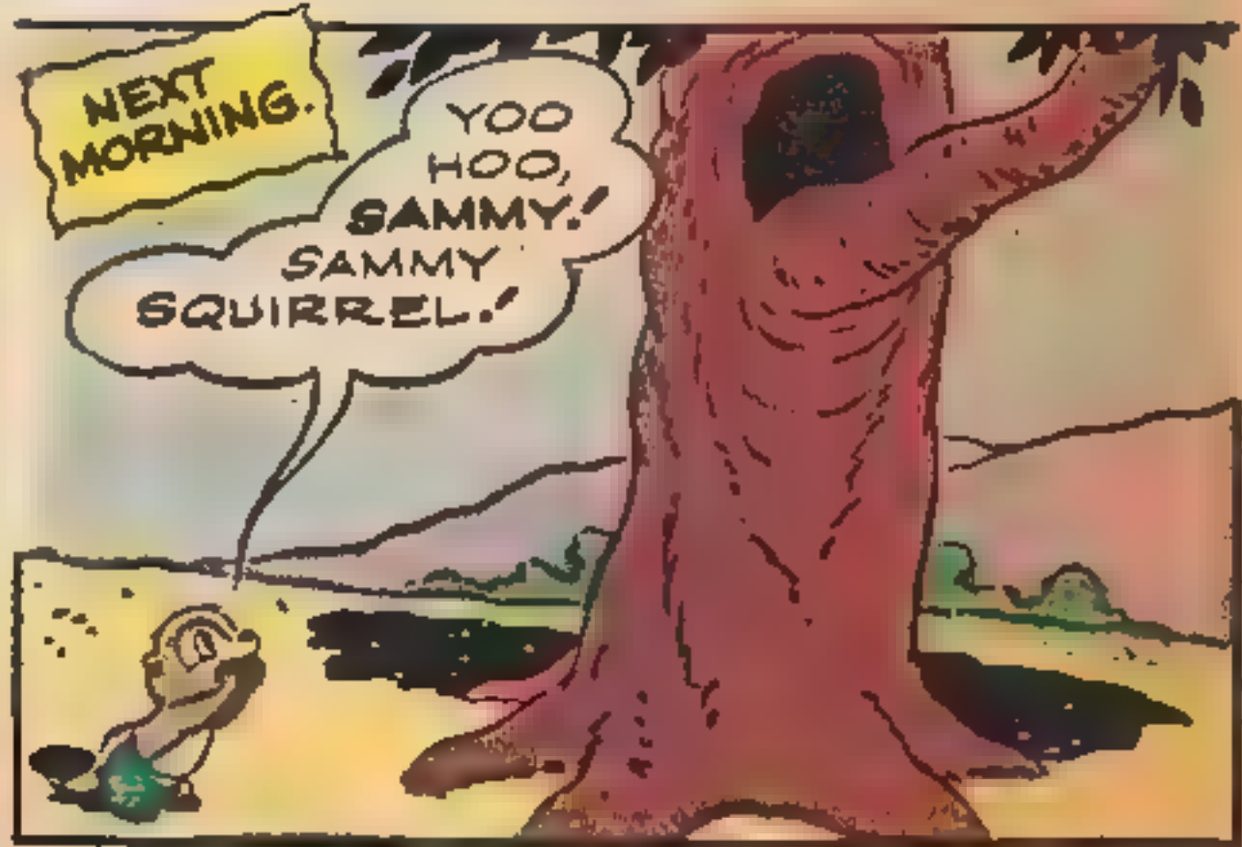
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, WUFF.! IT'S ONLY CHARLIE COYOTE DOING SOME HOWLING!

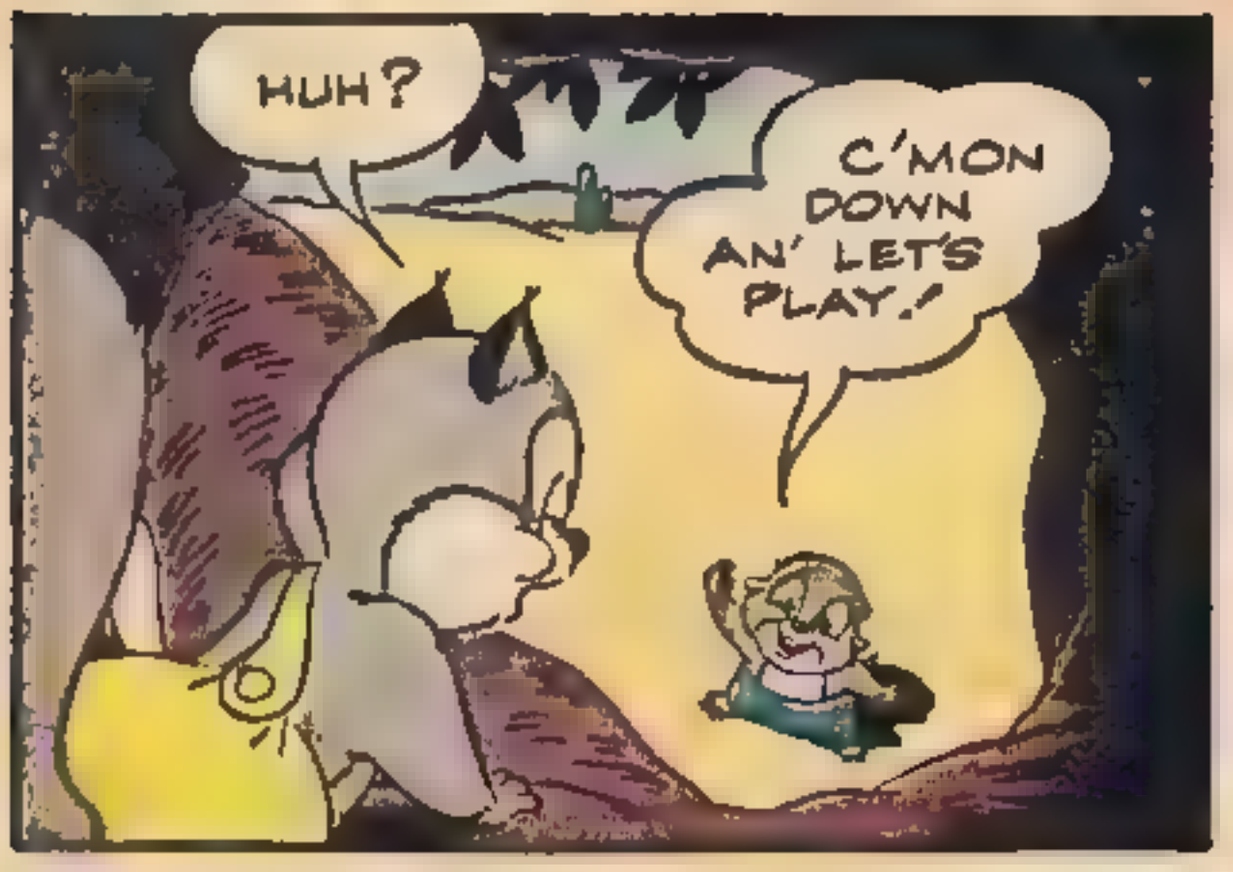
HAS HE GOT A PAIN OR SOMETHING?

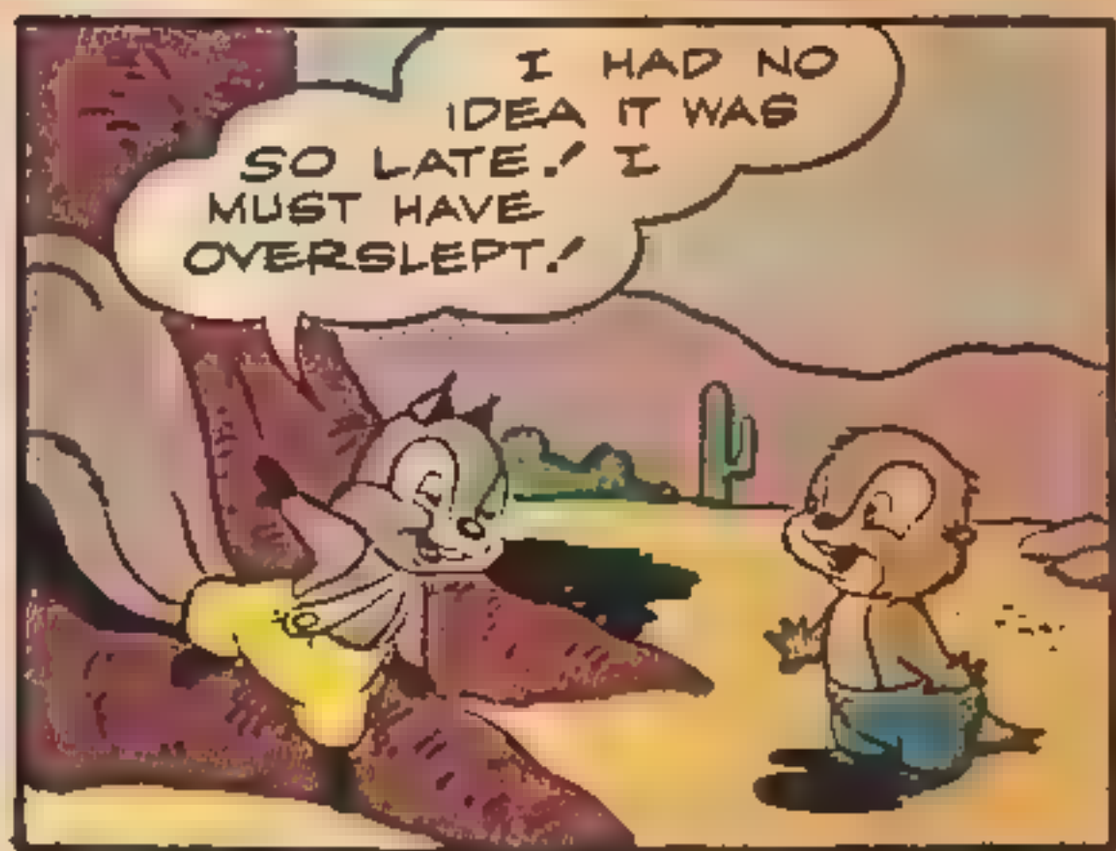
NO, WUFF.! THAT'S A COYOTE'S WAY OF SINGING.!

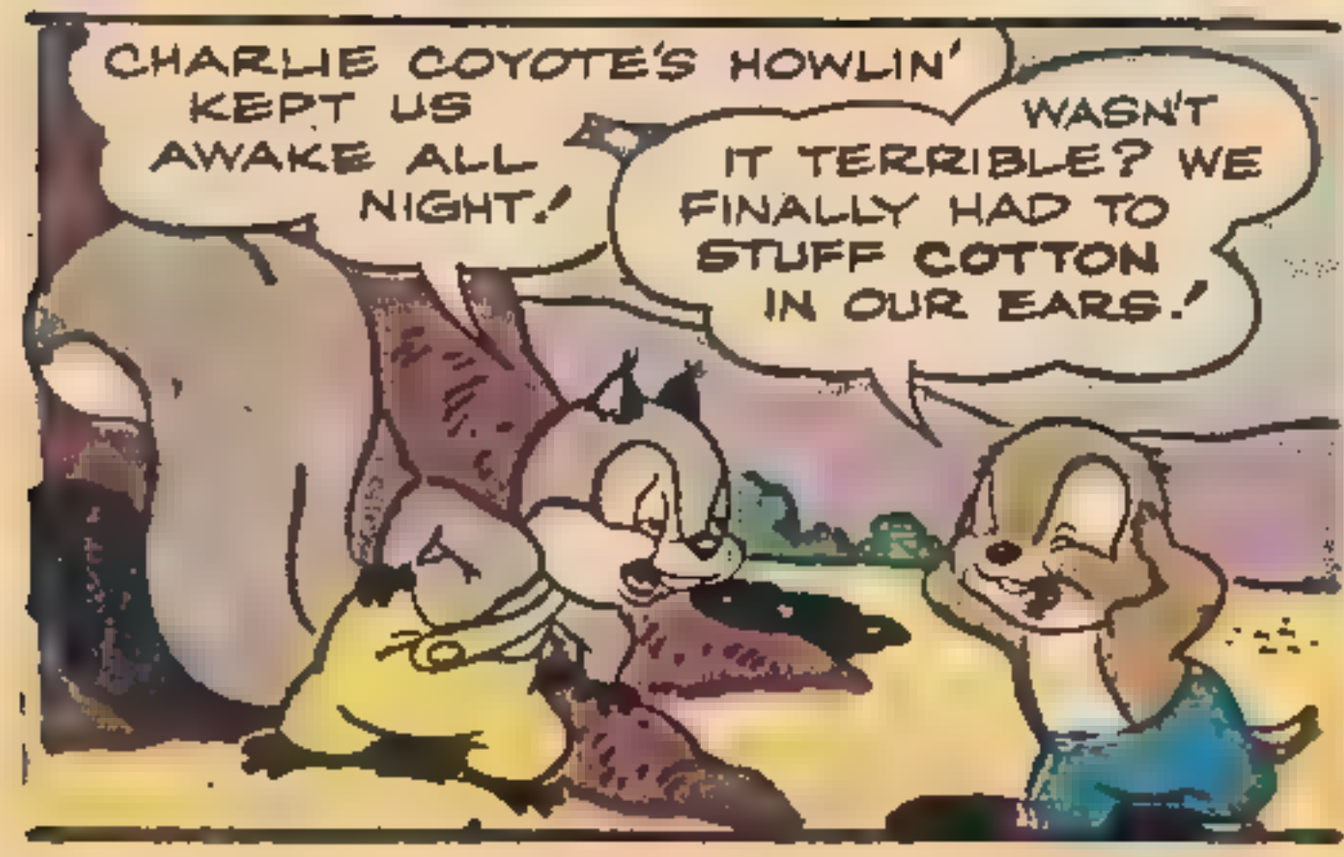

OWOOOO
SINGING? IT SOUNDS AWFUL TO ME!
I KNOW, BUT CHARLIE THINKS IT SOUNDS PRETTY! HE'S VERY PROUD OF HIS VOICE!

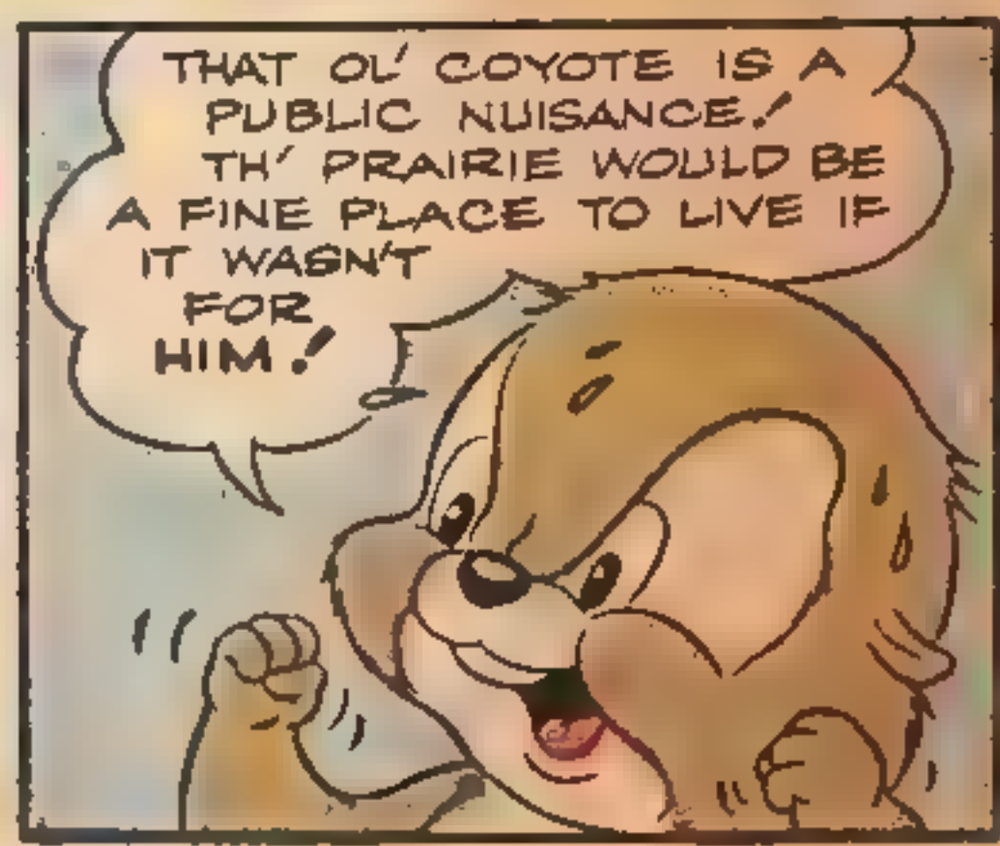

ISN'T THERE ANY WAY YOU COULD MAKE HIM STOP?
NO, WUFF... IT'S JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS WE PRAIRIE FOLKS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH!

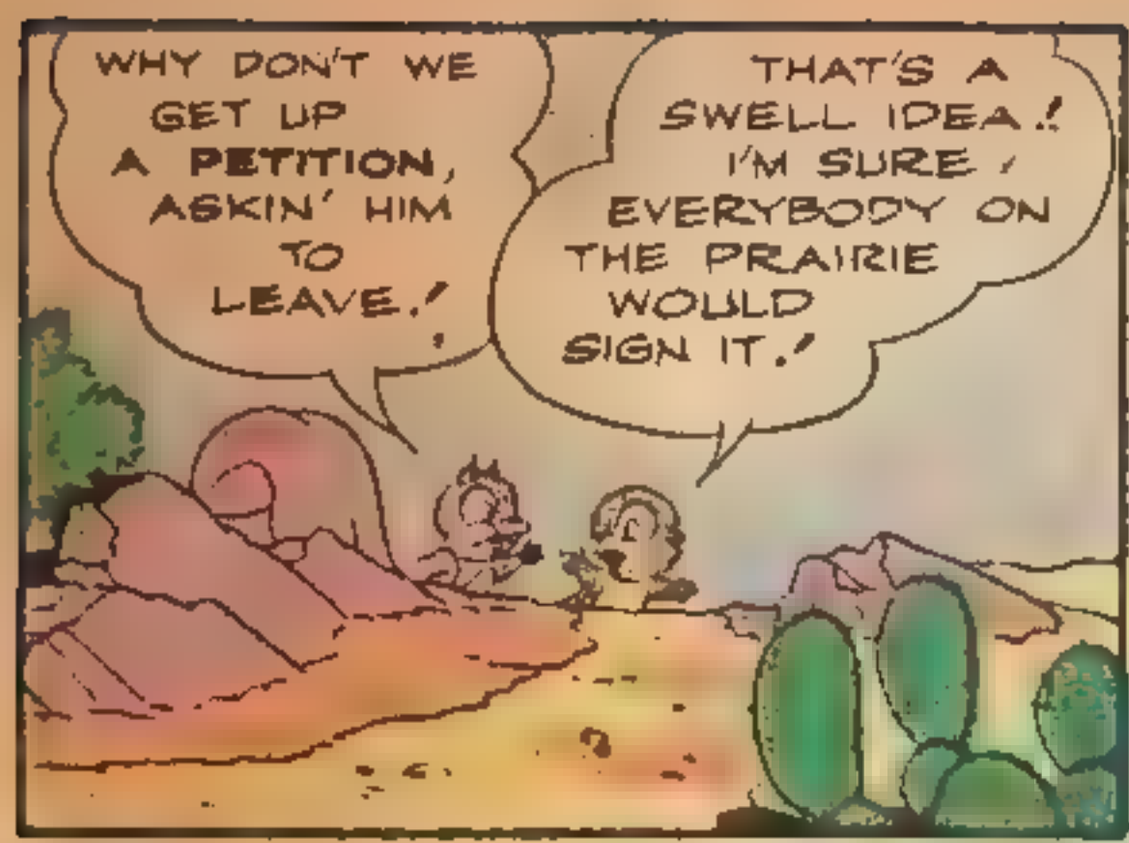

NEXT MORNING.
YOO HOO, SAMMY! SAMMY SQUIRREL!

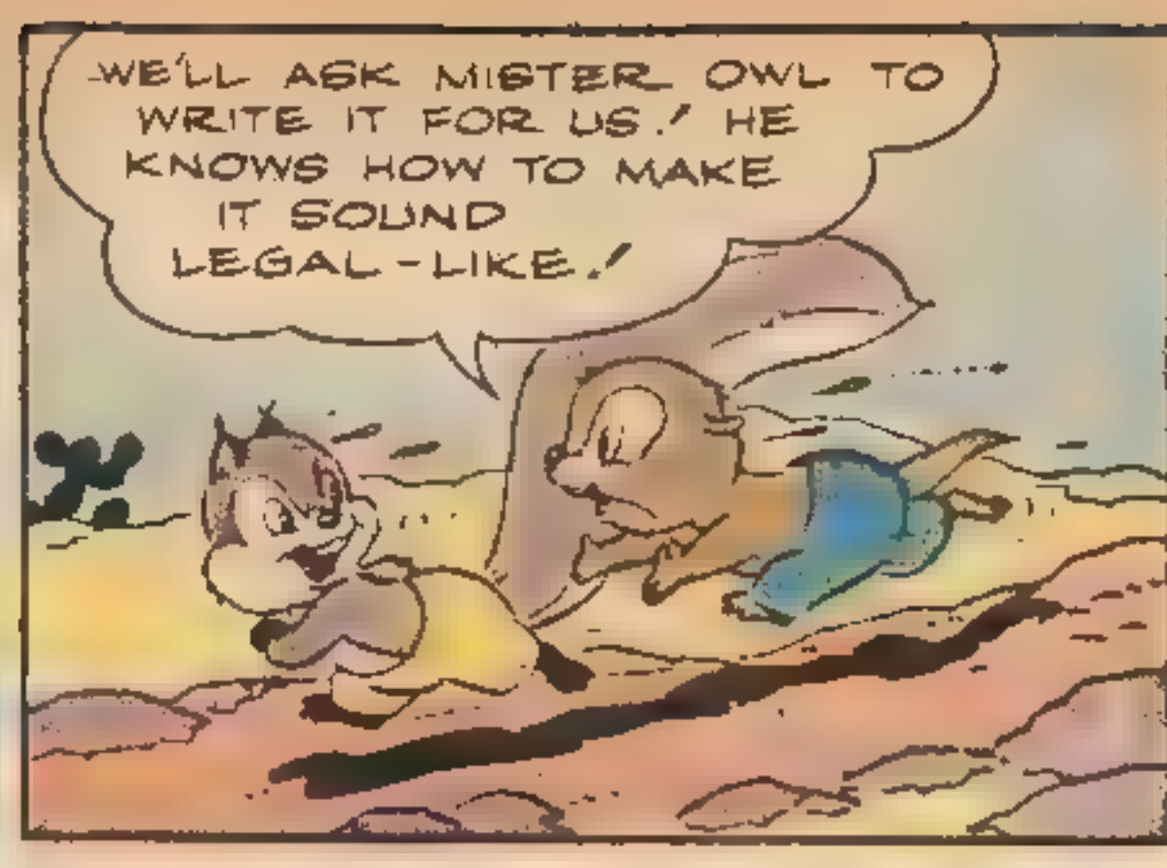

HUH?
C'MON DOWN AN' LET'S PLAY!

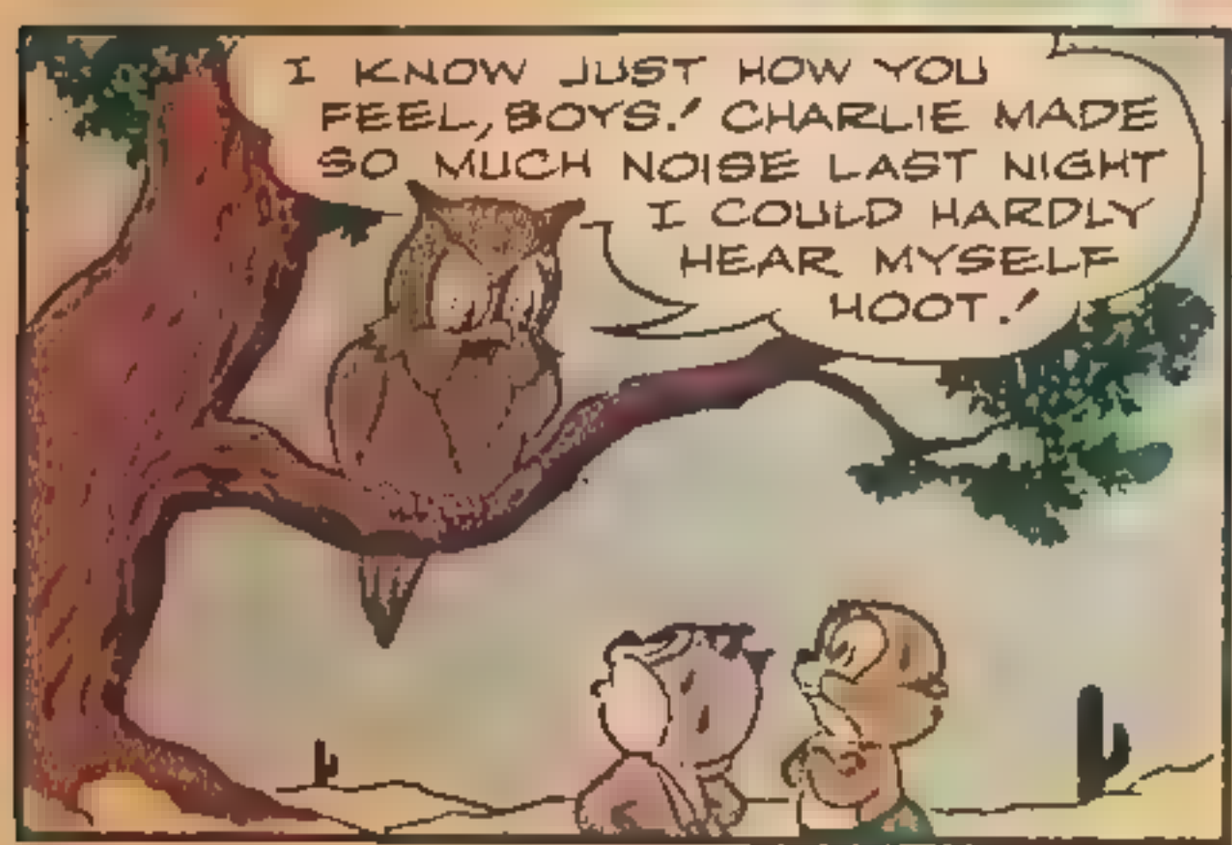

I HAD NO IDEA IT WAS SO LATE! I MUST HAVE OVERSLEPT!

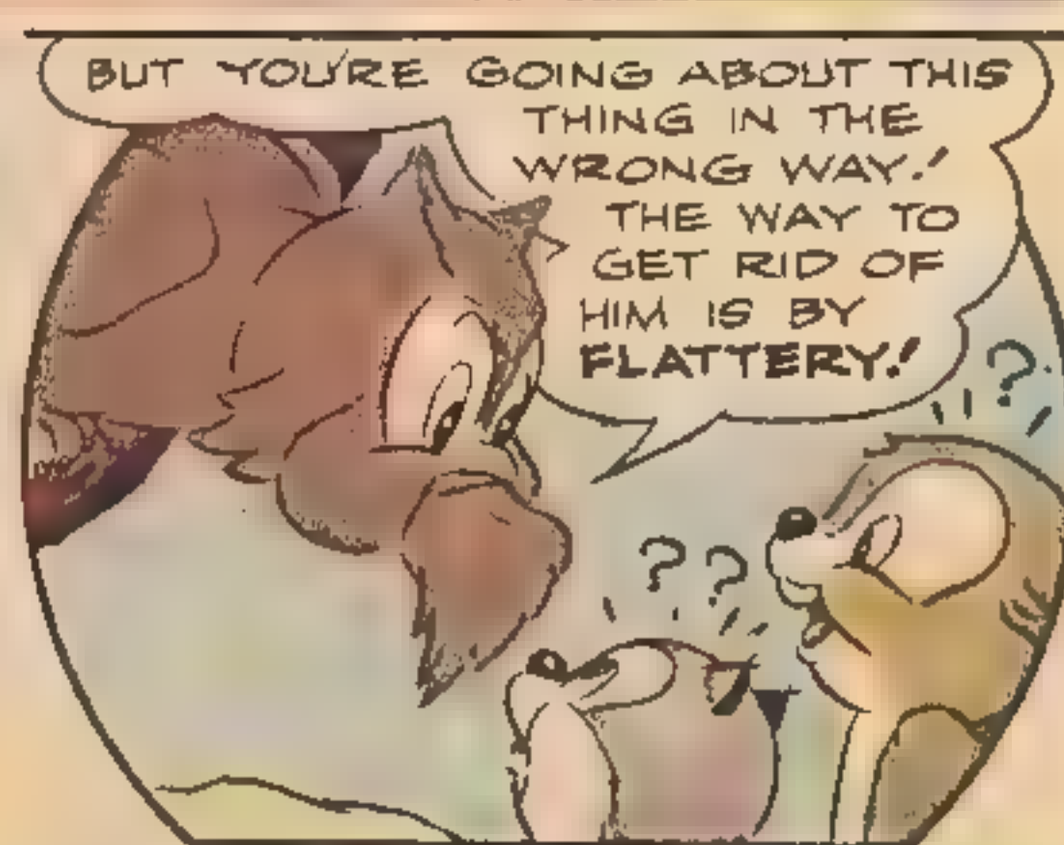

CHARLIE COYOTE'S HOWLIN' KEPT US AWAKE ALL NIGHT!
WASN'T IT TERRIBLE? WE FINALLY HAD TO STUFF COTTON IN OUR EARS!


THAT OL' COYOTE IS A PUBLIC NUISANCE! TH' PRAIRIE WOULD BE A FINE PLACE TO LIVE IF IT WASN'T FOR HIM!

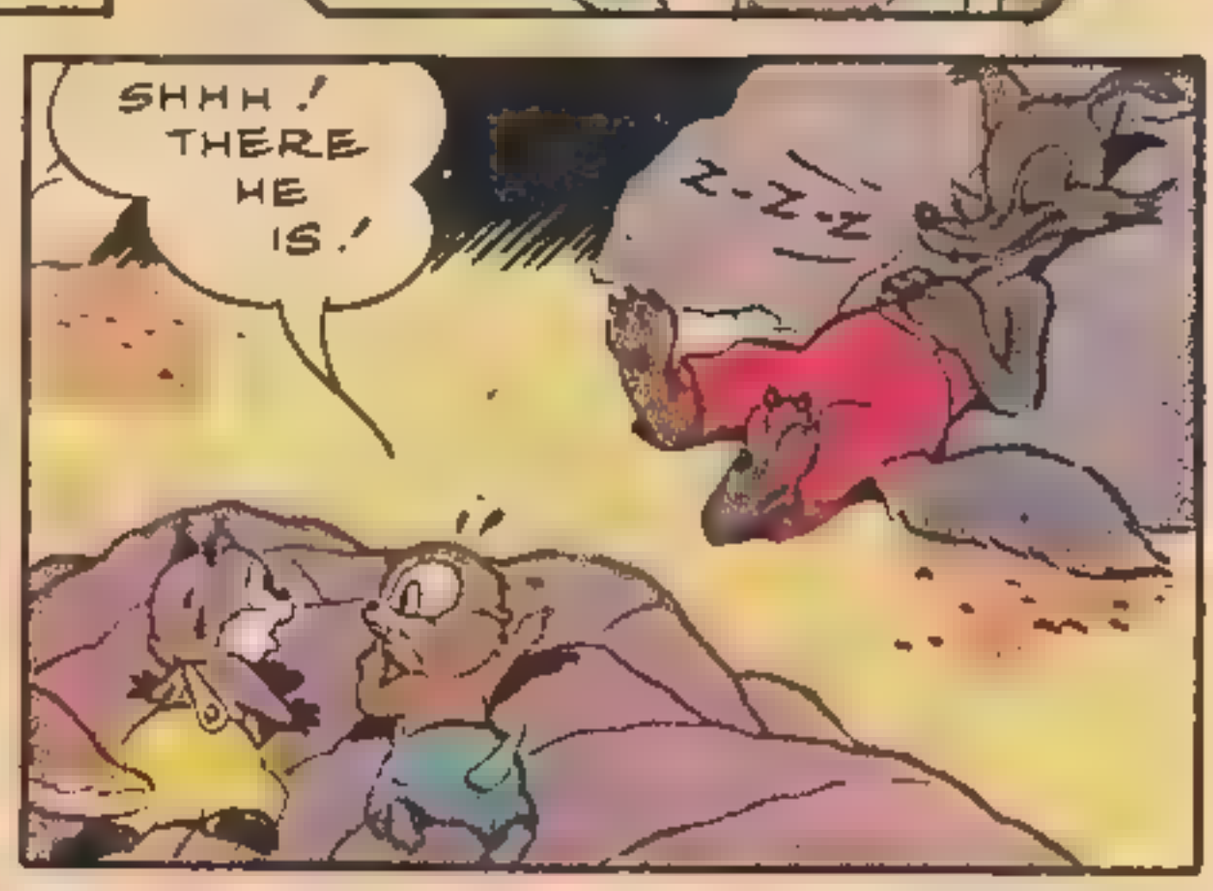

WHY DON'T WE GET UP A **PETITION**, ASKIN' HIM TO LEAVE.!
THAT'S A SWELL IDEA.! I'M SURE EVERYBODY ON THE PRAIRIE WOULD SIGN IT.!

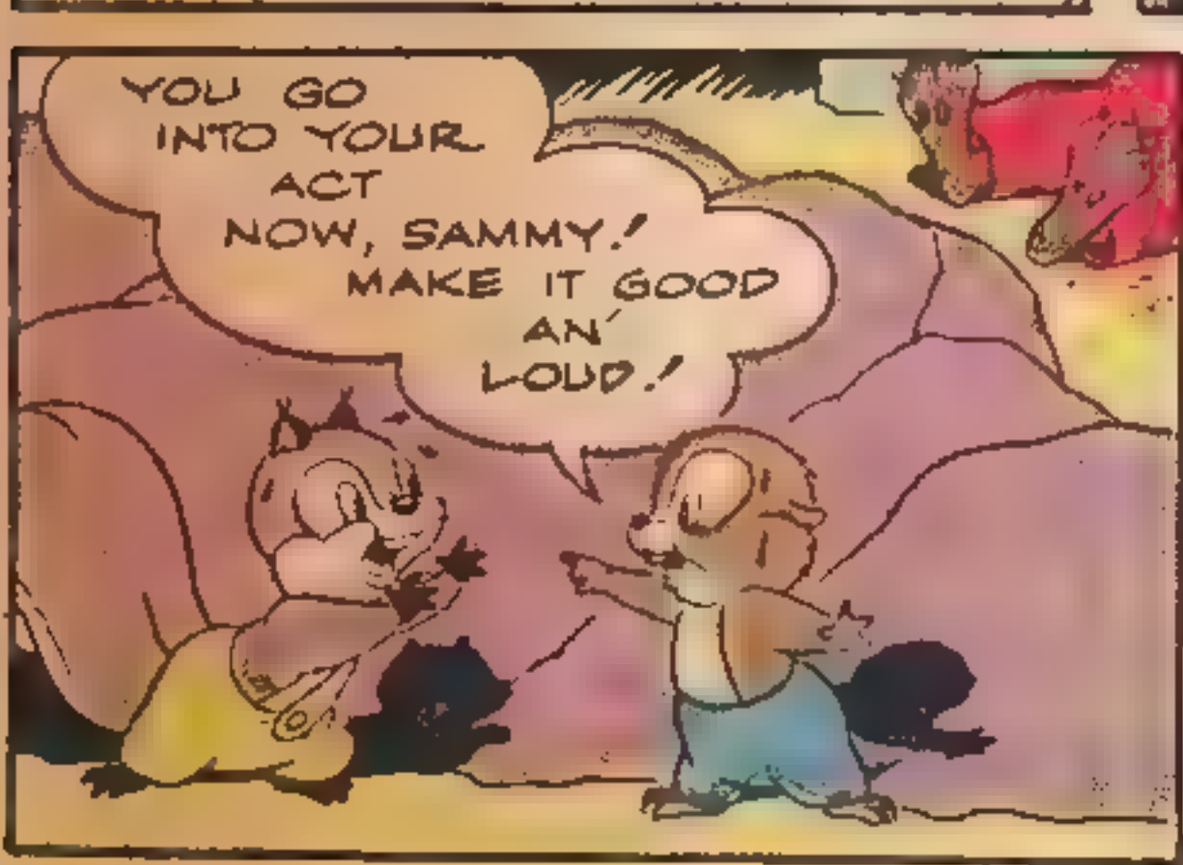

WE'LL ASK MISTER OWL TO WRITE IT FOR US.! HE KNOWS HOW TO MAKE IT SOUND LEGAL-LIKE.!

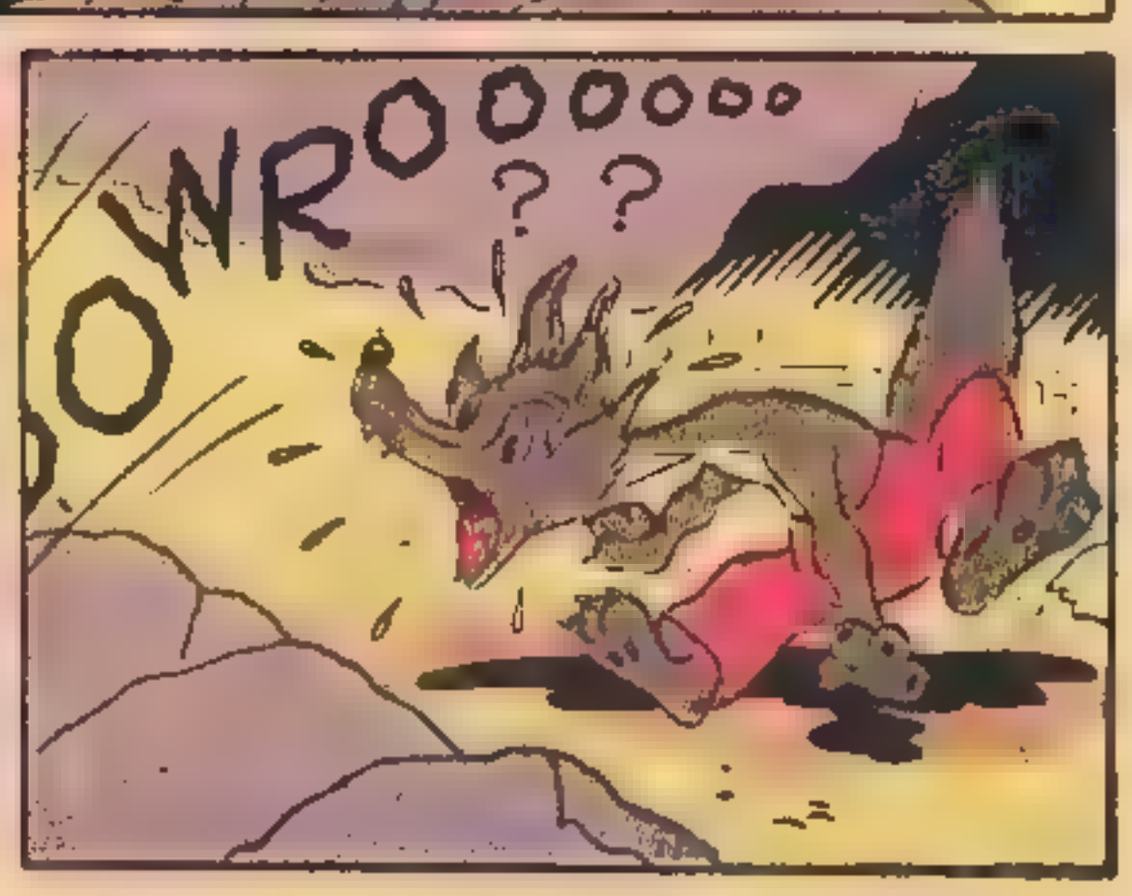

I KNOW JUST HOW YOU FEEL, BOYS.! CHARLIE MADE SO MUCH NOISE LAST NIGHT I COULD HARDLY HEAR MYSELF HOOT.!

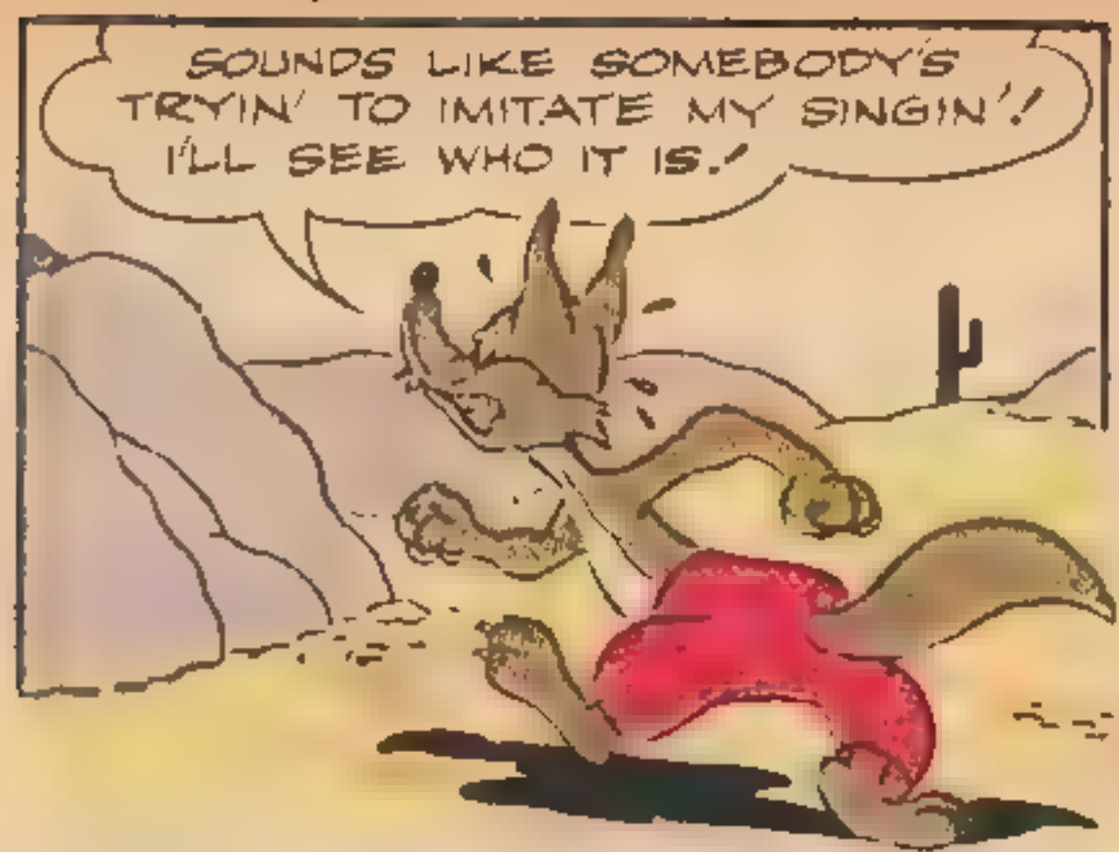

BUT YOU'RE GOING ABOUT THIS THING IN THE WRONG WAY.! THE WAY TO GET RID OF HIM IS BY **FLATTERY**.!
?!
??

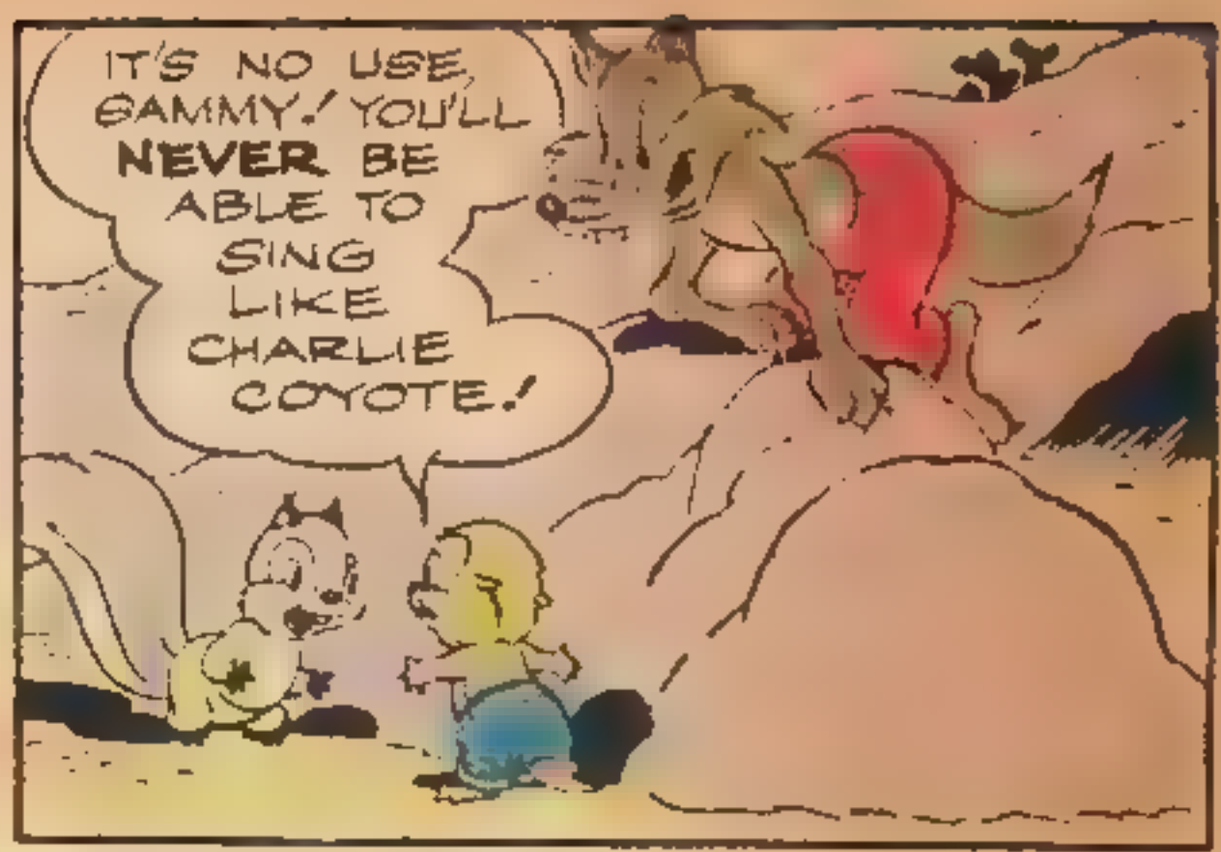
LATER.
I HOPE MISTER OWL'S PLAN WORKS, BUT IT SEEMS SORTA SILLY TO ME!

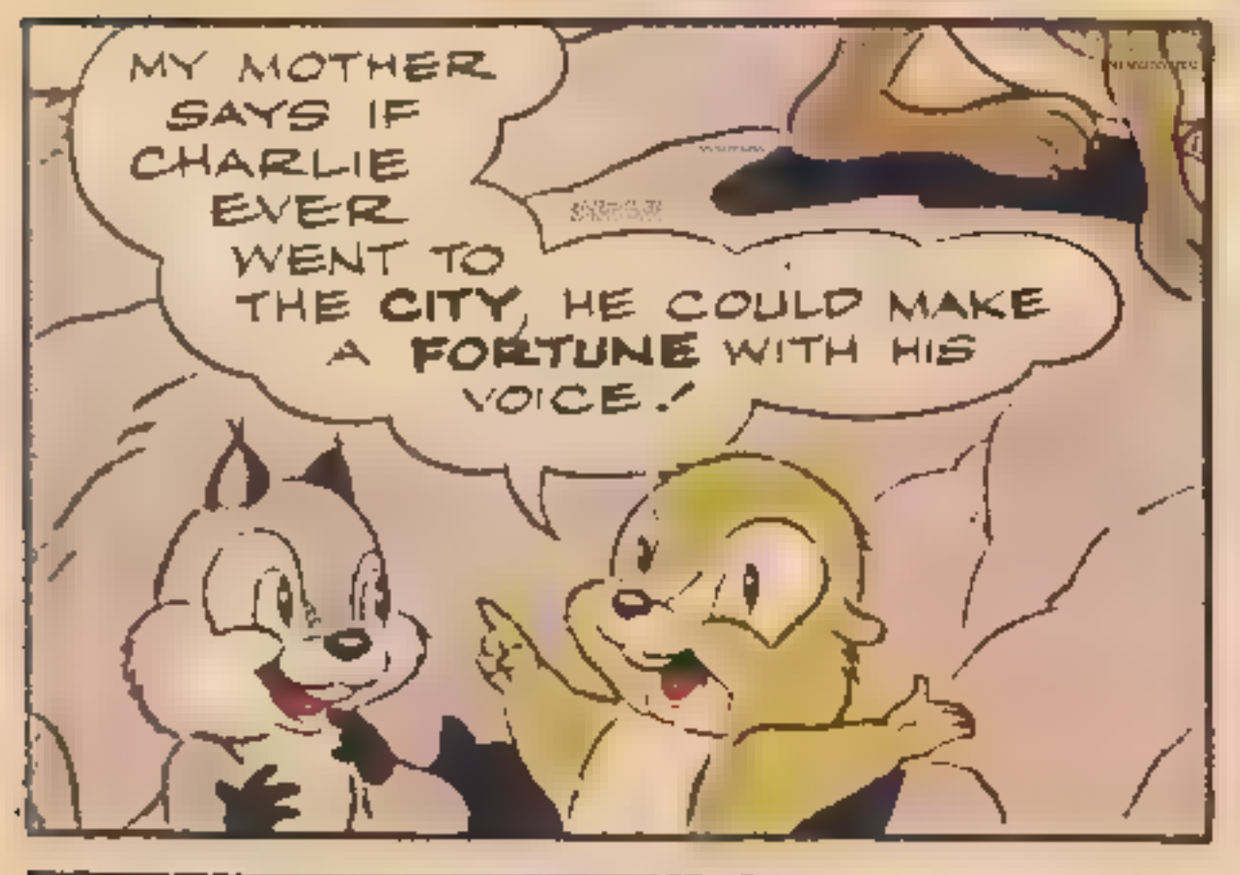

SHHH.! THERE HE IS.!
Z-Z-Z

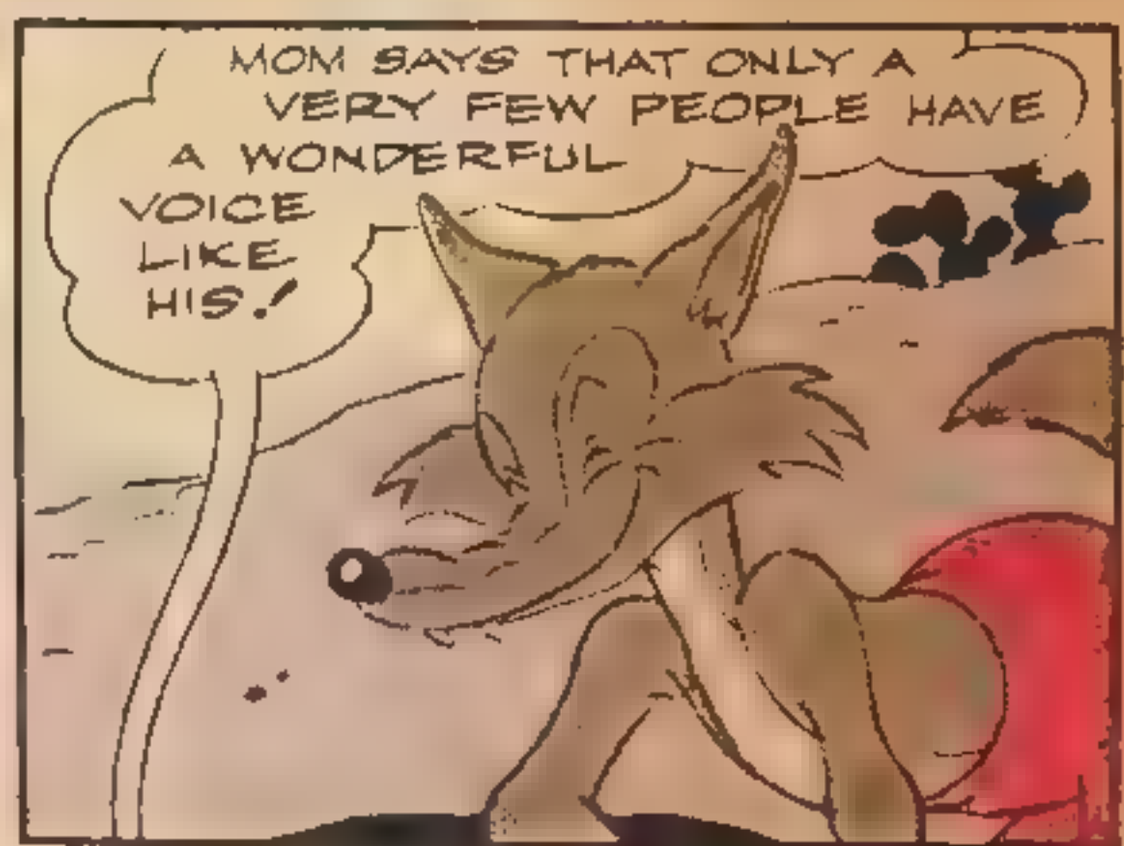

YOU GO INTO YOUR ACT NOW, SAMMY.! MAKE IT GOOD AN' LOUD.!

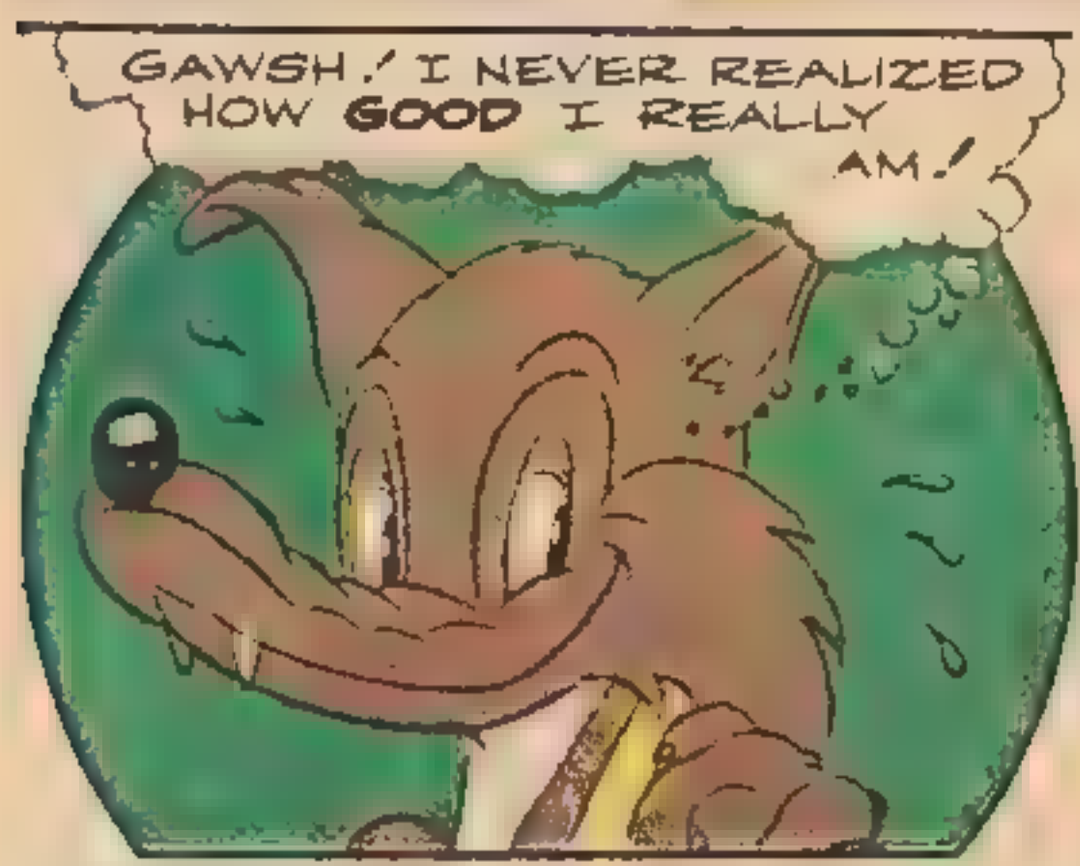

OWROOOOOO
??

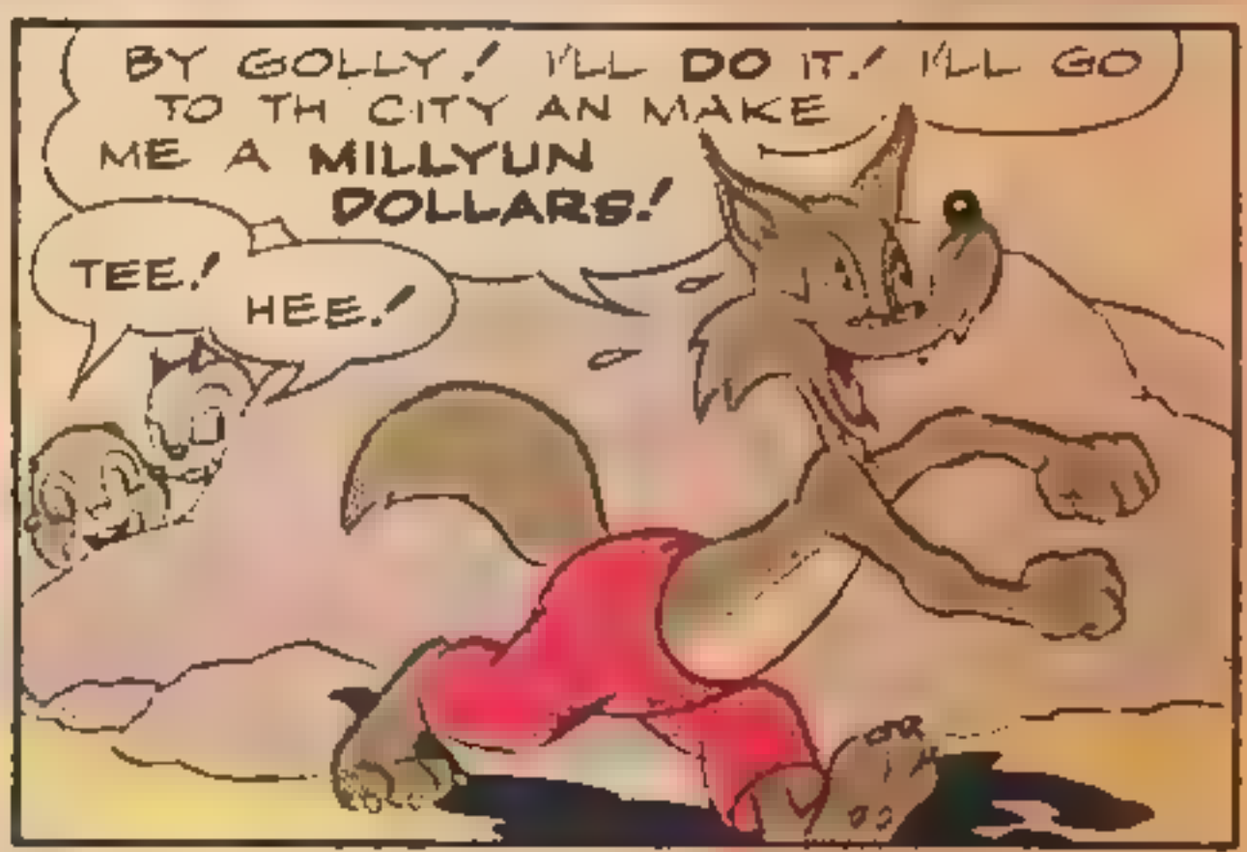

SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY'S TRYIN' TO IMITATE MY SINGIN'! I'LL SEE WHO IT IS!

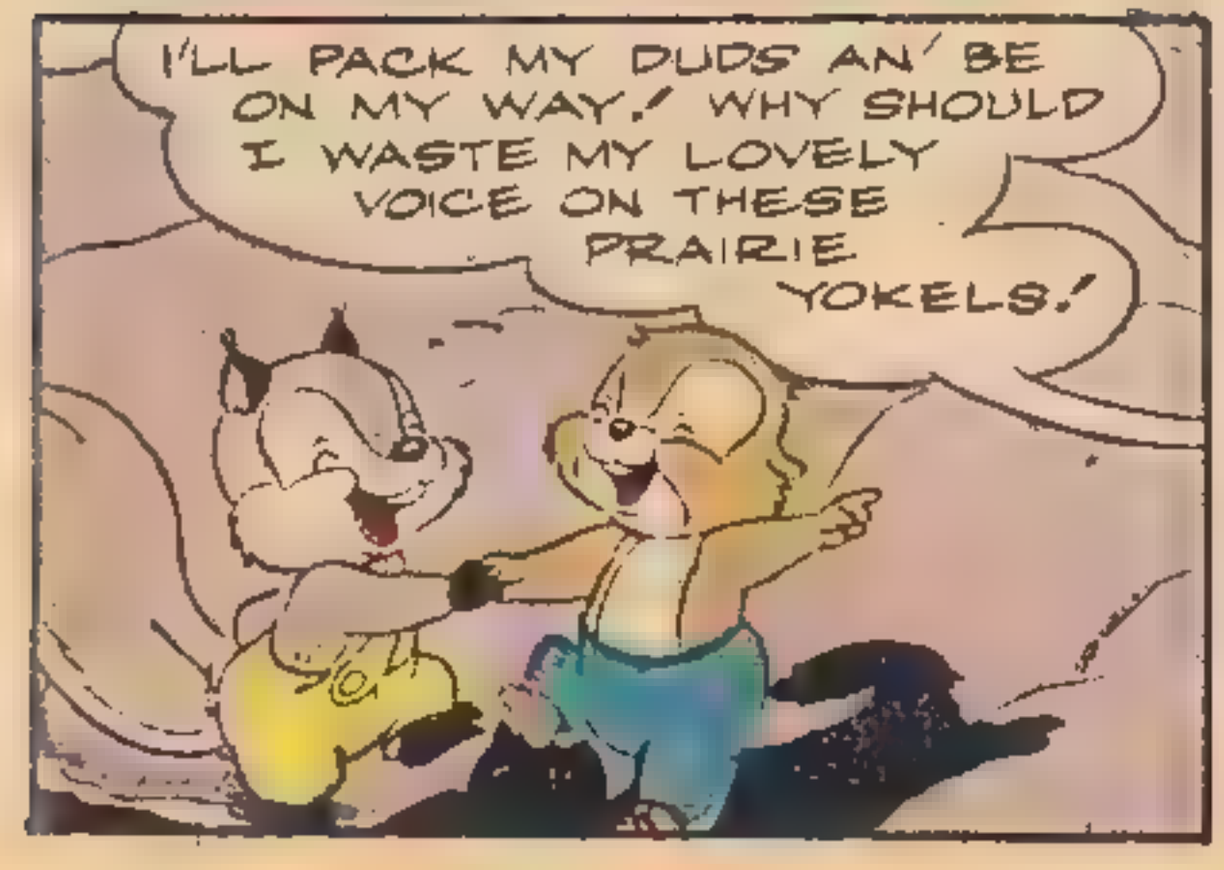

IT'S NO USE, SAMMY! YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SING LIKE CHARLIE COYOTE!

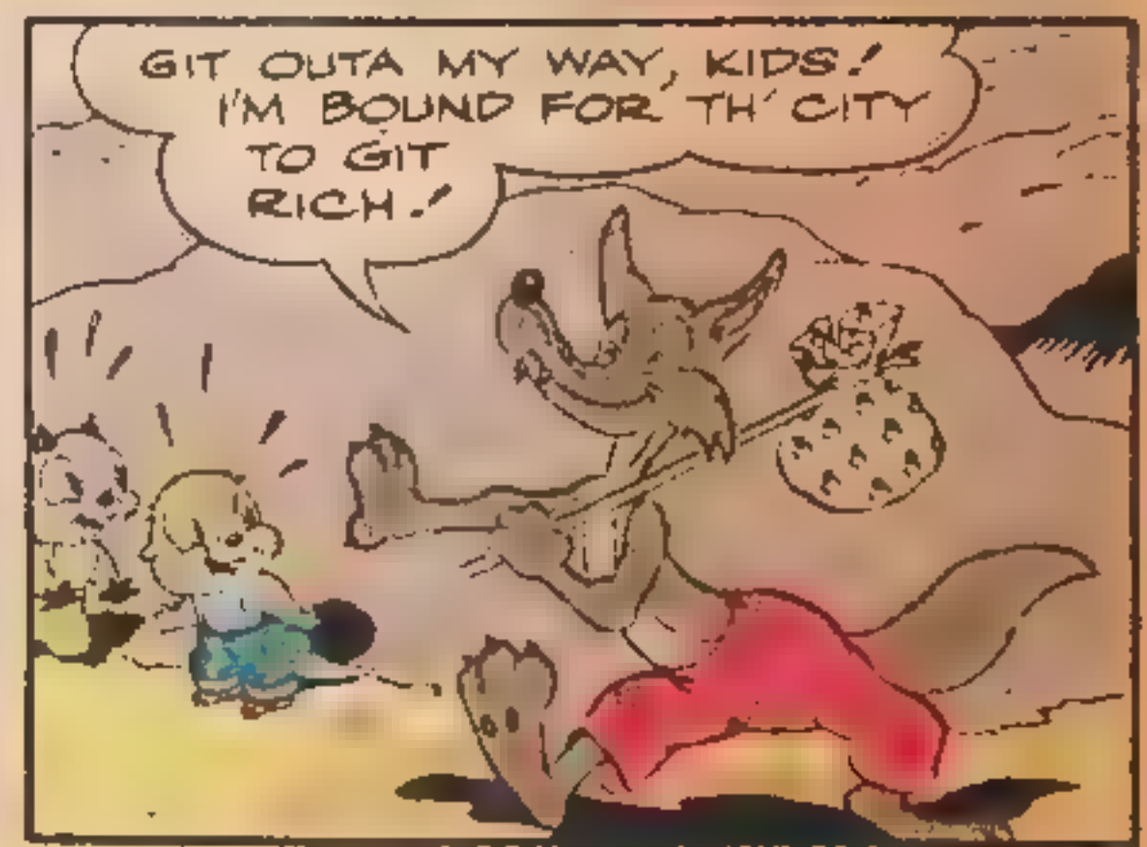

MY MOTHER SAYS IF CHARLIE EVER WENT TO THE CITY, HE COULD MAKE A FORTUNE WITH HIS VOICE!


MOM SAYS THAT ONLY A VERY FEW PEOPLE HAVE A WONDERFUL VOICE LIKE HIS!

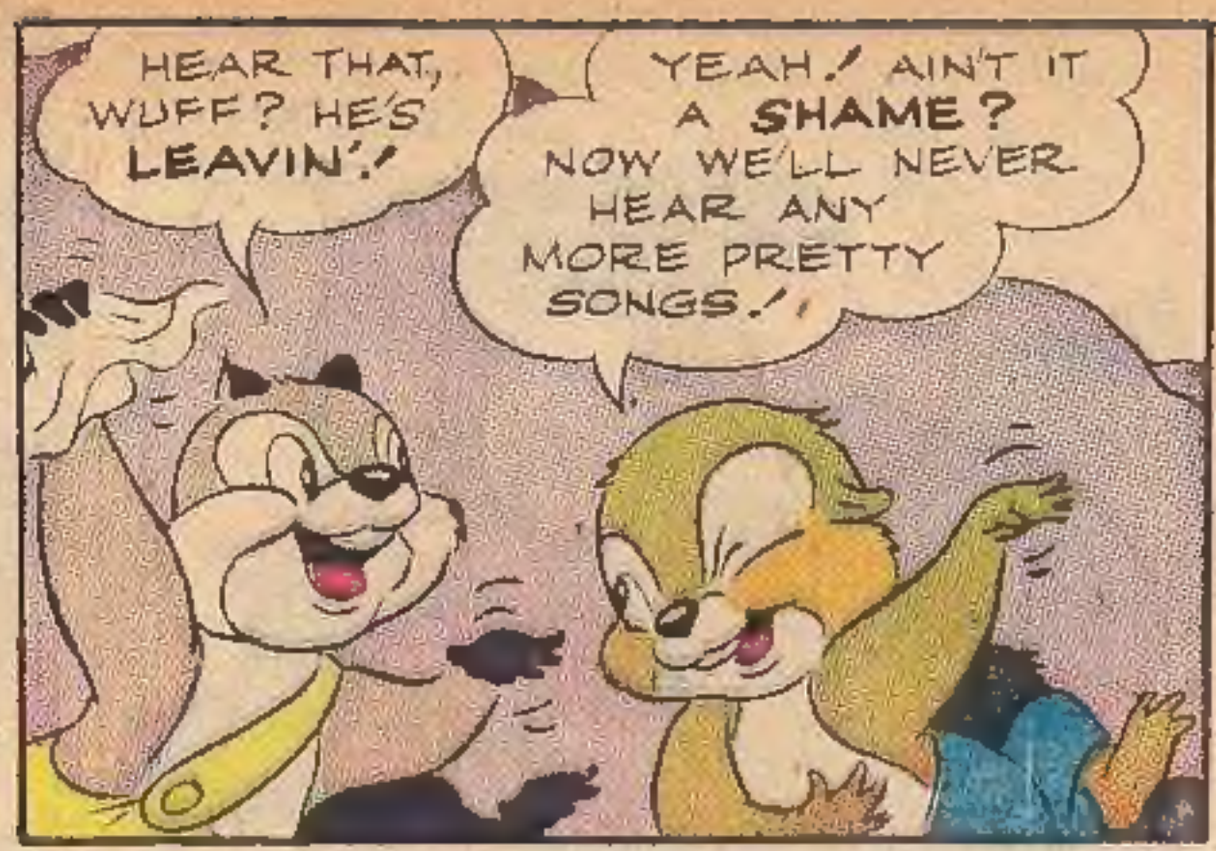

GAWSH! I NEVER REALIZED HOW GOOD I REALLY AM!

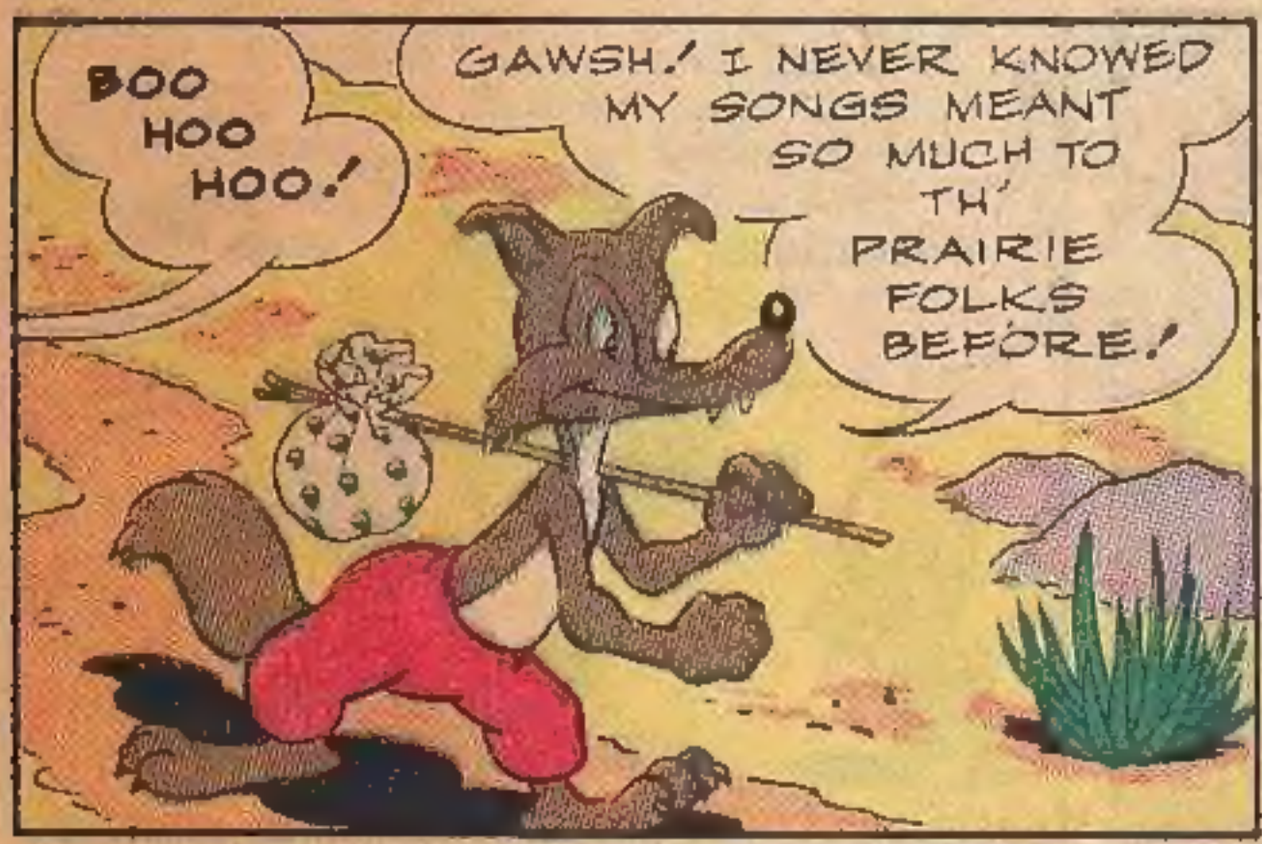

BY GOLLY! I'LL DO IT! I'LL GO TO TH CITY AN MAKE ME A MILLYUN DOLLARS!
TEE!
HEE!


I'LL PACK MY DUDS AN' BE ON MY WAY! WHY SHOULD I WASTE MY LOVELY VOICE ON THESE PRAIRIE YOKELS!


GIT OUTA MY WAY, KIDS! I'M BOUND FOR TH' CITY TO GIT RICH!

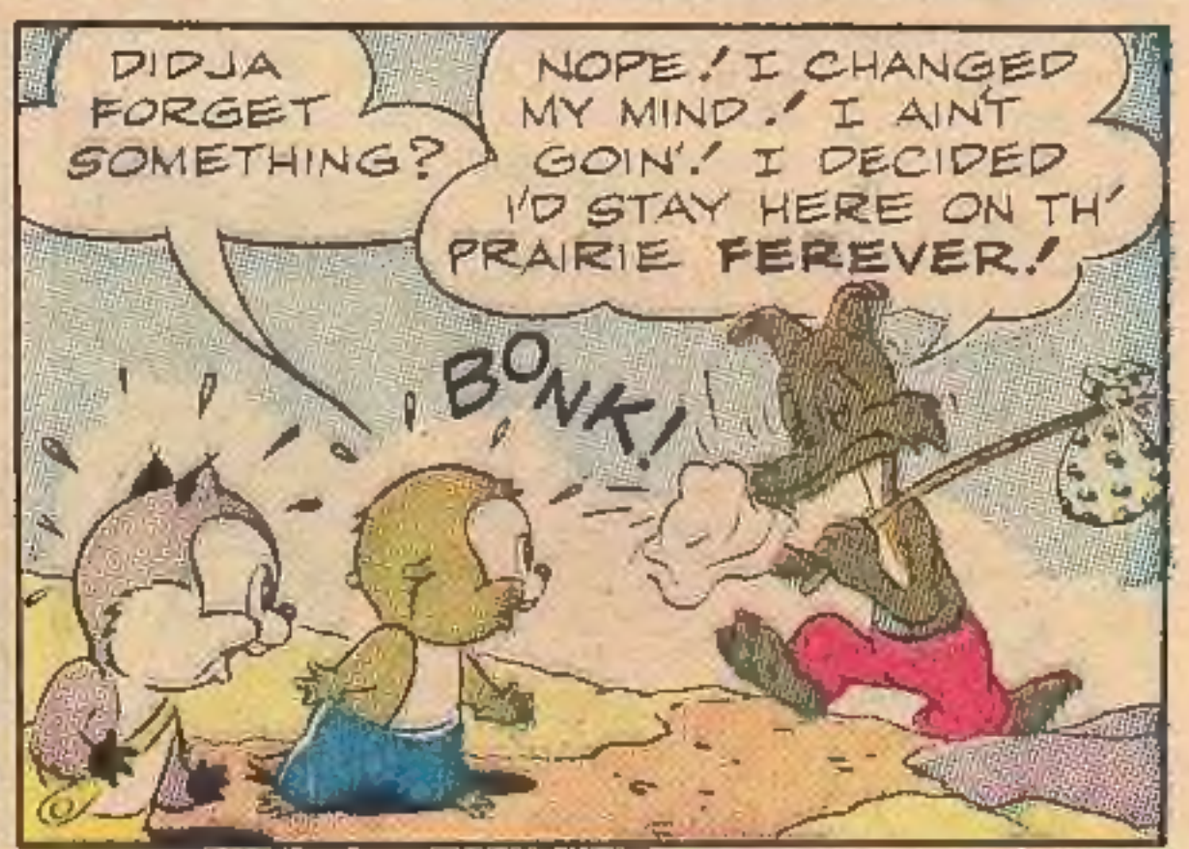
YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO LEAVE THE PRAIRIE?
THAT I AM! THAT I AM!

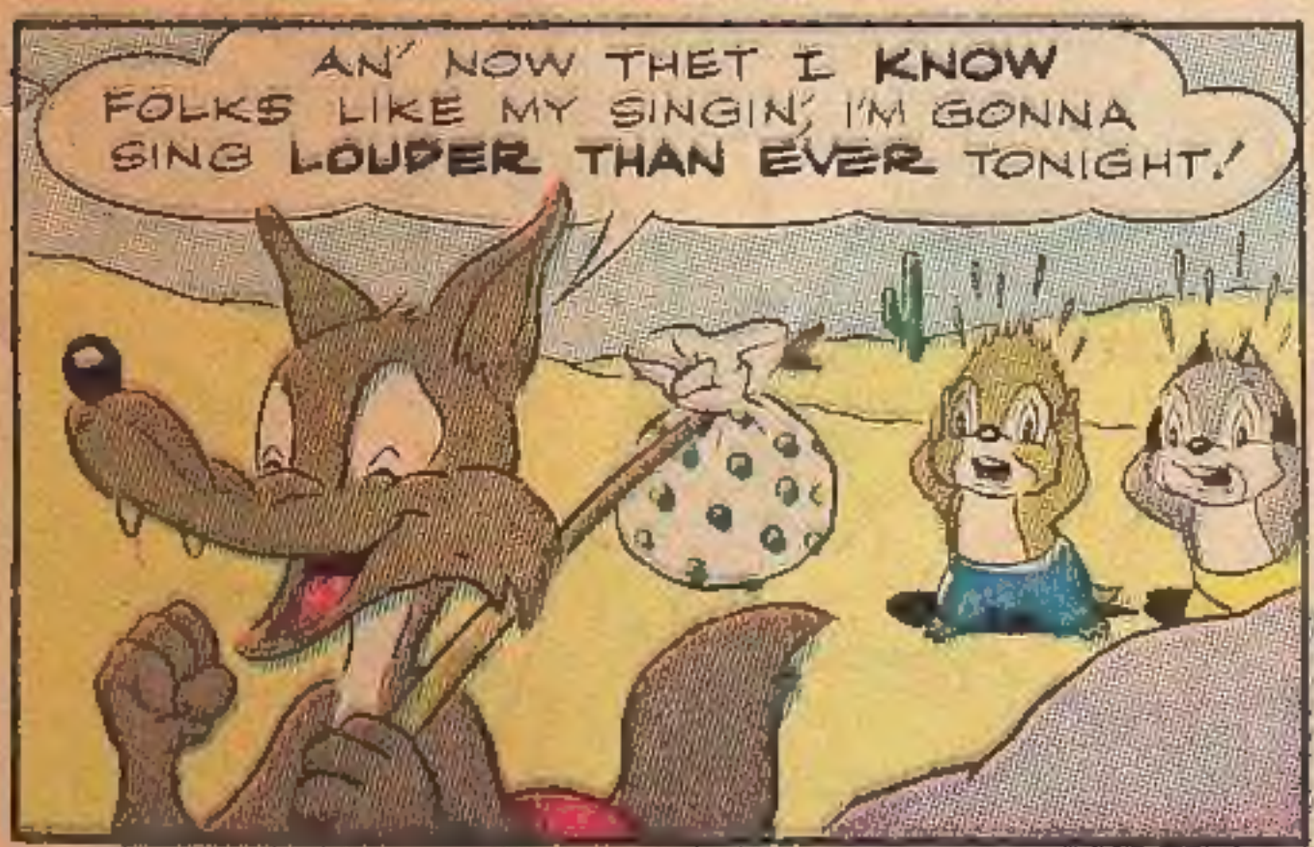

HEAR THAT, WUFF? HE'S LEAVIN'!
YEAH! AIN'T IT A SHAME? NOW WE'LL NEVER HEAR ANY MORE PRETTY SONGS!


BOO HOO HOO!
GAWSH! I NEVER KNOWED MY SONGS MEANT SO MUCH TO TH' PRAIRIE FOLKS BEFORE!

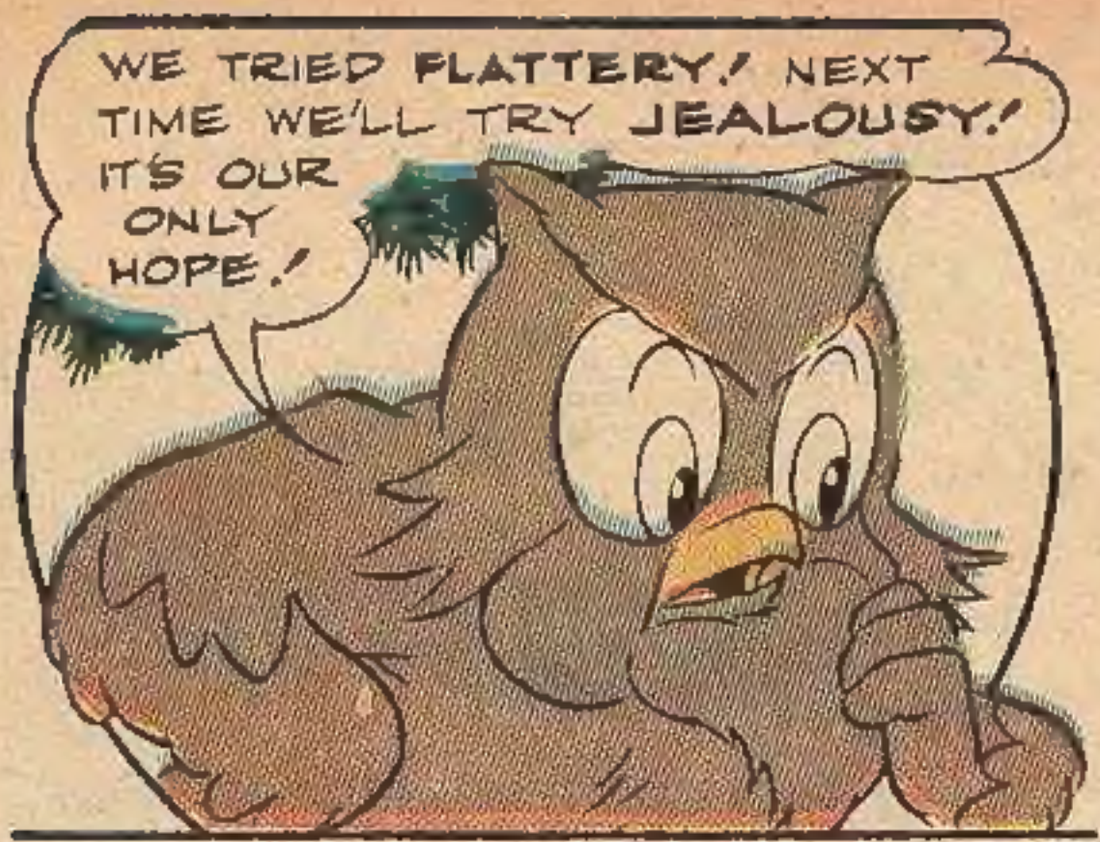
PORE CRITTERS! THEY'LL MISS ME SOMETHING AWFUL, I GUESS!

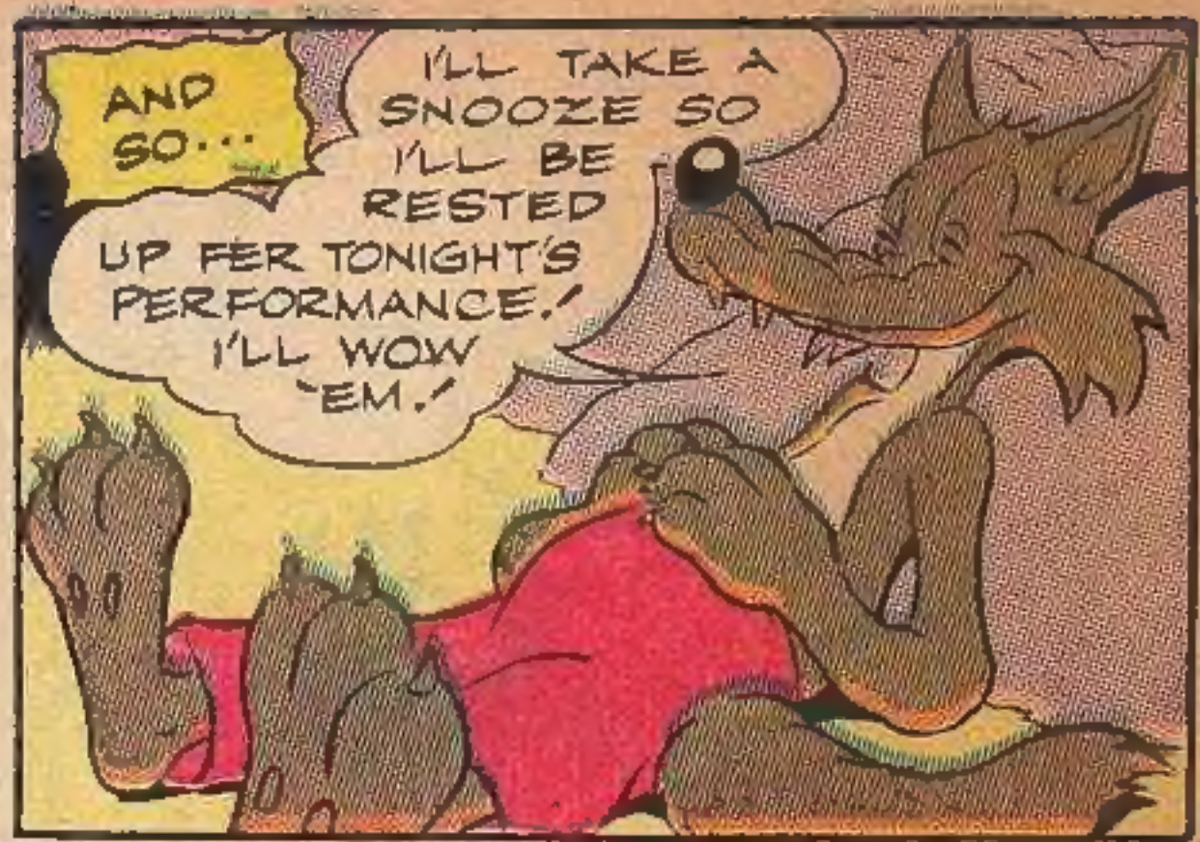
AFTER ALL, WHAT'S MONEY COMPARED WITH TH' PLEASURE I GIVES THESE PORE FOLKS?

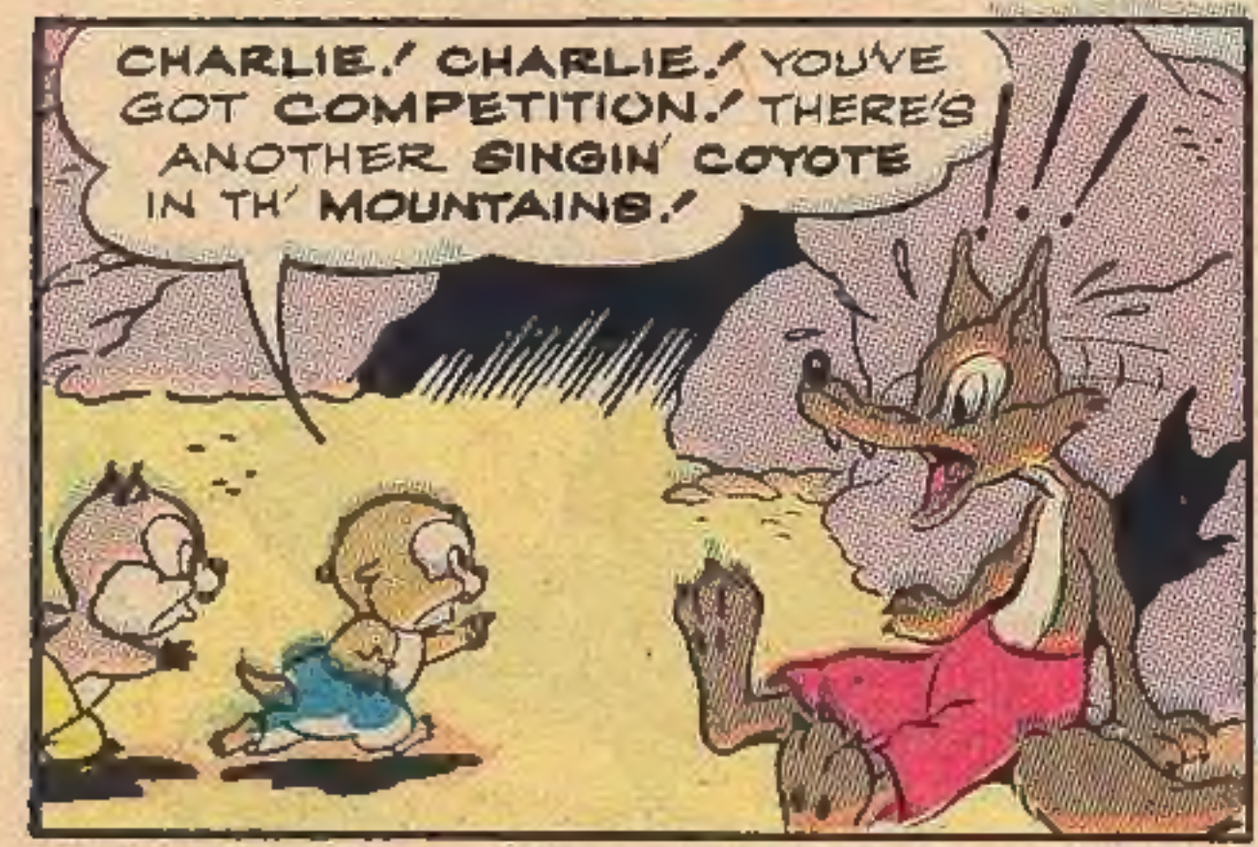

DIDJA FORGET SOMETHING?
NOPE! I CHANGED MY MIND! I AIN'T GOIN'! I DECIDED I'D STAY HERE ON TH' PRAIRIE FEREVER!
BONK!

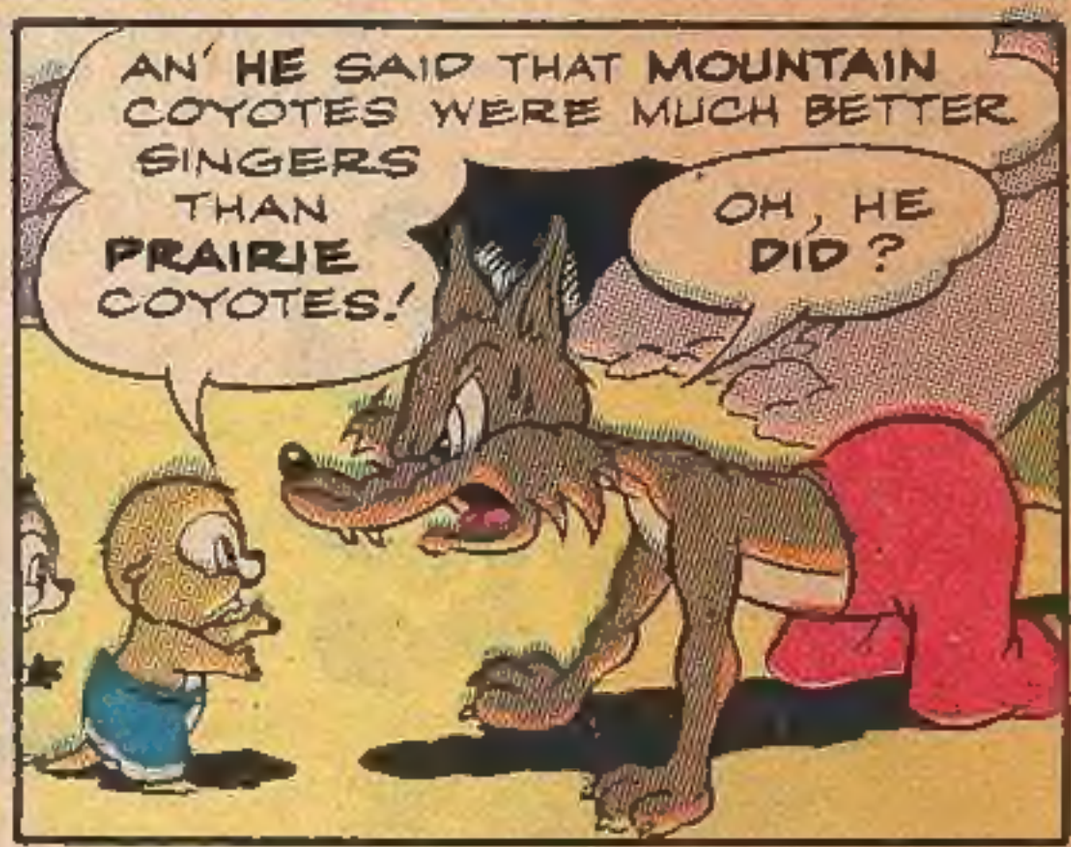

AN' NOW THET I KNOW FOLKS LIKE MY SINGIN', I'M GONNA SING LOUDER THAN EVER TONIGHT!

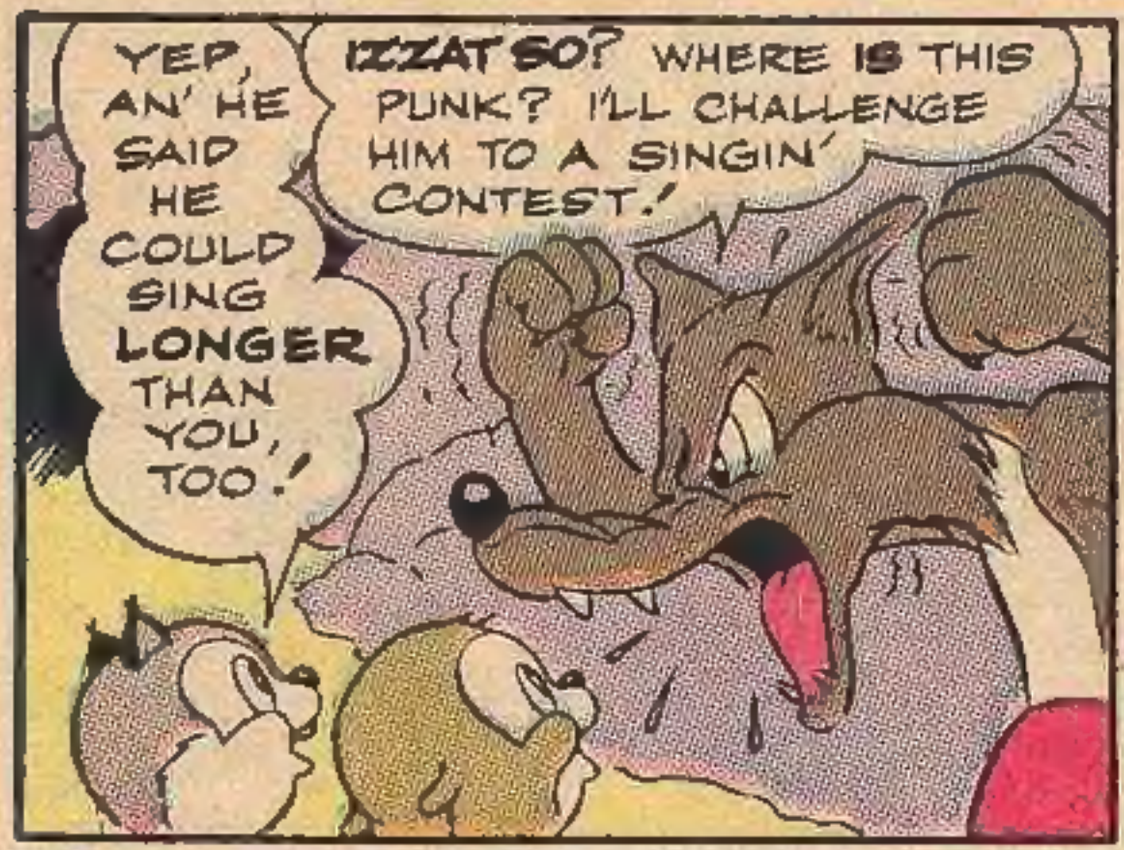
LATER..
DEAR! DEAR! HE SAID THAT?
YES, SIR! WHAT'LL WE DO NEXT?

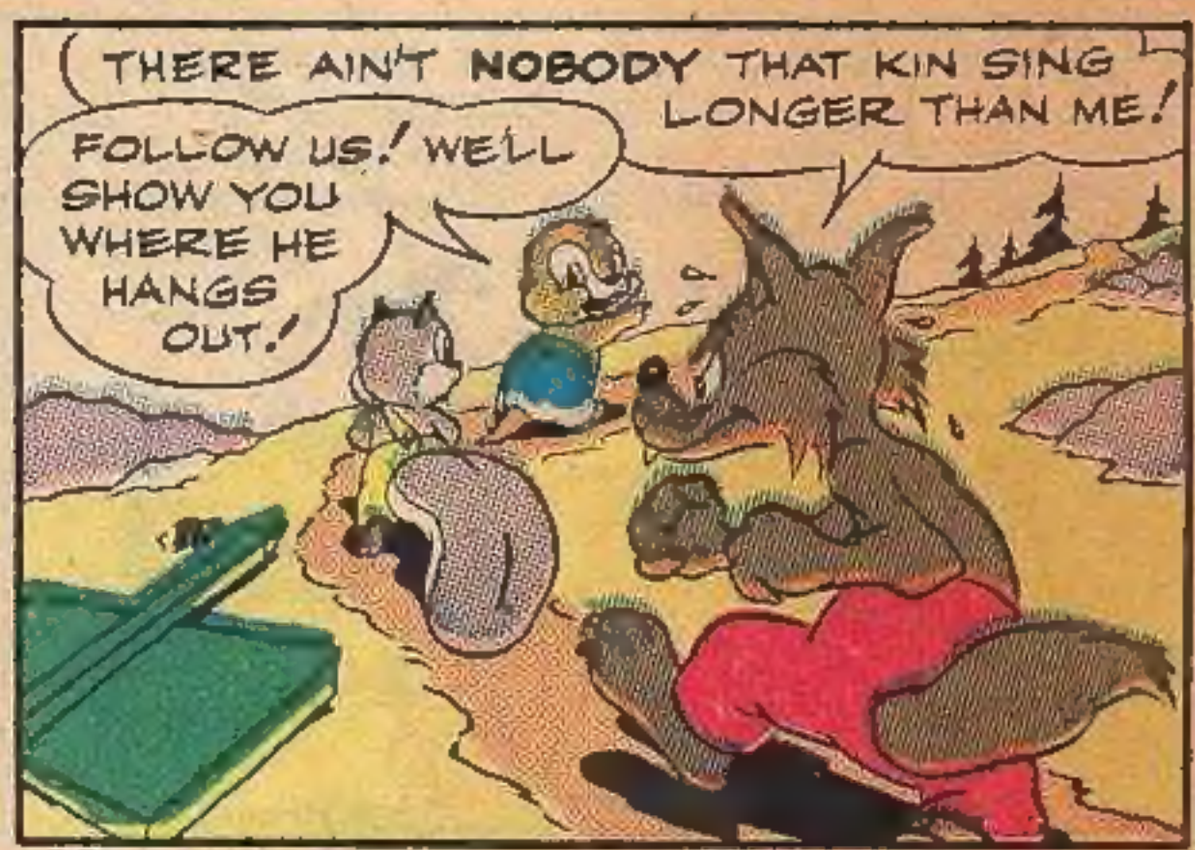


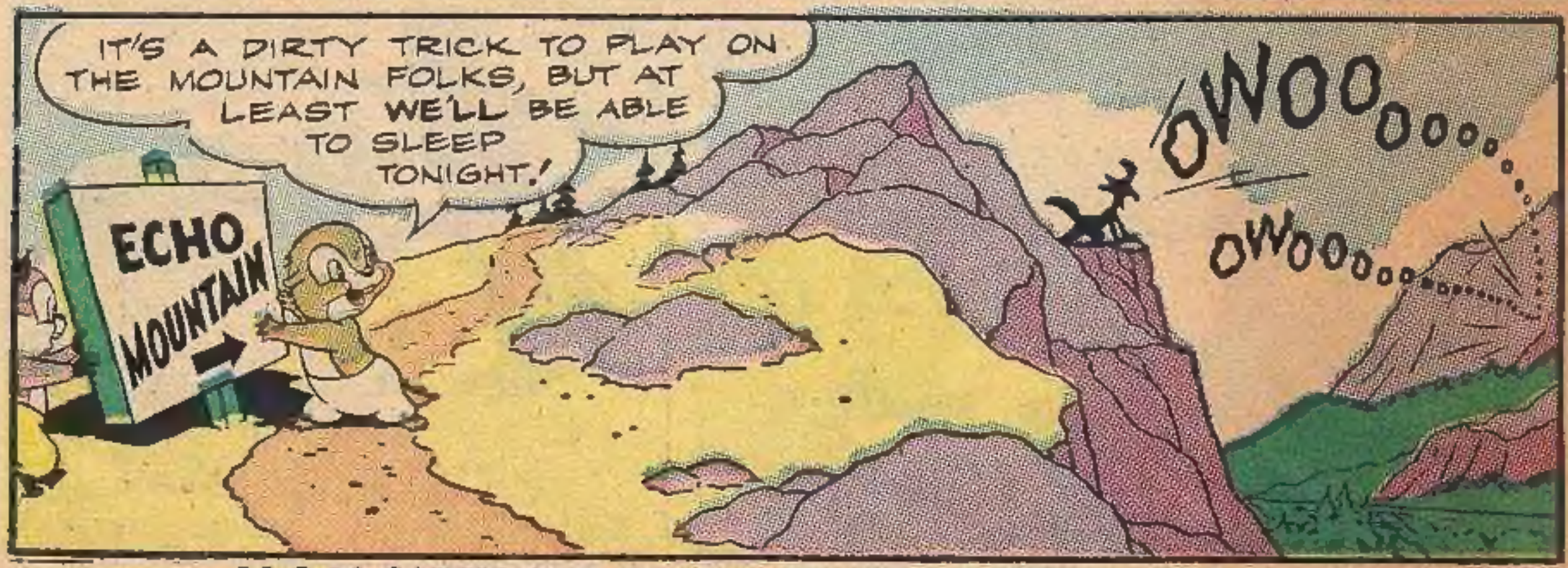












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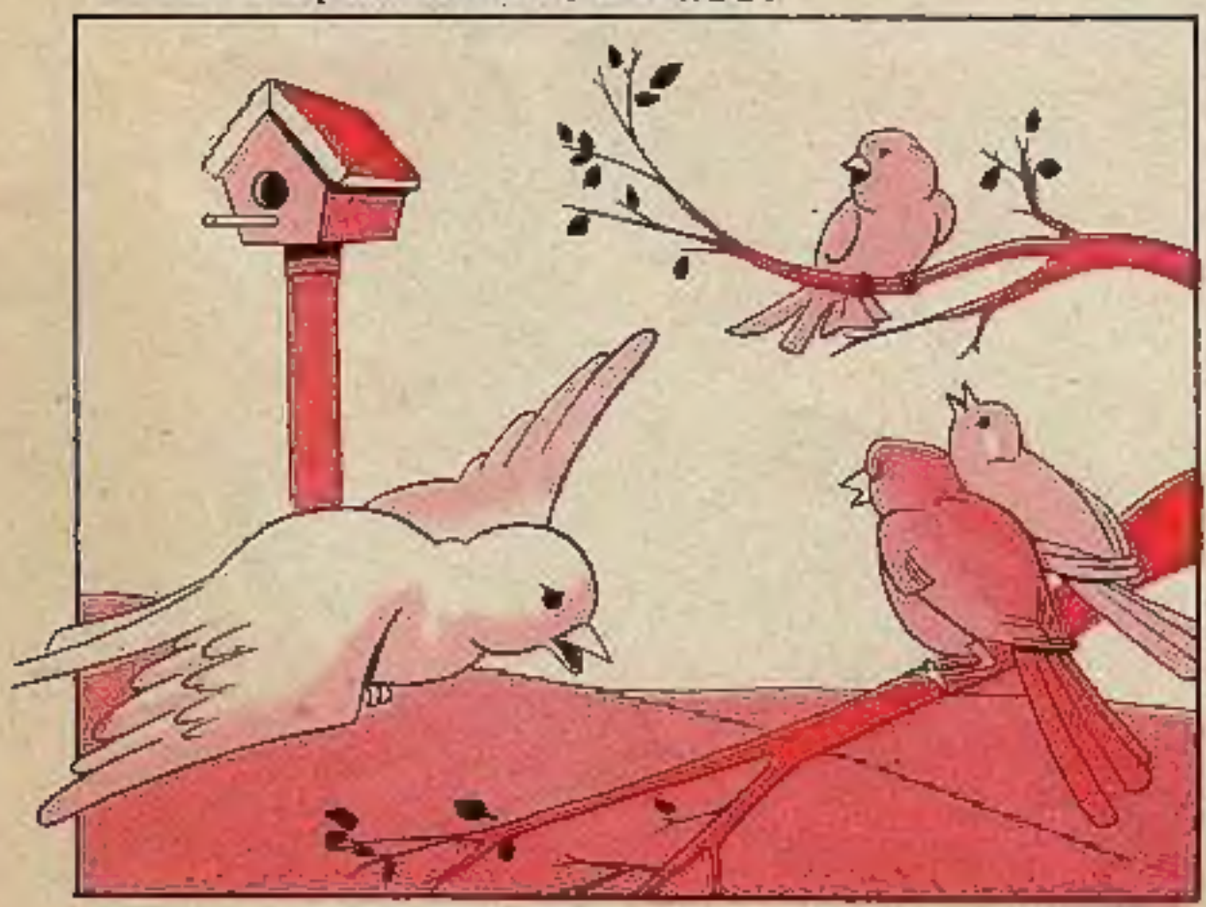
SLIPPY THE SNAIL

(Continued from inside front cover)

And off they started again. By this time Slippy's feet had begun to ache, for he was so much slower it took him a great deal longer to climb the trees and move through the grass. Chesty went from one tree to another, but all the best branches had already been rented.

"Maybe we should go to Brother Owl's Real Estate Office in the Great Oak Tree. He may know of a place that's available." But they met with disappointment again.

"My goodness, no, Chesty. I haven't a single place to show you," said Brother Owl, when they knocked on his door. "You know how it is. I've never been so busy since I started in business. There isn't a vacancy in the neighborhood, unless Sister Nightingale has one in her apartment house."



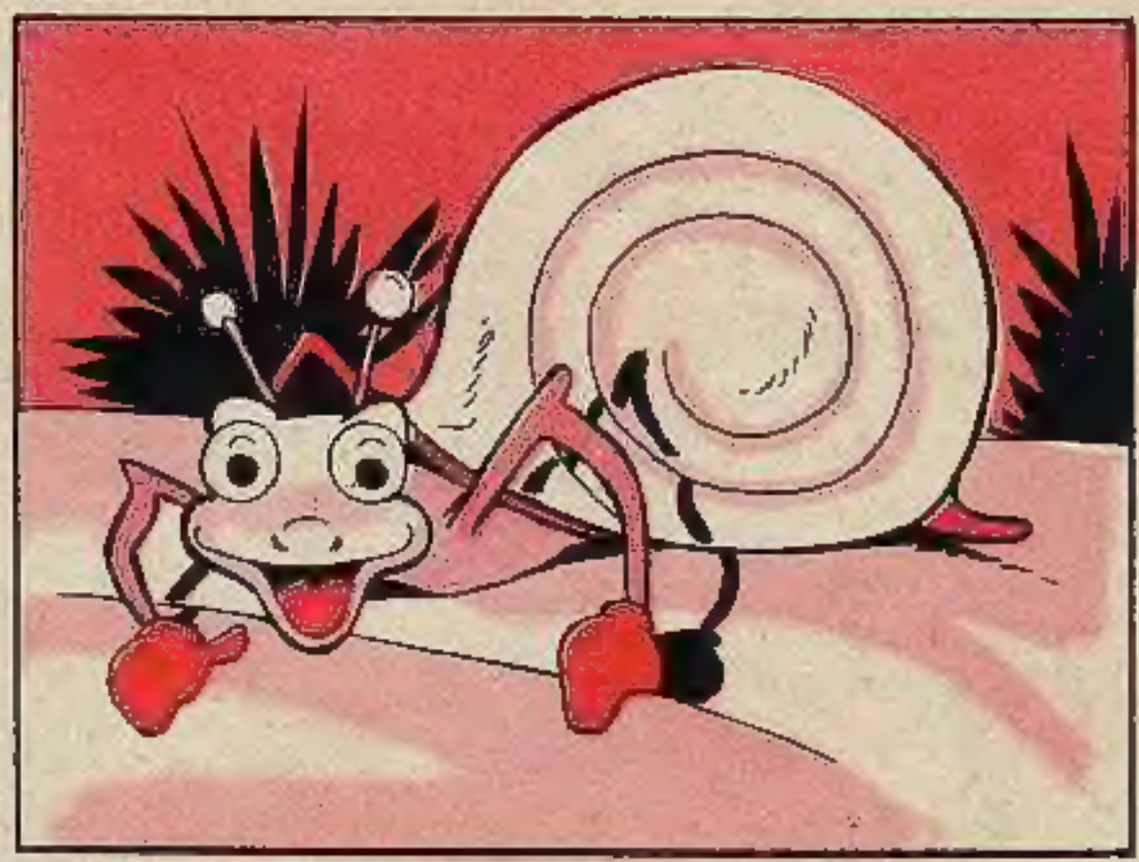
So off they trouped once more, Slippy limping gingerly behind, to see Sister Nightingale. My, how she laughed when she heard their story.

"Why, Chesty, there isn't room for an extra feather in these apartments. In fact, I've had to move two and three families in together to make room for them all."

"Well," said Chesty, as the three little friends mournfully retraced their steps through the forest. "Looks like another year in the same old nest again. I'm afraid the Mrs. will be pretty angry with me."

Finally, Slippy stopped in his tracks and mopped his brow.

"Gosh, fellows, I can't go another step. This is too much for me. I had no idea house-hunting was this much work."



And as he sat in the warm summer sun, watching Chesty hunt for feathers and twigs with which to repair his old nest, and Chip trying to find room for his supply of nuts in the home of his Cousin Squirrel, Slippy began to feel a whole lot better about things.

He turned around and took another look at his little shell on his back. "It isn't so bad having the same old house to live in after all," he said to himself. "At least I know I always have it, and don't have to go hunting for a new one each year. I guess we snails are pretty fortunate, at that. And it certainly saves a lot of wear and tear on the feet." And he took out his rose-petal handkerchief and carefully dusted off his little shell and smiled to himself.

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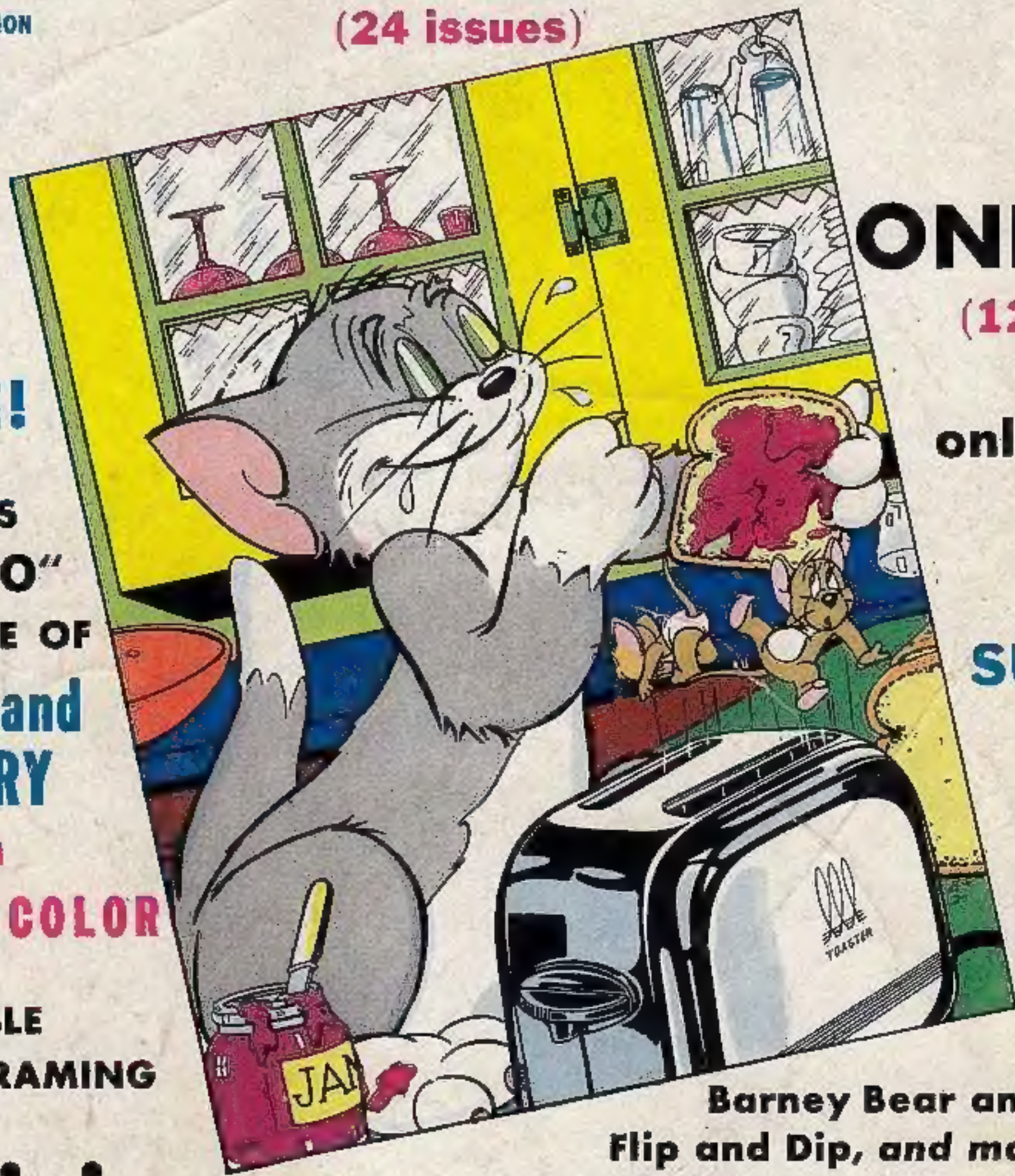

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